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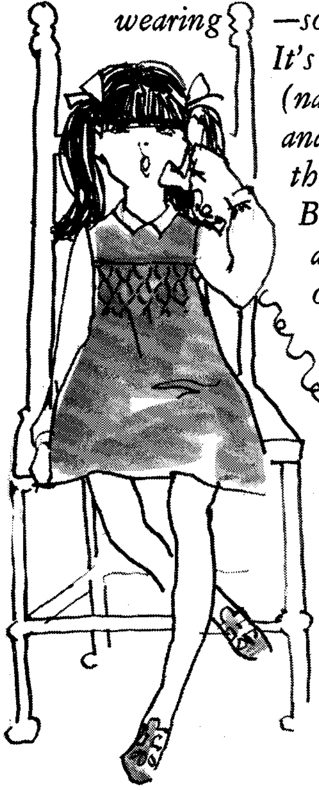
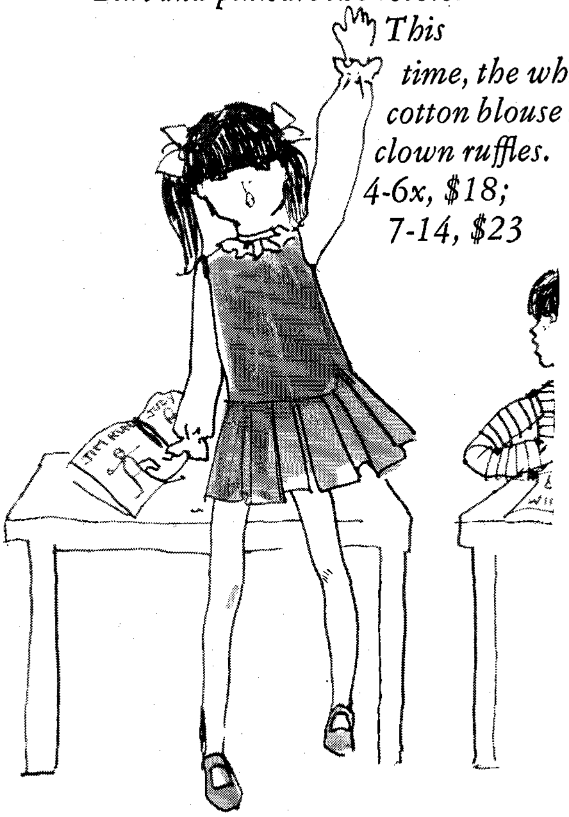
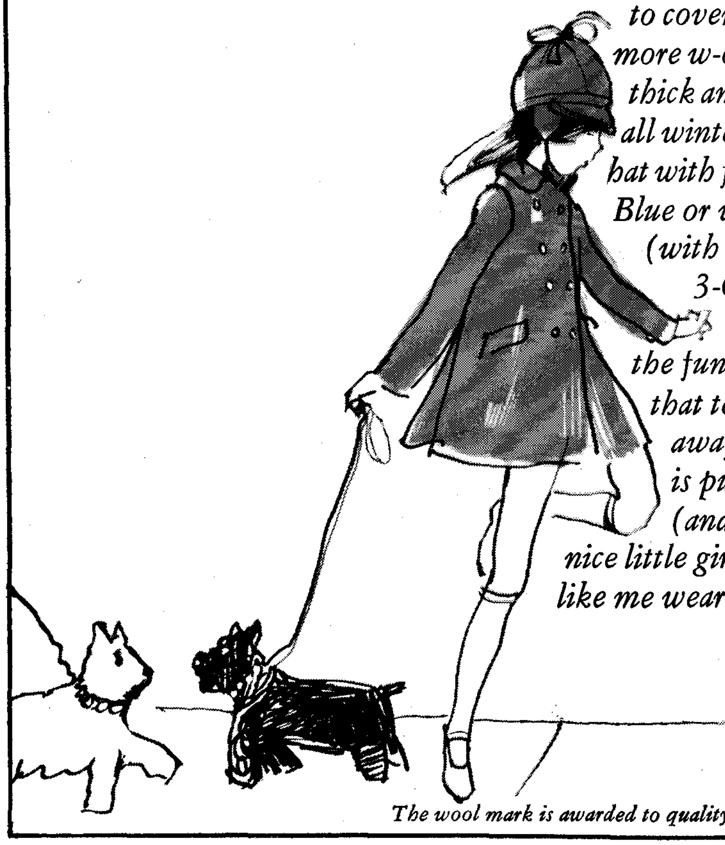


This is me talking to my favorite saleslady at Bergdorf's. Thanking her for sending out my latest wool find—the jumper I'm wearing —so quickety-quick. It's nice and soft (naturally, being wool) and has smocking on the front. Boys & Girls at Bergdorf's is the only place you'll find it, in pink or blue wool A white cotton blouse comes too. 3-6x, $13; 7-12, $15.



This is me knowing the right answer in school. Do you think my new outfit helps? It's put-togethers of wool (of course) that are as firmly only-at-Bergdorf's as my jumper. Blue and pink are the colors. This time, the white cotton blouse has clown ruffles. 4-6x, $18; 7-14, $23



This is me skipping along with Henry. (Whoops, he's stopped skipping.) Anyway, I'm wearing the coat I found to cover all my wool dresses—more w-o-o-l. Only this wool's thick and fleecy to keep me cozy all winter. And there's a matching hat with flaps to keep my ears warm. Blue or white. Sizes 2-4 (with leggings as well), $55; 3-6x, $50; 7-12, $60. And eyes right down for the funny squiggle that tells me right away that something is pure virgin wool (and what else would a nice little girl like me wear?)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Delicate Balance—An uneven effort by Edward Albee in which the playwright, often in inflated dialogue, projects the dilemma of a wealthy suburban family whose house is suddenly made a home away from home by a neighboring couple beset by a nameless fear. After the boarders arrive, the question is whether, in charity, to let them stay, or, hardheadedly, give them the gate. Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy head the cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dinner at Eight—An opulent revival of the Kaufman-Ferber show about life in the early days of the Great Depression. The play has grown a bit arthritic with the passage of time. There is a cast of twenty-four, in which Walter Pidgeon, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Darren McGavin, Phil Leeds, and Blanche Yurka are prominent. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Investigation—Peter Weiss's distillation of the court records of a recent trial in Frankfurt of several of the overseers of the Auschwitz concentration camp. A documentary that is long and occasionally repetitious but worth one's attention. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—Hard lines on a hardboiled Lesbian who plays a kindly district nurse on a B.B.C. soap opera that is being revamped to eliminate the character. Not particularly amusing, but Beryl Reid is convincing as the tough customer. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's sad and funny account of an Irish youth's last night on his home sod before emigrating to America. Under Hilton Edwards' perceptive direction, the cast, which includes Donal Donnelly, Patrick Bedford, Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, and Lanna Saunders is highly effective. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. An implausible and wearing business. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **cactus flower:** A divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the impossible years:** Sam Levene in a comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)... **luv:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Mike Kellin and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

How's the World Treating You?—A London comedy by Roger Milner, with Patricia Routledge, Peter Bayliss, and James Bolam. Directed by Philip Grout. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman in a ten-week engagement of Irving Berlin's musical, staged by Jack Sydow. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 26.)

The Apple Tree—A musical, composed of three playlets, that is always bouncy and frequently funny. Directed by Mike Nichols, with book, music, and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the episodes are based on short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer, the most effective being a reworking of Twain's "The Diary of Adam and Eve." Barbara Harris is wonderfully versatile in all three, and Alan Alda gives her fine support. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Mame—Angela Lansbury and a good cast make this musical (book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman) an amiable affair. It is an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel, and if it isn't long on originality, it does have a professional gloss and some highly comical moments. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa enlivened by an octet of fine young performers. The music and the dances are mainly South African, and the instruments employed to keep things lively are for the most part modelled on homeland originals. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Maureen Orcutt. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **sweet charity:** A musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess (Gwen Verdon) who wants to be honestly loved. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Under the Weather—Shelley Winters and Harry Towb in a trio of plays by Saul Bellow. Arthur Storch is the director. Opens Thursday, Oct. 27. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gilbert Bécaud on Broadway—A solo show of French and English songs. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 27-29, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 31, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Drink the Water—A comedy by Woody Allen, with Kay Medford, Lou Jacobi, and Anthony Roberts. Directed by Stanley Prager. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 2. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**city center drama company:** Maureen Stapleton and Harry Guardino in a revival of Tennessee Williams' **the rose tattoo,** which will play through Sunday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶A revival of Maxwell Anderson's **elizabeth the queen,** with Judith Anderson

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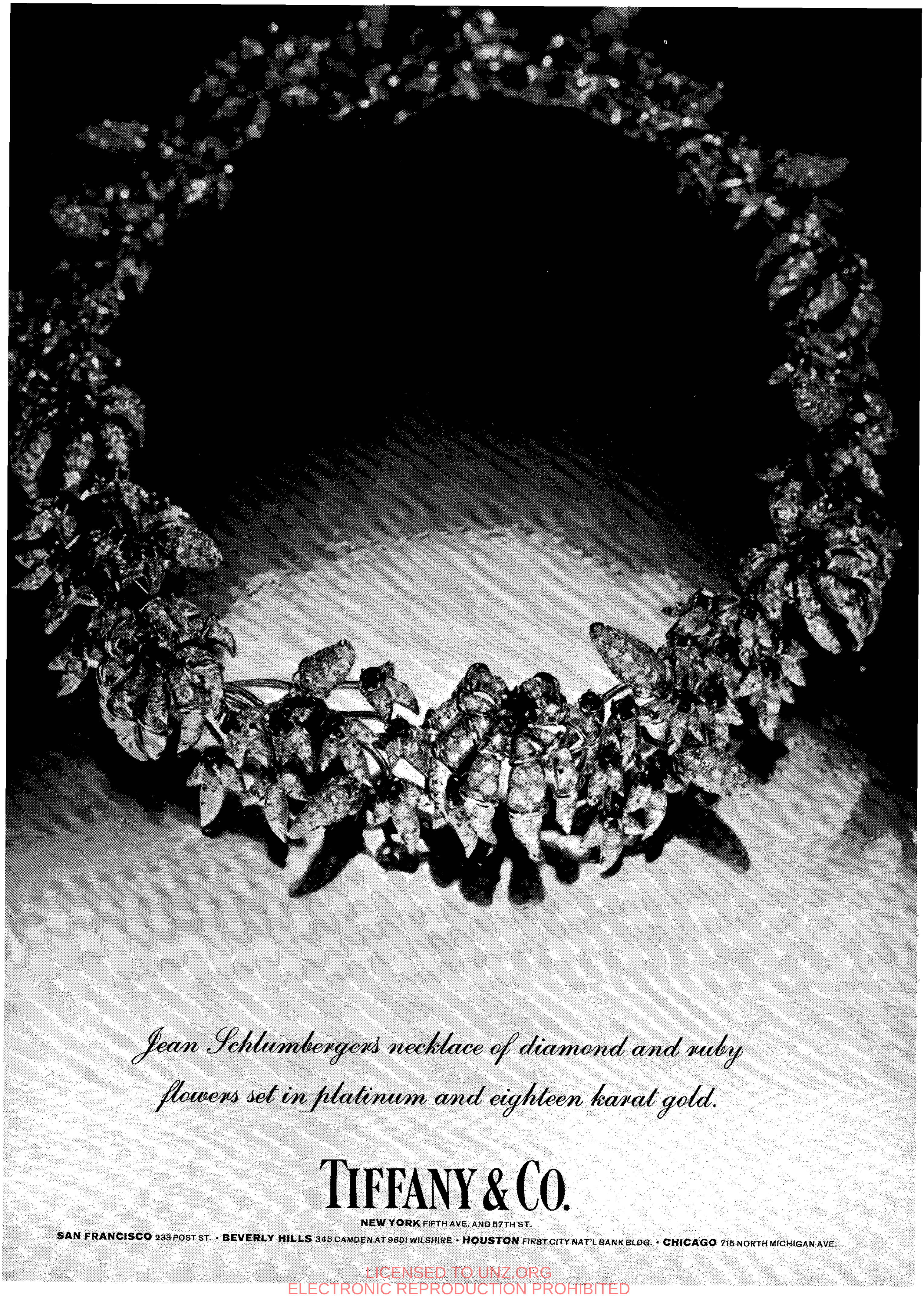

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and Donald Davis, will be the last in a series of plays by American playwrights. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 1-2. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 3, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 13. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Michael O'Sullivan, Robert Symonds, Nancy Marchand, Aline MacMahon, George Voskovec, and Philip Bosco in Ben Jonson's comedy THE ALCHEMIST. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Oct. 29: MANON. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Nov. 4: DON PASQUALE. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

Autumn's Here!—A musical adaptation, by Norman Dean, of Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Butter and Egg Man—A merry revival, suitably cast and suitably directed by Burt Shevelove, of George S. Kaufman's forty-year-old comedy about show business. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Eh?—This piece of nonsense by a British playwright named Henry Livings is, strictly speaking, a revue sketch expanded to two acts, but since its ingredients are funny characters, funny lines, funny business, and funny actors under Alan Arkin's nimble direction, there is no cause for complaint. The setting is the boiler room of a factory. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door. Chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Israeli Mime Theatre—In a show called "Men and Dreams," starring Claude Kipnis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Whitman Portrait—Paul Shyre's dramatization of selected works by Walt Whitman, including letters, poems ("Leaves of Grass" and others), conversations, and anecdotes. With Alexander Scourby, Carolyn Coates, Wayne Maxwell, and Alan Mixon. Mr. Shyre is also the director. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Who's Got His Own—A play by Ronald Milner, directed by Lloyd Richards. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 29.)

The World of My America—Recitations by Paulene Myers, including poems of Negro life by Langston Hughes and Paul Laurence Dunbar. Weekends only. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 3. Final performance Sunday, Nov. 6.)

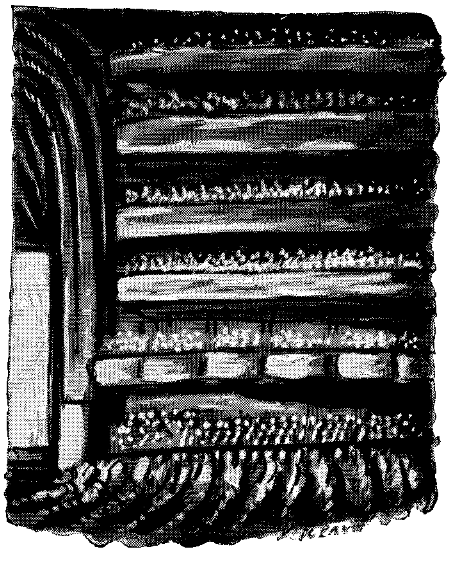
DANCE PROGRAMS

Murray Louis—With his company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, at 8:30.)

Paul Taylor—With his company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Stockholm Marionette Theatre of Fantasy—The Brecht-Weill-Blitzstein version of THE THREEPENNY OPERA performed (in English) by a combination of men, marionettes, sculpted figures, wooden cutouts, and giant papier-mâché puppets. A two-week engagement that starts Thursday, Oct. 27, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 6. (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)



NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The activity in the Royal Box at dinner and supper amounts to a keenly contested foot race between Hal and Barbara Loman, who are dancers, and a fevered filibuster by Jack Carter, the stopless talker. The orchestra of Lee Evans takes life more easily, more mellifluously. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—Where Broadway and Park Avenue cross stands a playground that Mr. Hoving has had nothing to do with—a playground of which Billy Reed is *padrone*. Horace Diaz's band plays for dancing Sundays through Fridays from nine to two, and Saturdays from nine to three.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—*Toujours la politesse*, or what remains of it, is the basic principle on the parquet floor of the restaurant. The music comes from George Anaya's cluster of Latins, who are there from seven to one Mondays through Fridays and from eight to two Saturdays. No music on Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—You'd hardly know the old neighborhood, so many new people have moved in; still, no one has moved the zebra stripes and the potted palms out. The same dum-de-dum music discourses without cease, and so does the new crowd. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Ben Cutler's brisk little band gets a great deal of bounce to the ounce in the Café Pierre—enough for every night of the week.

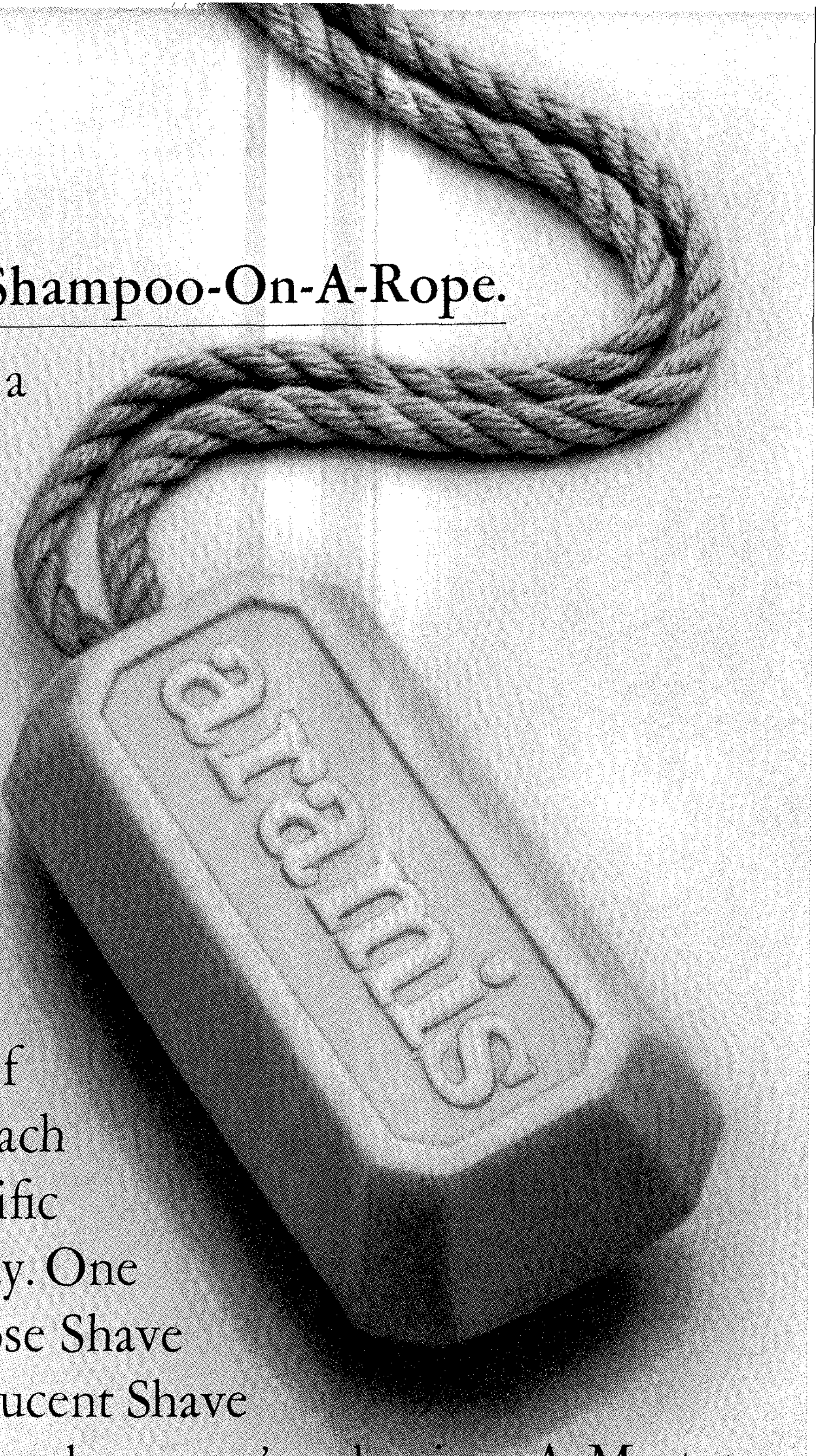
Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—John Gary's song recitals, held at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, are models for any modern major troubadour, and his Ould Sod tenor is the ideal grace note. On Wednesday, Nov. 2, he will be succeeded by Matt Monro, who is English and pop. Just once on his opening night—the usual rule here. Burt Farber's dance band and Mark Monte's revellers will be staying on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. No music in the Edwardian Room on Sundays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a vision even more beautiful than Xanadu, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by Gunnar Hansen's vivid violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Joy of living is what comes out of the mouths and implements of Bob Crosby and His Bob Cats, in whose ranks are such as Bob Haggart, Matty Matlock, and Yank Lawson. Their domicile is a peak in Darién, and a well-planned one. The music carries on from eight to one-thirty every night but Sunday.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—On B Deck of the mighty paddle-wheeler, Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, now run by Lee Castle, stirs memories and footsteps. Helen Forrest and Bob Eberly are still among the voices. The action begins at eight and stops at two. No music Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The affluent society. Music for the social whirling that is part of it issues from George Cort's brush-fire band and Quintero's Latin one, which operate from seven-thirty until two in the Maisonette. At dinner and supper, some soprano or other gets a hearing. Starting Monday, Oct. 31, she will be the economically named Milva, a little Roman candle. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, two early settlers—Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the violin—are at play from six to two. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Being Maurice Chevalier is still not



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a sedentary occupation; it is, to hear him sing and tell it, a glorious full-time job. He appears in the Empire Room at dinner. His last night is Saturday, Oct. 29. Charles Turecamo's lush orchestra is the dance instructor. On Monday, Oct. 31, the enterprise reopens as a twice-an-evening showroom for Benny Goodman and his band. The Turecamos will be there, too. . . . ¶ Penetrating into the second layer of Peacock Alley, one finds Ray Hartley's baroque piano ornamenting the recess from cocktail time until eleven every evening but Friday and Saturday. On those nights, in the third layer of the Alley, there is dancing to a trio from nine to two.

NOTE—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Perfectly designed for the space race; i.e., room for any ballroom maneuvering at all except Twisting-and-turning, which is ruled off this course. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. The menu is slight indeed. Closed Mondays, and no wonder.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, host with the most, takes a nap between his dinner and his after-the-theatre sets at his piano, but there's just about continuous piano in his city-and-country club by him or by Wayne Sanders, and double piano later on by the pair of them. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): It's all wax and no wane when Bobby Short and his piano weave their way through the best-educated songs in night life. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his aides. The rest of what goes on here is just not to be believed. . . . **LA GALERIE**, 798 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. (752-0520): The swinging is not of the garden-gate kind. It centers on Ralph Strain, whose house-party pianoforte and songs begin at nine and end past any reasonable bedtime. His carols speak English; the interlude recordings speak French and Portuguese. Mr. Strain takes Sundays off. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Captain Kidd might have put into this snug little port, so aged in the woodwork does it look. Who definitely *does* put in is a Jamaica minstrel who parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven to eleven on Sundays, and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night school for the junior grades of show business and the kindred arts. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. On Sundays, sitting-in jazz groups work out from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One of the few coigns in the Second Avenue Casbah that will bear inspection. From ten until three every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest plays piano and sings songs that possess the life and literacy that all late-at-night big-city music should have, and Marian McPartland's trio does disciplined jazz. . . . **JANSSEN'S**, 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The happy bullfrog in this pond is Aldo Bruschi, singer, oboist, pianist, concertina player, and impresario of an opera company of two. Their unassuming but cheering career takes them from Wednesday through Saturday every week, from eight-thirty on, and there is dance music, too, on the same schedule. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Your waiter's not at all secret ambition is to be Faust or Rodolfo, and he doesn't care who hears it. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The top of a piano is the usual setting for Rita Dimitri, a faultless specimen of the singing soubrette. Her carefreely worldly arias are distributed in a one-big-family manner Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays additionally at midnight. Leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Hungarian recipe that has stood many a test—a goulash of zimbalon, fiddle, piano, and soprano, all stirred vigorously together. Tibor Rakossy's tenor is the last word (in Hungarian, that is) on the topic of love; Béla Babai's band makes the dance music. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

NOTE—The earth is scarcely big enough for both civilization and the discothèque, but before you vote upon which one of them must go, you might inspect the following establishments: **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The blare is both mechanical and human (the Wild Ones), and rarely humane. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The supreme test is the effort of all present to follow the flight plan of Tanya Everett (earlier on a participant in "Fiddler on the Roof"). The music is entirely from waxworks; the hours are nine to utter exhaustion; the menu is close to the vanishing point. Dead silence Sundays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Another Hall of Records that allows people (on Tuesday, Nov. 1, the Other Ones arrive) to have their say and song. Come-as-you-wish is the rule, young is the mood, utilitarian is the décor, and hamburger is the sustenance. Nine-thirty to three or four is the time card. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): A new Atlantis, sunk not beneath the sea but beneath Third Avenue. The delicate outlines of its architecture (dream-world Italianate) and of its fashionably clothed population are still clearly visible, and so are the ritualistic dances. It is open, seven nights a week, from nine-thirty to three-thirty, and the buoy that marks its sunken site is a street-side al-fresco café of the same name. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Kingdom Come. Amidships in its splendor sits the piano of Cy Walter, the measuring cup by which all drawing-room artists are assessed. His cup runneth (often over) during cocktails, dinner, and supper. A new hand, Allan Haig, does the honors every Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An ingeniously ornamented chess set in which all knights are bold and all kings, including Henri IV, are merry. It's a music box, too, except on Sunday evenings, for the violin of Norbert Faconi, a serenader all sublime, is active in the proceedings. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another kingly retreat, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose curriculum is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera covers in noble fashion the whole range of Iberian music, from the plains to the palaces, the mountains to the Moors. The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops, and the music runs from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from six to one—in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent at UN 1-9494): A suite of rooms held over from the Ottoman Empire. In the final room, dinner is intermingled with modest piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-restaurant, the hot buttered rum is the guitar of Enzio Lembo, who is on the prowl from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday and Wednesday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): French Impressionist is the mood of this fashionable watering place; watercolor of all nations is George Feyer's piano, which ruminates from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Rome that was built in a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. The noblest Roman is Herman Honigsberg, leader of a troupe of peripatetic violinists. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The niche Conrad Monjoy has made for himself and his benign piano is beside the bar. Nine to one is his career. No music Mondays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The herald angels who start singing as you reach your *fettuccine* are not from another world but from a mythical opera company whose mythical home is Firenze. Tuesdays, after the theatre, Philip Huston returns to the stage by quoting Shakespeare, Kipling, et al. to his own purposes—humorous as well as dramatic; Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also measured dance music by the trio of Leonard Metcalf, who plays good, solid piano every night, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner's piano deftly reorchestrates everything from Gershwin to Gounod from six-thirty until midnight. Sunday is his holiday.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Cat meets mouse, cat wants mouse, cat gets mouse—this is the explicit theme of the arias of Peggy Lee, the finest *gattopardo* of them all. The sideshow is the Copa corps of ballerinas, kicking (not necessarily in unison) up their heels and their long, lovely legs, and Bill Selby, who makes the time-worn task of being production singer seem the jolliest in the world. Dancing for the patrons as well. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music by Helen Ferguson and the Personalities, plus Al Astare's trio—names drawn from who knows whose hat. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Ooh la la Paree" is the figment of a gloriously overheated imagination, brimming with young French ladies of fearsome energy and some nifty and nubile American tourists. The best of an exemplary lot are Susan Clemm, clearly the pinup girl of the year, and the serpentine Lili St. Cyr. The plot, a human tragedy, requires that they all be stripped of every one of their worldly possessions. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway,

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VANITY FAIR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

at 53rd St. (582-2970): Merry charisma to you, or the youth of the land—those who can stand the pace. The music is conveyed by bands in a state of perpetual frenzy. Hot dogs and such are all that keep the little bodies and souls together. Eight until four is the general rule, but Sundays commence at three. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The main bout is Allan Sherman, whose fables, distinctly non-Aesopian, are couched in the finest of broken English. He departs on Saturday, Oct. 29. The next peep arrives on Wednesday, Nov. 2—a mighty one, from the band of Buddy Rich, the great drum major. With him come Los Vegas, a Latin crew who can make rock-and-roll chanting sound magnificently musical.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9-, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The stars whom Julius Monk, prop., casts upon the waters of the outer world one by one return to him. Now it is Nancy Dussault, wreathed in the height of fashion and of humor, who is singing the very best hey-nonny-nonny. She is assisted by Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, political-science majors and commentators from Cambridge University, and (it stands to reason) Mr. Monk, as *conférencier*. The pianos of Otis Clements and Robert Colston give all hands their due. Activities commence at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España is a Spanish army that lives off the countries it has been to, acquiring and proclaiming the merrier songs of each one. The amiable, deliberately artless cavalcade happens at dinner and supper. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Mixed Doubles," a new miniature revue, appears in public at nine-thirty and midnight except on Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The despair of Joan Rivers is not so utter that she cannot talk about it—no, indeed. Her outbursts happen twice a night during the week, thrice on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Musical (progressive-type) chairs is the game, to wit: On Thursday, Oct. 27, Sonny Rollins' quartet and Pete La Roca's quartet will be up in arms, and Friday through Sunday, Oct. 28-30, Horace Silver's quintet will be joining in with the Rollinses; on Monday, Oct. 31, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band will stage an *uprising;* Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 1-3, the quartet of the eminent Coleman Hawkins blows to port and starboard; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, the Jones-Lewisites return, along with Carol Sloane's hard-driving songs. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The faculty roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these assignments have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; Thursday through Saturday every week, Jimmy Smith's trio; every Friday and Saturday, Gloria Lynne's rambunctious soprano. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in the bar-grill, there are the colloquies of the Chuck Israel-Don Freeman duo every night but Monday. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Though some of the music is still off-the-record, the place is now more music room than discothèque. Dorothy Donegan, who is a piano-chewer rather than a scenery-chewer (there is plenty of scenery to chew), has a bumptious threesome in action several times an evening. Eight-thirty until very late is the rule. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Through its small portals pass large occurrences. The current sound comes from the cheerful Zoot Sims quartet and the foursome of the irreplaceable Bobby Hackett. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Betty Carter sings and an instrumental group muses. Mondays, Walter Bishop's quartet fills in for them. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio, whose dissertations are occasionally couched in the Romance languages, sets to at ten. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The *Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street* convenes here for vespers with the likes of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Cliff Jackson, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Closed Sundays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Great guns! The names, left to right, are Buck Clayton, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, and Mr. Condon, or else (occasionally) exact duplicates of these traditionalists. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. *Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale* are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band gets in its licks (all of them hot) before the regulars report. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays, the next largest is Ruth Crews, the bombastic singer. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. Nine to very late during the week; Sundays, with something Dixie, begin at four. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Curtis Fuller's quintet is hard at work now; on Tuesday, Nov. 1, Lou Donaldson's quartet will be taking over. Mondays are allotted to one-night standers.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Manuel Ayaso—Haunts of the mind seen in drawings and bronze reliefs by a young Spanish-American artist; through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rosemarie Beck—Interiors and beach scenes with figures, composed of dashes of color that give the final effect of a puzzle; through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julius Bissier (1893-1965)—Early figurative drawings and late abstract brush drawings; through Friday, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Monotypes; starting Tuesday, Nov. 1. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Blagden—Semi-abstract paintings of bullfights and seascapes of Ireland; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Lee Bontecou—Abstract sculptures, along with several of her drawings; through Nov. 9. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Burchfield—Landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Hamilton Fraser—Seascapes, still-lifes, and *scenes through windows—all done with a* bold, colorful assurance; through Nov. 12. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

James Gill—Nudes; through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hultberg—Mostly abstract cityscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Robert Huot—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Oskar Kokoschka—A benefit retrospective of paintings and watercolors by an artist now eighty; through Nov. 19. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Lear (1812-88)—Landscapes by the English nonsense poet; through Nov. 19. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Agnes Martin—Systemic abstractions; through Nov. 18. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Metz—Fragmented landscapes in a serene blend of colors; through Nov. 9. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—A benefit loan exhibition of sculpturesque, nut-brown nudes, with gouaches and drawings of the same subject; through Nov. 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reuben Nakian—Five monumental sculptures, as well as drawings and small bronzes; through Nov. 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Picasso—Paintings (1960-65); through Nov. 12. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Raffaele—Representational paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Lee Savage—Paintings of figures in interiors; through Nov. 12. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Bill Sawyer—Clean-swept paintings of buildings and people, done in Tennessee; through Sat-

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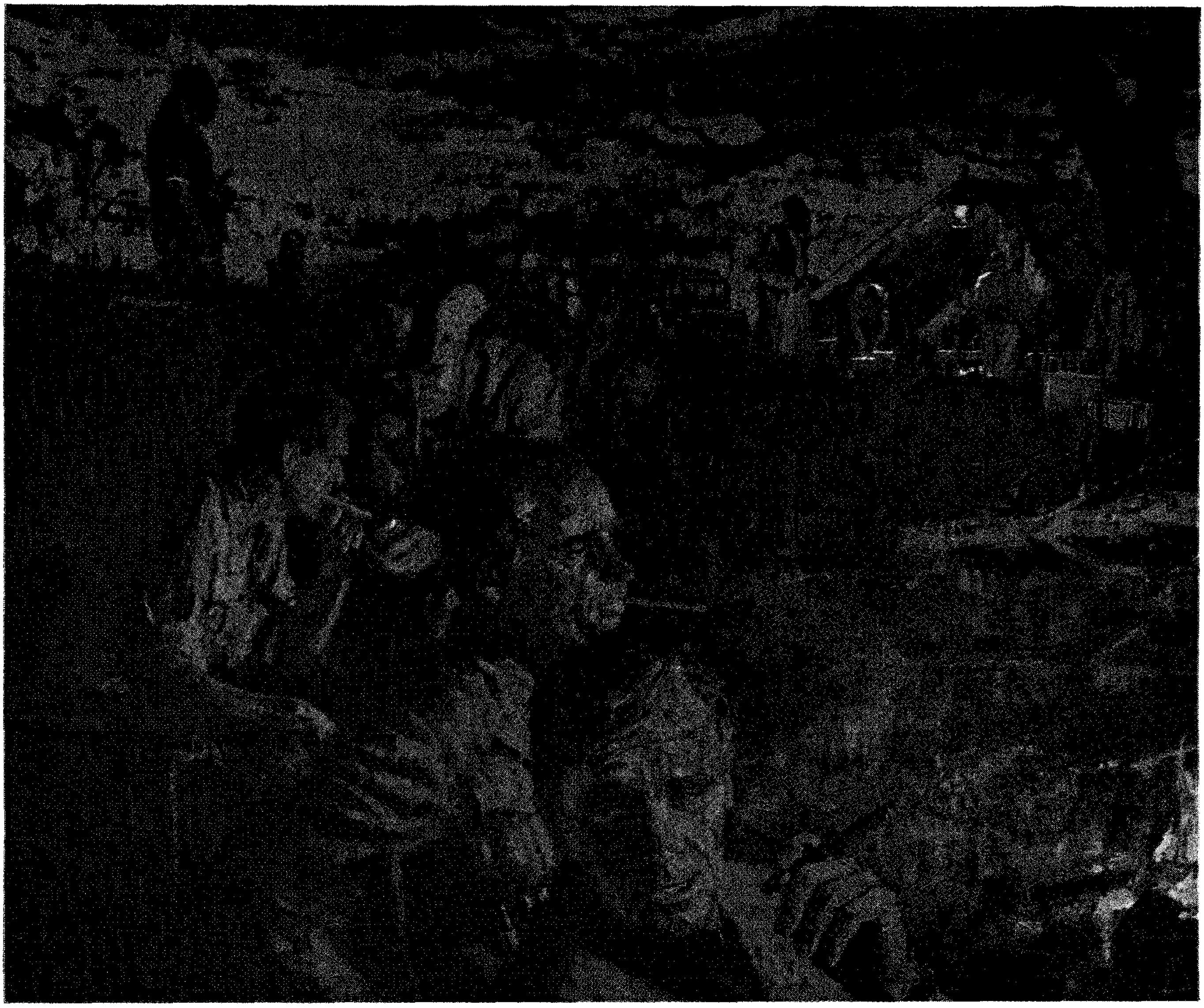

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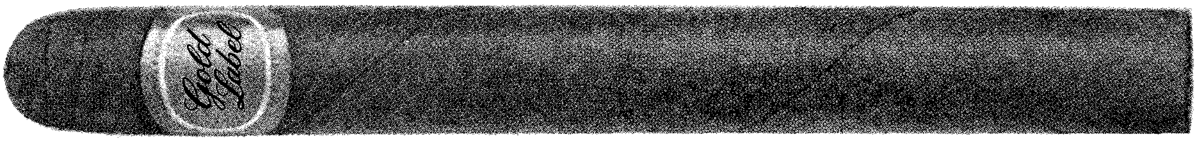

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urday, Oct. 29. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Alfred Sisley (1838-99)—A benefit retrospective of paintings by the French Impressionist; through Dec. 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Joyce Treiman—Sculptures and paintings; through Nov. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maurice de Vlaminck—Paintings. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St. Through Wednesday, Nov. 2.)

J. Alden Weir (1852-1919)—A pleasant showing of paintings and drawings by this New York artist; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Jerry Werner—Plexiglass constructions; through Nov. 10. (Westerly, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Zerbe—Paintings in acrylic collage; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St.)

Treasures of El Dorado—A bright array of Colombia's pre-Hispanic gold art—small figures and animals, pendants, nose ornaments, and other objects; through Dec. 30. (Colombian Center, 140 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Sculptors Guild—Their annual presentation, containing items by sixty-seven members (including Louis Schanker, Marie Taylor, and Peter Agostini) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 20. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

African Art—Masks, statues, and utensils in wood, bronze, and ivory from European collections; through Nov. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **downtown**, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: A forty-first-anniversary exhibition of paintings and drawings by Stuart Davis, William Zorach, Morris Broderson, and others; through Nov. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: A painting apiece by Alfred Leslie, Hans Hofmann, Kenneth Noland, Ad Reinhardt, and Morris Louis; through Nov. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Saul Steinberg, Fernandez Arman, and Tom Wesselmann are three of the participants in a show called "Erotic Art '66;" through Saturday, Oct. 29. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Flower paintings by such artists as Roy Moyer, Jason Schoener, and William Palmer; through Nov. 12.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **loeb & krugier**, 12 E. 57th St.: "Homage to Silence or Metaphysica," comprising paintings and sculptures (dating from 1913) by, among others, de Chirico, Morandi, and Morris Louis; through Nov. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **parsons**, 24 W. 57th St.: Eight instances of pattern art in paintings and structures by an equal number of artists; through Saturday, Oct. 29.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **bianchini**, 50 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings by Pissarro, Toulouse-Lautrec, Sisley, and the like; through Nov. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Impressionist paintings by Renoir, Degas, and Monet (to name a few); through Nov. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **odyssia**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by (for instance) Arp, Giacometti, and Manzù; through Saturday, Oct. 29.

Chinese; Group Show—Paintings by contemporary Chinese artists; through Nov. 29. (Gallery of Chinese and American Art, 399 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A short course (three chapters) in Roman history as seen in recently acquired murals by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. They are so big they overshadow the tidy scenes of Venice by Guardi and Canaletto and the commentaries on Venetian upper-class life by Longhi, which are part of the same exhibit. . . . ¶ Guercino, Salvator Rosa, and the Tiepolos are some of the artists represented in a showing of Italian

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MISS BONWIT JR. SPORTSWEAR
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drawings from the collection of Princeton University; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, and assemblages by contemporary Japanese artists; through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Lithographs and serigraphs by twenty young painters and sculptors, among them David Hockney, Jim Dine, and James Rosenquist; through Nov. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Jean Dubuffet, 1962-66," an exhibition of oils, drawings, gouaches, collages, and sculptures; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Systemic paintings—by such systemists as Ellsworth Kelly and Al Held—the most immaculate and exact of them Robert Ryman's "Allied," which is one solid white canvas; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art of the United States: 1670-1966," the inaugural show at this new Cyclopean structure, reveals a great stock of paintings and sculptures that fills four floors and the sunken garden; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen watercolors by Cézanne, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Sunday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Jan. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition of bronzes of India's gods and goddesses, created for three religious sects (Jains, Buddhists, and Hindus); through Dec. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings by the Polish Impressionist Jan Cybis; through Nov. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art–The Nadler Collection," a show of sculptures, textiles, ceramics, and bronze works; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, along with a selection of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to mention a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish artistic and social history from 1870 to 1924; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Howard Kanovitz of families, New Yorkers, and partygoers, for the most part, caught, it seems, in the eye of a camera; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, painted stainless-steel industrial sculptures by Kosso Eloul; through Nov. 13. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Old and New Testaments and other sixth- to sixteenth-century illuminated manuscripts; through Nov. 26. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirtieth annual of the American Abstract Artists, consisting of paintings and sculptures by about eighty members and guests, including Ibram Lassaw, Will Insley, and Richard Anuszkiewicz; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 27: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 28: A new production of Richard Strauss's "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Regina Resnik, William Dooley, and Robert Nagy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 29: "Faust," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Gianni Raimondi, Sherrill Milnes, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 29: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 31: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 1: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Regina Resnik, William Dooley, and Robert Nagy. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 2: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Ingrid Bjoner, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "Faust," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Gianni Raimondi, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 5: "Antony and Cleopatra," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Mary Ellen Pracht, Justino Díaz, Jess Thomas, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Regina Resnik, William Dooley, and James King. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Muriel Greenspon, Jerry LoMonaco, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "The Tales of Hoffmann," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Edna Mae George, Michele Molese, Norman Treigle, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2:15 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, Noel Jan Tyl, Robert Rounseville, Michael Devlin, William Ledbetter, and Herbert Beattie. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Jeannine Crader, Sherrill Milnes, David Smith, and Herbert Beattie. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 30, at 1:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Norma Newton, Donna Jeffrey, Michele Molese, and John Reardon. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 30, at 7:15: "Carmen," with Joyce Blackham, Anne Elgar, Placido Domingo, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, Jerry LoMonaco, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Norma Newton, Joan Summers, Norman Treigle, William Dembaugh, Donald Gramm, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Marguerite Willauer, Placido Domingo, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Frances Bible, Spiro Malas, Joseph Fair, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2:15 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, Noel Jan Tyl, Michael Devlin, William Ledbetter, Herbert Beattie, and Edward Pierson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Joyce Blackham, Joan Patenaude, Placido Domingo, and Michael Devlin. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Academy Opera Theatre Company—The first New York performance of Mozart's "Idomeneo," in English. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Rigoletto." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 28, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 31, at 7:30 (all with Wilhelm Kempff, piano). . . . ¶ Lorin Maazel conducting on Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 4, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 7, at 7:30 (all with Arthur Grumiaux, violin).

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling

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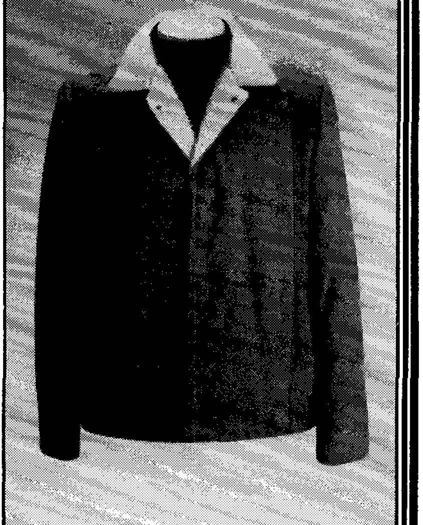

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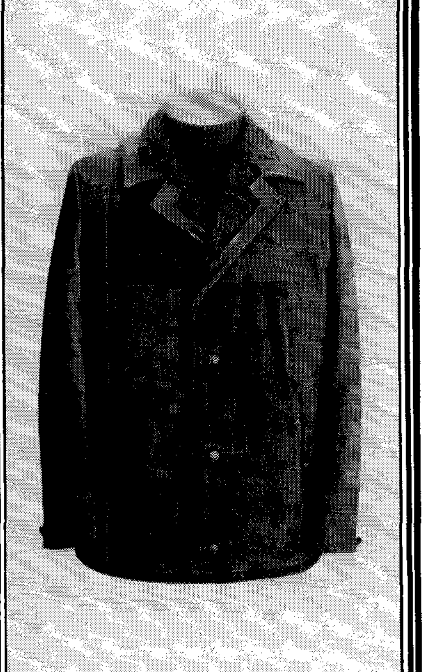

THE UNIVERSITY SHOP
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting, with Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Lamberto Gardelli directing a performance of Rossini's "Mosè" in concert form, with Rita Orlandi-Malaspina, soprano; Ruza Pospinov and Beverly Evans, mezzo-sopranos; Luigi Ottolini and Aldo Bertocci, tenors; Nicolai Ghiaurov and Amin Feres, basses; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Melvin Kaplan, oboe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 29-30, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Janáček's opera "Jenufa" in concert form, with Maria Kouba and Chloe Owen, sopranos; Ivo Zidek, tenor; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Handel Festival—Gene Forrell conducting the Master Virtuosi of New York in the first in a series of three programs, this one with Aristid von Wurtzler, harp, and Isidore Cohen, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Clarion Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a performance of Cimarosa's opera "The Ladies' Game," in concert form and in English, with Claramae Turner, contralto; David Smith, baritone; and others. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Jonel Perlea conducting Mahler's Symphony No. 10. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

Roger Wagner Chorale—Roger Wagner directing, with an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Cherubini's Requiem Mass in C Minor, with an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Il Sestetto di Bolzano—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Michael Davis—Violin, in a program of nineteenth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Arthur Grumiaux and Mieczyslaw Horszowski—A recital of sonatas for violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Ian and Sylvia—Folk singers. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Drolc Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry—Mezzo-soprano and baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Theodore Bikel—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:40.)

Jeanne-Marie Darré—Piano, in the first in a series of three all-Chopin recitals. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3.)

Mildred Miller—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Manitas de Plata—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 9.)

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—Piano, violin, and cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Leonid Kogan—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Beaux-Arts String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

William Doppmann—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of French medieval music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 3, at 6:30: Boston vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Detroit.

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 29 (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ N.Y.U. vs. Manhattan, at Ohio Field (University Ave. at 181st St.). . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 5: Army vs. George Washington, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Gaelic Park (Broadway and 240th St.), at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Duke, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 1:05.)

Horse Shows—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Through Tuesday, Nov. 1. Competitions nightly at 7:45, plus Thursday, Friday, Monday, and Tuesday at 2, and Saturday and Sunday at 1:30.) . . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Wednesday through Tuesday, Nov. 2-8.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 29.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 5.)

Racing—UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 27-28, at 12:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap, Friday, Oct. 28. . . . BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Saturday, Oct. 29, at 12:30; the Jockey Club Gold Cup is the feature race. . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30, from Monday, Oct. 31, through Saturday, Dec. 10. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays; last day Saturday, Nov. 12. Through Saturday, Oct. 29, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Saturday, Oct. 29, through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Selima, Saturday, Nov. 5.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—Programs primarily for children—By the ACADEMY OPERA THEATRE COMPANY: A preview performance of Mozart's "Idomeneo," in English. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 1.) . . . NEW YORK CITY OPERA: "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Saturday, Oct. 29, and Saturday, Nov. 5, both at 2:15.)

Stage Shows—By the **b. gay puppets:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **gingerbread players & jack:** "The Gingerbread Boy," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1.) . . . **mara and her company:** "The Milky Way—An Asian Folk Tale." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2:30.) . . . **paper bag players:** "Guffawhaw." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **storyland theatre:** "Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **taubenslag productions:** "Adventures of Pinocchio." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

Dance Recital—Paul Draper. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop–Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Night the Stars Fell." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Bernard Malamud reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 4:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Adrienne Rich and W. S. Merwin reading from their own poetry. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, at 1:45: French furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 10:30: Pictorial and historical Americana; Currier & Ives and other prints; and maps. The property of Theodore W. Kheel and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 10:30: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century books, drawings, prints, and posters, belonging to Herbert D. Schimmel and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 3, at 1:45: Modern paintings and drawings by such artists as Bernard Buffet, André Derain, and Jules Pascin; from the estate of Alfred M. Frankfurter and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 28.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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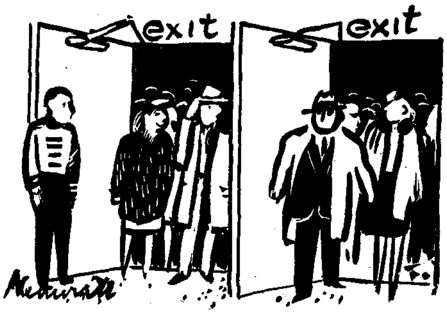

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Any Wednesday—Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Rosemary Murphy, and Dean Jones in a successful movie version of the Broadway comedy. Written by Julius J. Epstein. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. He appears to have had more fun with his animals than with his actors. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Chushingura—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great beauty and at great length. With Toshiro Mifune. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Crazy Quilt—The first feature-length movie by an intelligent independent moviemaker named John Korty. A sad comedy, well acted by Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round—James Coburn as a heartless but charming ex-con executes what is surely the most complicated bank holdup of all time. Written and directed by Bernard Girard. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; starting Nov. 2.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully filmed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—A brilliant documentary on surfing. A perfect movie about a search for the perfect wave. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Fantastic Voyage—A sci-fi thriller about a long and dangerous voyage through the human body. Better for children than for medical students. With Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 1.)

The Fortune Cookie—A Billy Wilder comedy, characteristically harsh and funny, with fine performances by Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Georgy Girl—An exceptionally good English comedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Hawaii—A long, foolish account of how Christian missionaries spoiled things for the happy Polynesians. With Max von Sydow and Julie Andrews. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn delightfully enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Seconds—A frightening tale about men who are thought to have died and who come back "reborn," thanks to plastic surgery. With Rock Hudson and Salome Jens. John Frankenheimer provided the direction, which is masterly. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Nov. 1.)

The Shameless Old Lady—A comedy, directed by René Allio and starring the elderly actress Sylvie. A captivating tale, short and uncluttered. In French. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderees and Yves Montand is the detective who tries to stop the massacre. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Oct. 27.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—The wit and harshness of the original are undimmed, and the language is unbowdlerized. Richard Burton's performance is so strong that the emphasis now has shifted: Martha's play has become George's movie. The other actors—Elizabeth Taylor, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis—do very well, too. Mike Nichols was the director; Ernest Lehman adapted the script. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. The theatre will be closed on Wednesday, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Wrong Box—Excellent comedy, with comedians Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Wilfrid Lawson, Michael Caine, Peter Sellers, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

REVIVALS

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 28-31.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Nov. 2.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Nov. 2.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

The Flight of the Phoenix (1966)—A band of men putting together a new plane out of the bits and pieces of the wrecked one. James Stewart, Peter Finch, Richard Attenborough, and Hardy Krüger. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 1.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers again, this time in an academic setting. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Nov. 2.)

The Ipcress File (1965)—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 2.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, T 9-2717; starting Nov. 2.)

The Leather Boys (1965)—Rita Tushinghan Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton in a stud of contemporary lower-middle-class Englis life. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Cinem Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; throug Oct. 30.)

Lolita (1962)—A comedy about a middle-age professor and a sexy adolescent. Jame Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, an Sue Lyon. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7 0700; Oct. 27.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Fran Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller abou wicked Russians and wicked Americans (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Oct 27.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The notable documentary short about Nazi concentration camps directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 27.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—Still more Mar Brothers, here cutting up in the musica world. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7 0700; Oct. 28-Nov. 1.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers a an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a smal town in Wales. (Symphony, B'way at 95th AC 2-6600; through Nov. 1.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir' classic, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th TR 4-9189; through Nov. 2.)

The Son of the Sheik (1926)—The antique, wit Rudolph Valentino. (Cinema Village, 22 E 12th, WA 4-3363; starting Oct. 31.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence' 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and he artistically gifted son. With Trevor Howard Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 27.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold (1965)—Richard Burton as the grubby and despairin hero of the le Carré novel. Also with Oska Werner and Claire Bloom. (Symphony B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 2.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 28-31.)

The 10th Victim (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this movie about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. In Italian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Oct. 30.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 27.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Oct. 28: "Civilization" (1916). . . . ¶ Oct. 29-30: "Hell's Hinges" (1916), directed by and with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "The Ruse" (1915), "The Taking of Luke McVane" (1915), and "Keno Bates, Liar" (1915), all with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Nov. 2: A program of musical short films and sequences from musical films. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series of Laurel and Hardy films entitled "A Tribute to Joe Pasternak." Oct. 27: "Early to Bed" (1928), "Double Whoopee" (1929), "Hoosegow" (1929), and "Twice Two" (1933). . . . ¶ Oct. 28-29: "You're Darn Tootin'" (1928), "Two Tars" (1928), "Brats" (1930), and "Fixer Uppers" (1935). . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 1: "Second 100 Years" (1927), "Wrong Again" (1929), "Our Wife" (1931), and "County Hospital" (1932). (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE FORTUNE COOKIE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? (The theatre will be closed on Wednesday, Nov. 2.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Nov. 1: **SECONDS.**
From Nov. 2: "Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
ANY WEDNESDAY.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Nov. 1: **DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND.**
From Nov. 2: "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Oct. 27: "Mister Buddwing," James Garner, Jean Simmons.
From Oct. 28: "The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE WRONG BOX.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Oct. 30: **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian), revival; and **THE LEATHER BOYS,** revival.
From Oct. 31: **THE SON OF THE SHEIK** (silent); and "The Eagle" (silent), Rudolph Valentino, Vilma Banky.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 1: "How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.
From Nov. 2: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THE FORTUNE COOKIE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Loves of a Blonde," a Czechoslovakian film.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE FORTUNE COOKIE.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 1: **SECONDS.**
From Nov. 2: "Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GEORGY GIRL.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hotel Paradiso," Alec Guinness, Gina Lollobrigida.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"10:30 P.M. Summer," Melina Mercouri, Peter Finch.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Oct. 27: "The Swedish Mistress" (in Swedish), revival, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow; and "The Time of Desire," revival, Barbro Larsson.
Oct. 28-30: "Repulsion," revival, Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry; and "The Collector," revival, Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.
From Nov. 2: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian), revival; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Oct. 27: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French); and "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar.
From Oct. 28: "The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE WRONG BOX.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 1: "This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford; and "City of Fear," Paul Maxwell, Terry Moore.
From Nov. 2: "Picture Mommy Dead," Don Ameche, Martha Hyer; and "A Pistol for Ringo," Montgomery Wood.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 1: "Way . . . Way Out," Jerry Lewis, Connie Stevens.
From Nov. 2: **DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 27: **THE TRIAL,** revival; **NIGHT AND FOG,** revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
Oct. 28-31: **BREATHLESS** and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (both in French and both revivals).
From Nov. 1: "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance; "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Oct. 27: **LOLITA,** revival; and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE,** revival.
Oct. 28-Nov. 1: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival; and "The Cocoanuts," revival, the Marx Brothers.
From Nov. 2: **HORSEFEATHERS,** revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES,** revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 1: **FANTASTIC VOYAGE;** and **THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX,** revival.
From Nov. 2: **THE IPCRESS FILE,** revival; and "Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 1: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Butterfield 8," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.
From Nov. 2: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 31: "The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet," revival, a full-length Russian production.
From Nov. 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "Orpheus" (in French), revival, Jean Marais.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 31: "How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole; and "Devils of Darkness," William Sylvester.
Nov. 1: "Show Boat," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel; and "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson.
From Nov. 2: **LA DOLCE VITA,** revival.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 1: "Caressed," Robert Howay; and "And So to Bed," revival, Hildegarde Neff, Lilli Palmer.
From Nov. 2: "Up to His Ears" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress; and "He Who Must Die," Melina Mercouri, Jean Servais.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Nov. 1: **SECONDS.**
From Nov. 2: "Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Nov. 1: **DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND.**
From Nov. 2: "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE CRAZY QUILT.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
CHUSHINGURA (in Japanese).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Royal Ballet. (Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 2: **RULES OF THE GAME** (in French), revival; and "Muriel" (in French), revival, Delphine Seyrig.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 1: **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY,** revival; and "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar.
From Nov. 2: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD,** revival; and "The Family Jewels," revival, Jerry Lewis.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 27: **SONS AND LOVERS,** revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
Oct. 28-31: "Repulsion," revival, Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry; and "Frantic" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Nov. 1: "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian), revival; and "My Name Is Ivan" (in Russian), revival, Kolya Burlaiev.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
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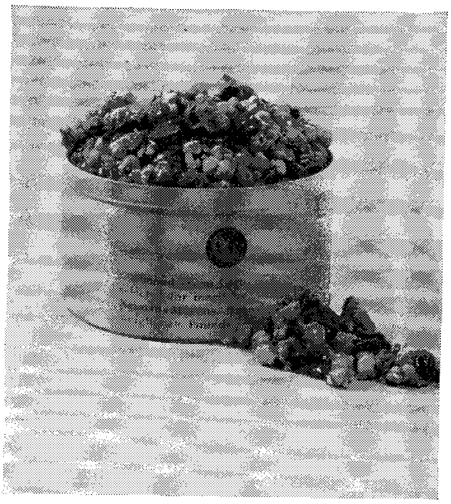

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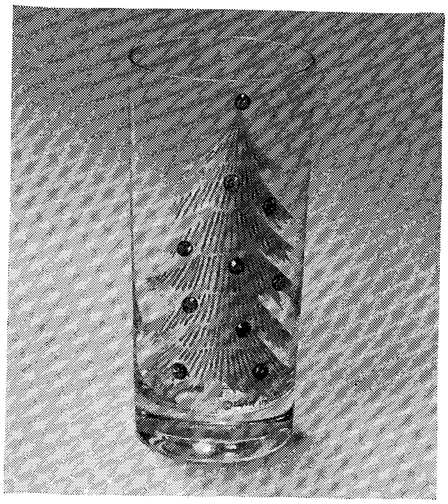

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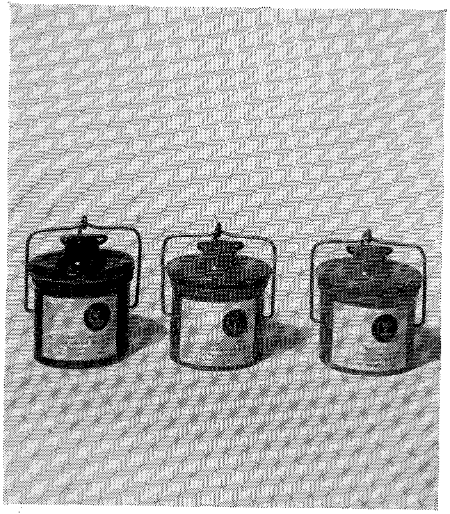

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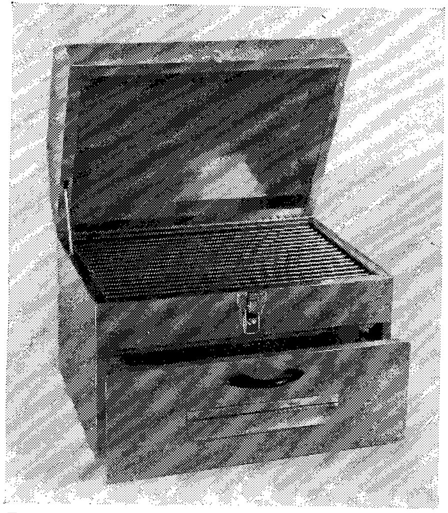

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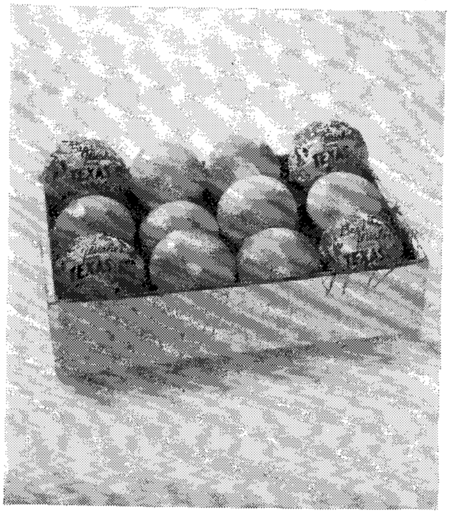

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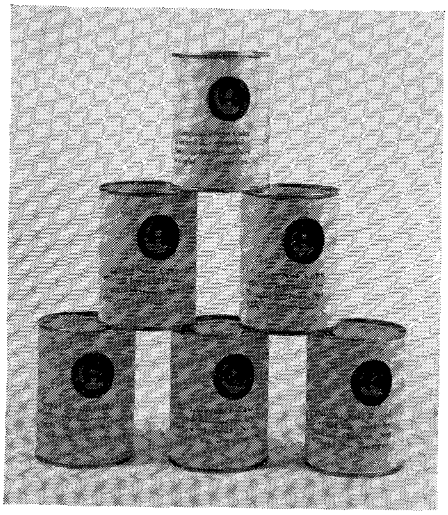

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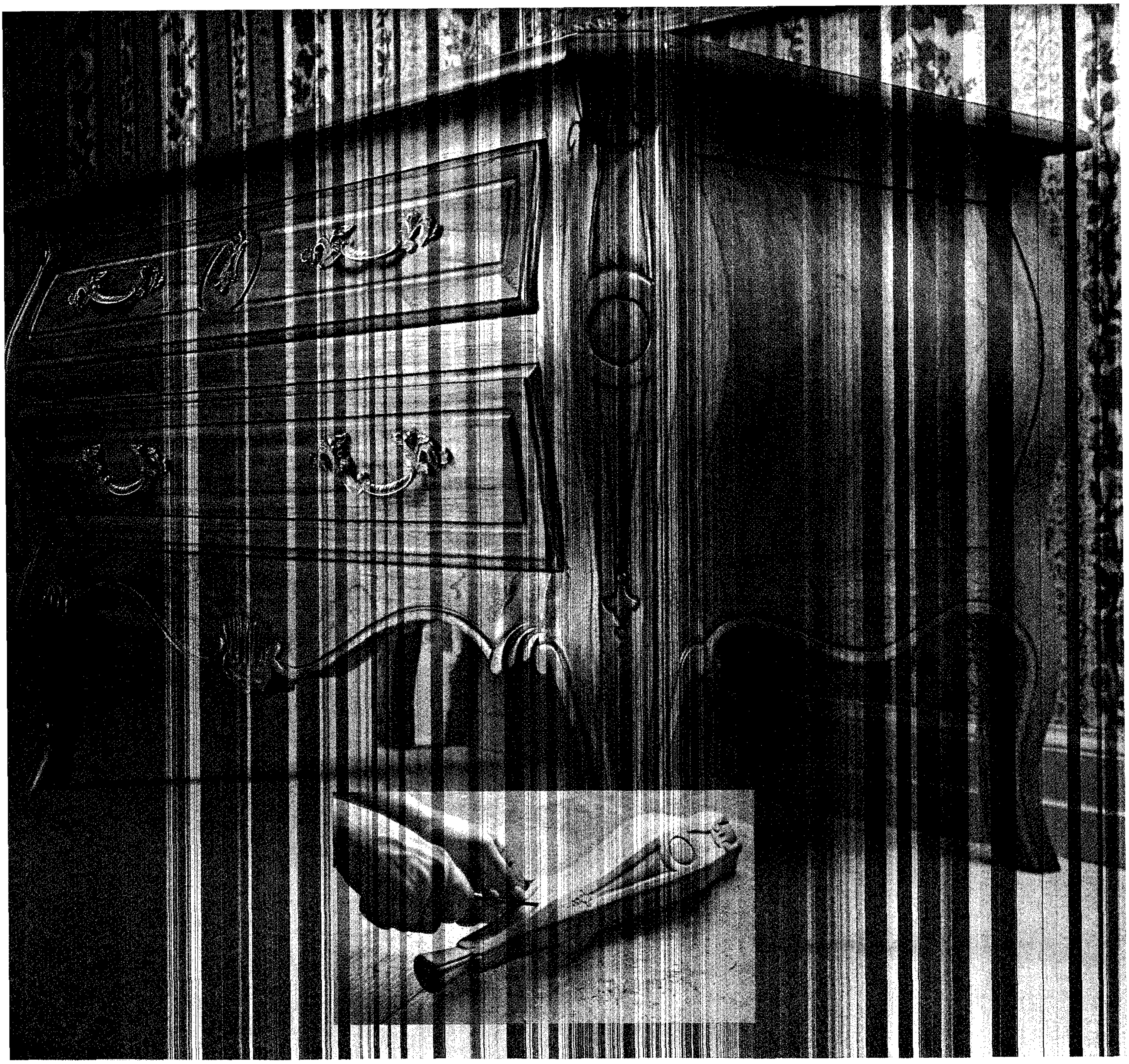

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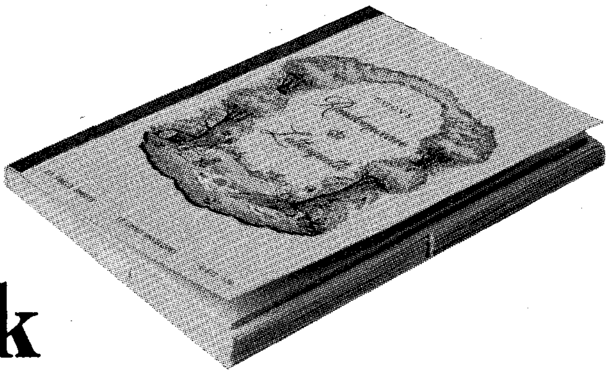

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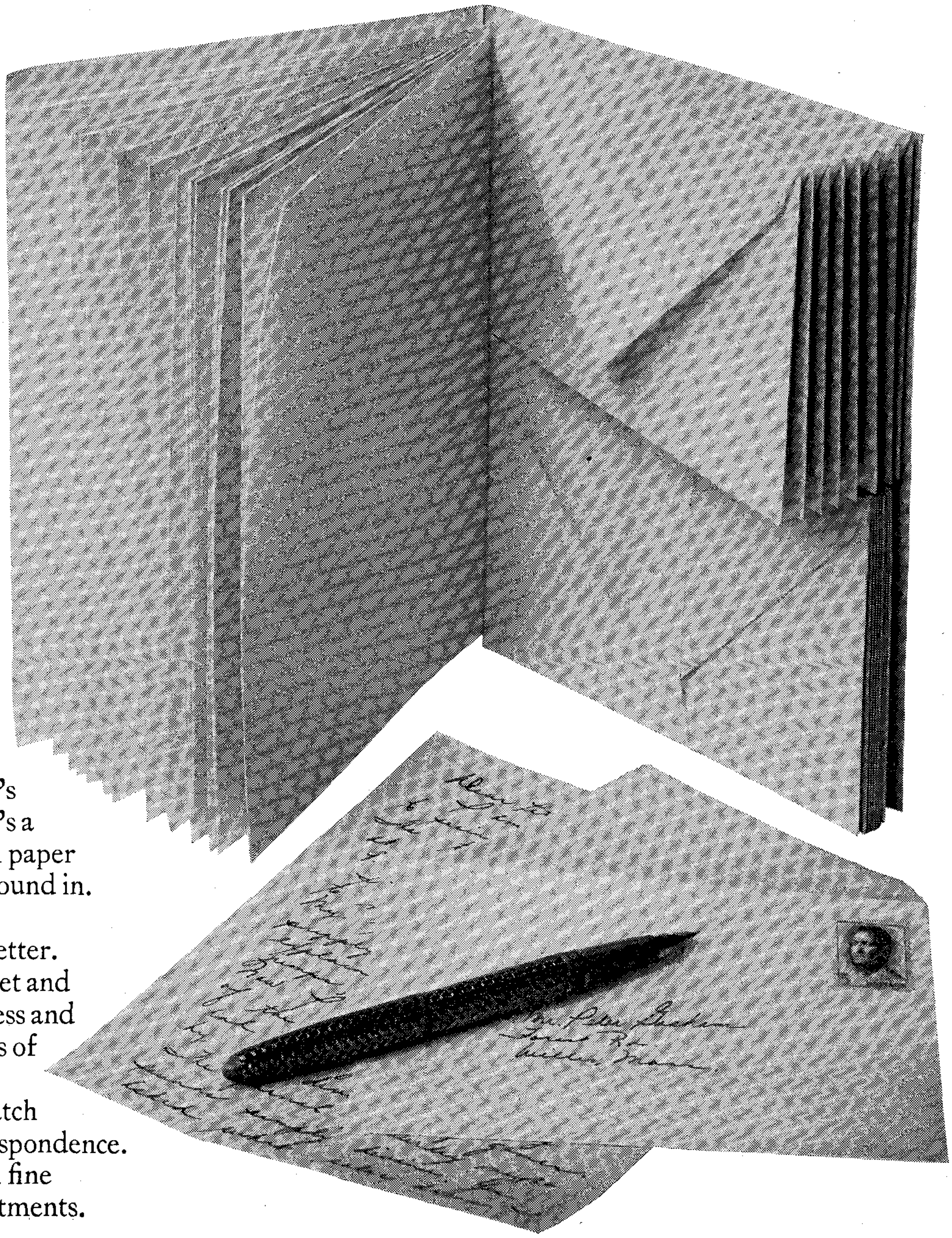

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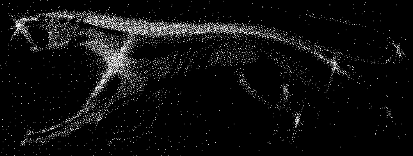


Mercury unleashes **Cougar**...untamed elegance!

Untamed elegance! That's Cougar—an entirely new kind of road animal from Mercury. With a European flair to its styling. With standard features found until now only in expensive cars. Examples: concealed headlamps, *standard!* Sequential rear turn signals, *standard!* A 289 cu. in. V-8, *standard!* Bucket seats, *standard!* Walnut-grained steering wheel, *standard!* Stick shift, full-width rear seat, *standard!* The newest safety features, including dual braking system, all *standard!* Above all, Cougar is a lithe, contemporary car, with the kind of excitement that runs through the entire '67 Mercury line. The price? People at previews have overguessed it by $1,000! We believe Cougar is the best equipped luxury sports car you can buy for the money. See your Mercury dealer. See if you don't agree.

Mercury

Cougar excitement runs through the whole Mercury line!

Ford LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

The Salton Bun Warmer actually makes ordinary buns taste good, good ones taste great, and great ones taste like heaven on earth.

Buns and rolls baked in America generally have very little taste by themselves.

This is rather sad.

For, we have more wheat, and better grades of wheat than any other country in the world; more eggs, more milk, more cream. We could make the loveliest buns and rolls in the world. By far.

But we don't. And for the most part, with certain exceptions, we won't. (Among the exceptions you'll find Louisiana's short bread, Boston's Parker House rolls and New York's bagels and bialystoken.)

There simply aren't enough roll and bun connoisseurs to make the big bakeries do better. If you are a connoisseur, you usually have to go to a lot of trouble to get good buns. You usually have to travel. But you don't. So you're usually out of luck.

But your luck is changing. Help is on the way: The Salton Bun Warmer.

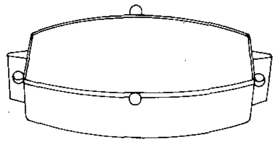
The Salton electric Bun Warmer won't perform miracles. It won't make our American, mass-produced buns and rolls taste like the kind Grandma supposedly made 50 years ago.

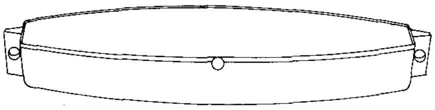
But what the Salton Bun Warmer *will* do is make rolls and buns taste a good deal better. It will make ordinary buns and rolls taste good. Good ones taste great. And great ones taste like heaven on earth.

It does this by keeping buns and rolls warm and fresh and crisp. On the table. As you finish one, you reach for another—with the assurance that each one is at the same maximum goodness as the first.

For the best results, pre-warm your rolls and buns in the oven for a few moments before you put them into your Bun Warmer. But don't keep them there very long. Because, after a few minutes of heating, an oven dries out buns, hardens them and soon burns them. An oven is too big and too much air gets at the buns and rolls. An oven gets too hot. An oven isn't designed to keep rolls and buns warm and fresh and crisp. A Salton Bun Warmer *is*.

Keep your Salton Bun Warmer on the table during every meal and you can munch on crisp, warm rolls from appetizer through the main course. (No matter how long it takes you to dine.)


BUN WARMER


FRENCH BREAD WARMER

The Salton Bun Warmer is certainly not the biggest miracle of the ages. But maybe, for bun and roll lovers, it is.

The Salton Bun Warmer (made by the same people who make the famous Salton Hotray®) comes in two models. Get either one for $9.95. With fabric in paisley, eggshell, avocado or orange.

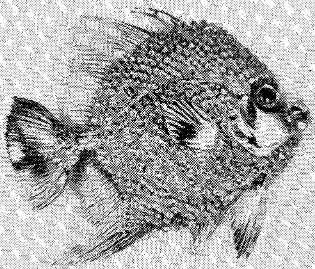
For complete Salton catalog and gourmet recipe booklet, write Salton, Inc., 511B East 72 Street, New York 10021.

SALTON

HOTRAY IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK AND INDICATES THAT SALTON, INC., IS THE SOLE MANUFACTURER

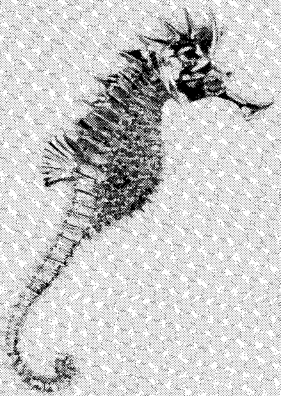
"Show us all your little animals or else," customers have growled at Mr. Cooper. "Which animals and or else what?" replied Mr. Cooper.

It's bad enough when you (our customers) write in and tell us what to advertise. Now you're even threatening us. Well, we can't show you all the denizens of our zoo. There's not enough room. But this is a pretty fair sample. Good hunting.



Angel Fish will swim away if you don't catch her. Can also be used as bait to catch bigger fish (if that's your sport). 18 karat gold with sapphire eye, $90.

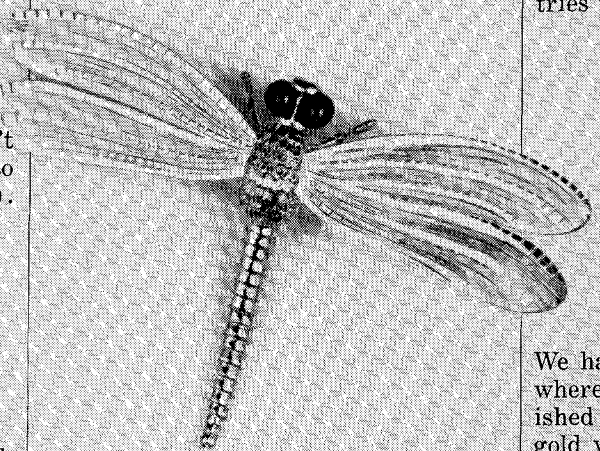
A very wise and worldly owl sees all, knows all, but tells nothing. 14 karat gold with peridot eyes. $60.



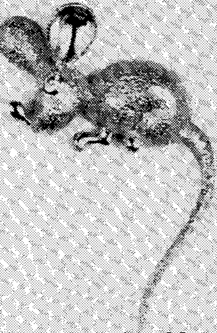
Silly, seasick Sea Horse can't stand the sight of water. Likes to cruise about on black cocktail dresses. Ruby eye watches hungrily for hors d'oeuvre tray. 14 karat gold, $55.

Contented Koala Bear just downed a delicious luncheon of white gold leaves. Tree limbs are white gold, too. (But he's saving them for dinner.) 18 karat gold, $195.

Hiccupping Hippo can't stop. Only by taking him in and giving him a good home will his psychosomatic hiccups stop. 18 karat gold with ruby eye, $120.

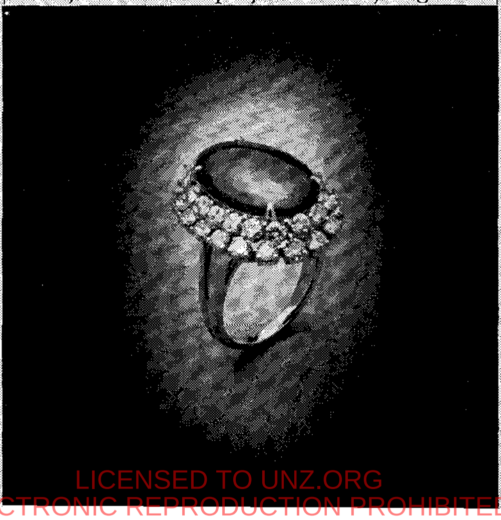


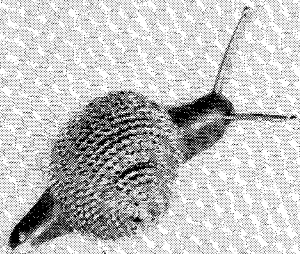
Devilish Dragon Fly loves to flutter flirtatiously about. If you catch her she'll bring you good luck. 18 karat gold with onyx eyes, $145.



Non-biting Spider is 14 karat gold with a black star sapphire body, $18. Mouse squeaks when you pull her tail, but you can't hear her. (Which is just as well.) 18 karat gold with a diamond eye, $70.

F·J·COOPER INC.
jewelers by birth . . . since 1883
1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
F. J. Cooper International Co.,
2 Orange St. at Union, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W. I., and F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England.

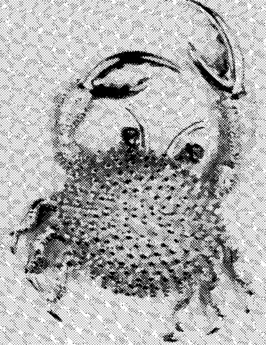




Snail is a most delightful fellow. He goes his own pace (and a pox on anyone who tries to hurry him). 14 karat gold, $65.

We had a little gold canary here somewhere, but you-know-who must have polished him off. You-know-who is 14 karat gold with rubies in his collar and sapphire eyes, $65.

Foxy Fox is very loyal. Can be trusted with any secret. (Just like your best friend.) 14 karat gold, $90.



Dieting Crab has a dreadful weight problem. She'll remind you to watch your diet if you remind her to watch hers. 14 karat gold with ruby eye, $95.

Or else. You wanted to see our little animals "or else." Here's a superb "or else" —a magnificent diamond-tiered Jade ring. Three thousand three hundred dollars. P.S. The little Happy Bug way up top is 18 karat gold with a green chalcedony body. Guaranteed to cheer you up, $26.

Mail address: 1406 Chestnut Street. Add 5% for Pennsylvania delivery.
Jewelry shown actual size.

Is GENESCO a classic Who-dun-it?

No, Watson. We're modern, American, and very unmysterious.

One good clue goes like this: Genesco is among the top hundred industrial corporations in the country. Another: Genesco makes and sells things to wear, for men, women and children. In fact, **if it's something to wear, it's Genesco's business.** This activity takes us into a wide field...into 24,000 stores here and abroad, where our manufactured wearables serve whole families every day. There's no mystery involved. What it takes is people who know what they're doing. And policies that establish high standards. And products that satisfy an exacting public. We're vigorously watchful of all three.

Books aren't exactly our business, but we do turn out at least one a year. It's called Genesco's Annual Report, and you're welcome to it if you'll phone or write.

GENESCO INC.
Genesco Building, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

Introducing end tables that sing, talk, play and hold memories for sweethearts.

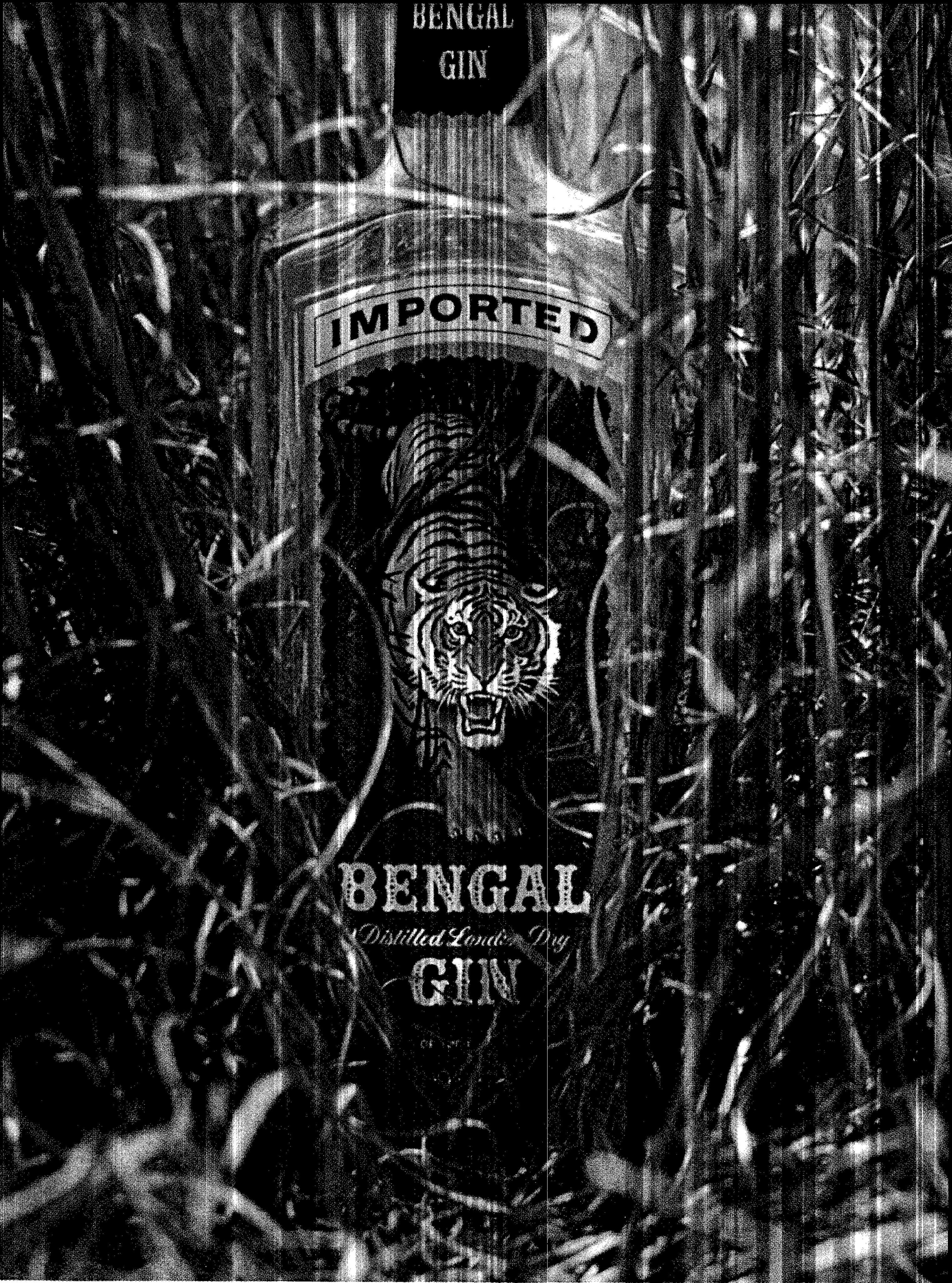
G.E. has just designed a way to sweet talk you that's new and different. Chairside end tables that take up no more space than ordinary, do-nothing end tables.

They look just like fine contemporary furniture. Which in fact they are. And inside, the solid state FM stereo tuner, amplifier and automatic record changer, balanced speaker system and record storage are all carefully designed to fit the exact dimensions of the cabinetry.

The Chairside comes equipped for Porta-Fi. The optional portable speaker system without any wires. You just plug it into any wall socket. It's a G.E. exclusive that brings all that sweet talk into any room in the house.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Audio Products Department, Decatur, Illinois.


BENGAL
GIN
IMPORTED
BENGAL
Distilled London Dry
GIN

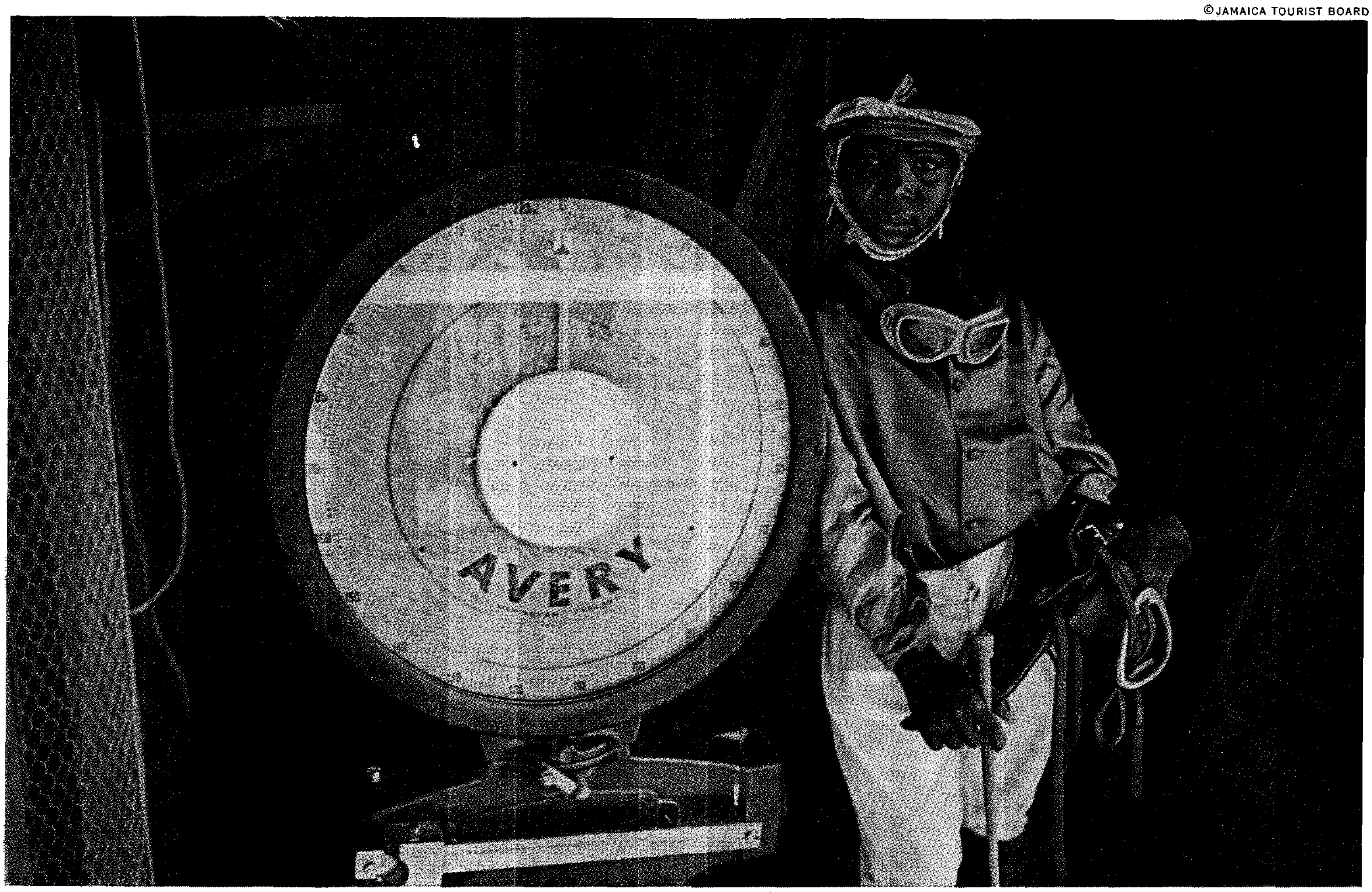
Cat Nip.

Bengal Gin. Imported (and undomesticated)
Keep it behind bars. Yours. Grrrr! 94 Proof.

IMPORTED FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.

JAMAICA

©JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD



At Caymanas Park near Kingston, the jockeys come as young as 12. And the bets start as low as 70¢. You can still lose your shirt.

Caymanas is a big-city track 11 miles from our biggest city.

But you'll never think you're at Aqueduct.

You drive in to it through fields of cane. (The track is in the middle of a sugar plantation.) And if you come at harvest, the air smells like taffy.

Coooooconut watta, shrieks a machete-swinging vendor as he lops the top off a coconut, pops in a straw and hands it to you. *Mon, it cool you down,* he says. Whether you're mon or wo-mon.

Snack on cashew nuts (they grow here), curried goat and rice.

Stroll the flowered paddock.

Gape at the world's teeniest bigtime jockeys.

Hand a 5-shilling (70¢) bet to a bet-runner and when he scoots back after the race with fistfuls (maybe 3 dollars) of your winnings, sit back and feel like a maharajah.

Maybe you'd rather *only* bet.

Then go to betting "parlours" in town and place your bets with "agents".

Maybe you'd rather only *look* at horses.

There's polo. Sunday afternoons.

Maybe you'd rather ride yourself.

You can. Usually over somebody's vast estate. (And you feel like *somebody.*)

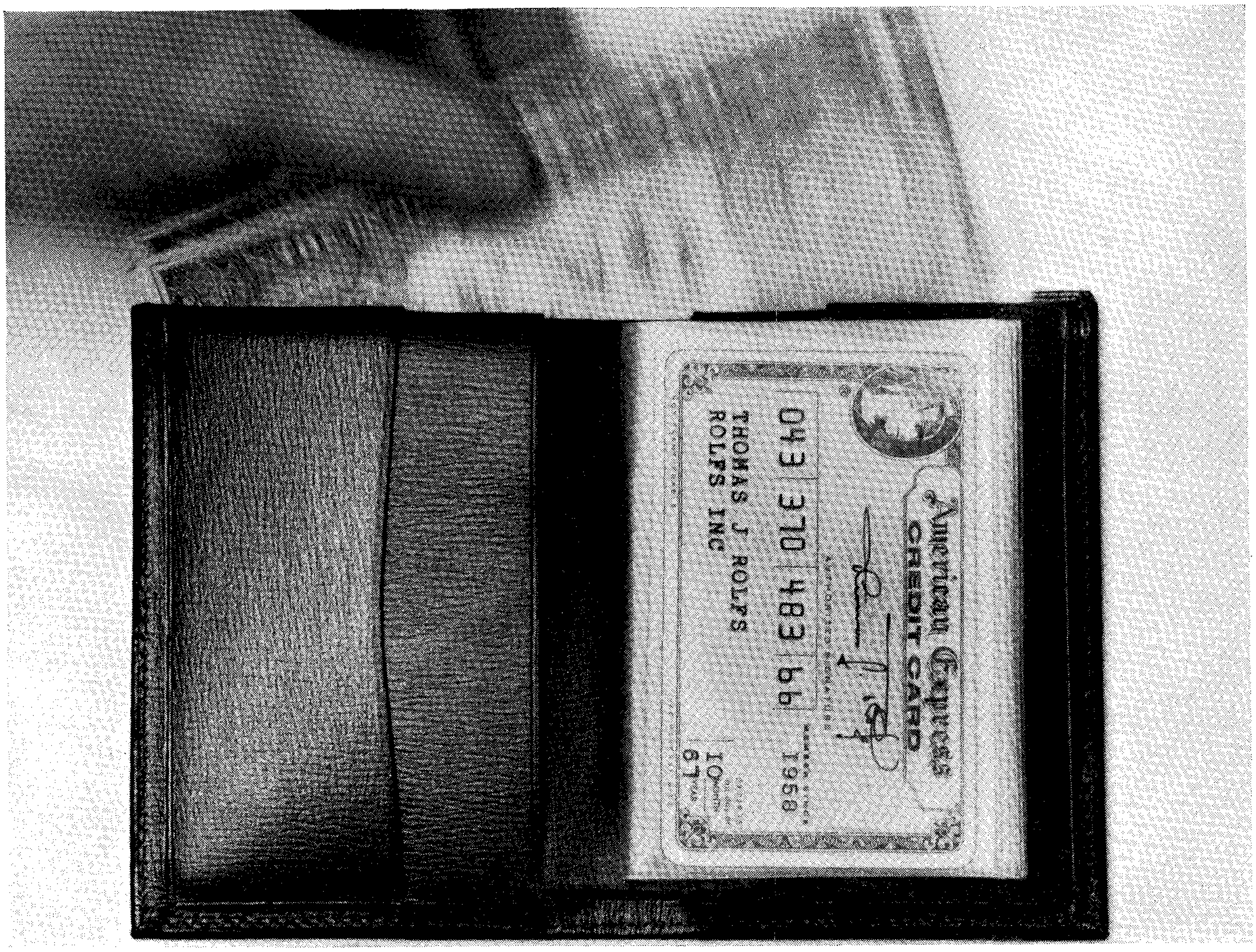
Maybe you hate horses?

So catch a cricket match. Or a marlin. Or go spear-fishing. Or Sailfishing. Or climb a mountain On foot. On a mule.

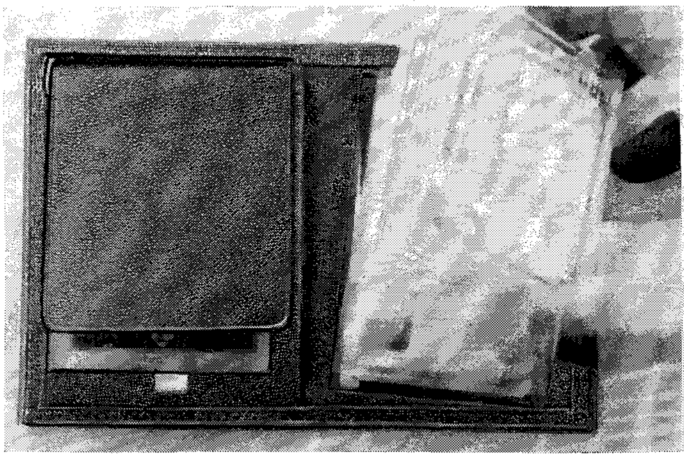
Yes, mon, *mule.*

For more about our sports, horsey, fishy, mulish or otherwise, see your travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, San Francisco, Miami, Toronto.

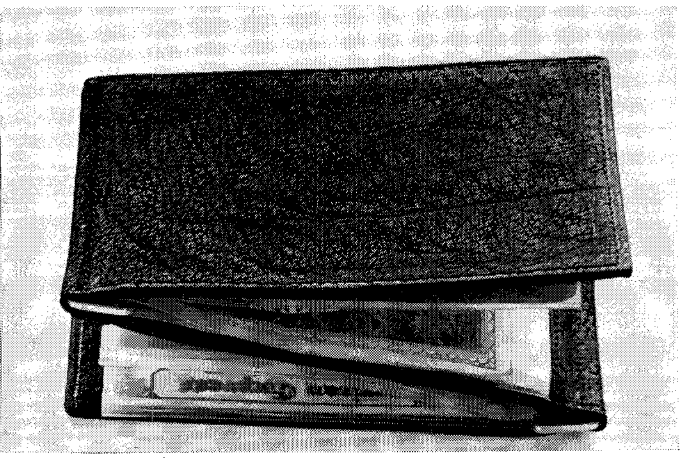
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WHIP cash out of **Envoy's** deep bill pocket. Or flip to the eight pocket credit card case. Italian Edge design in brown or olive Firenze Cowhide. $5 Others to $17.50



FLIP to your credit cards in the **Courier** sixteen window accordion card case. Or whip cash out of the detachable money clip. In Black English Morocco. $5.95 Others to $17.50



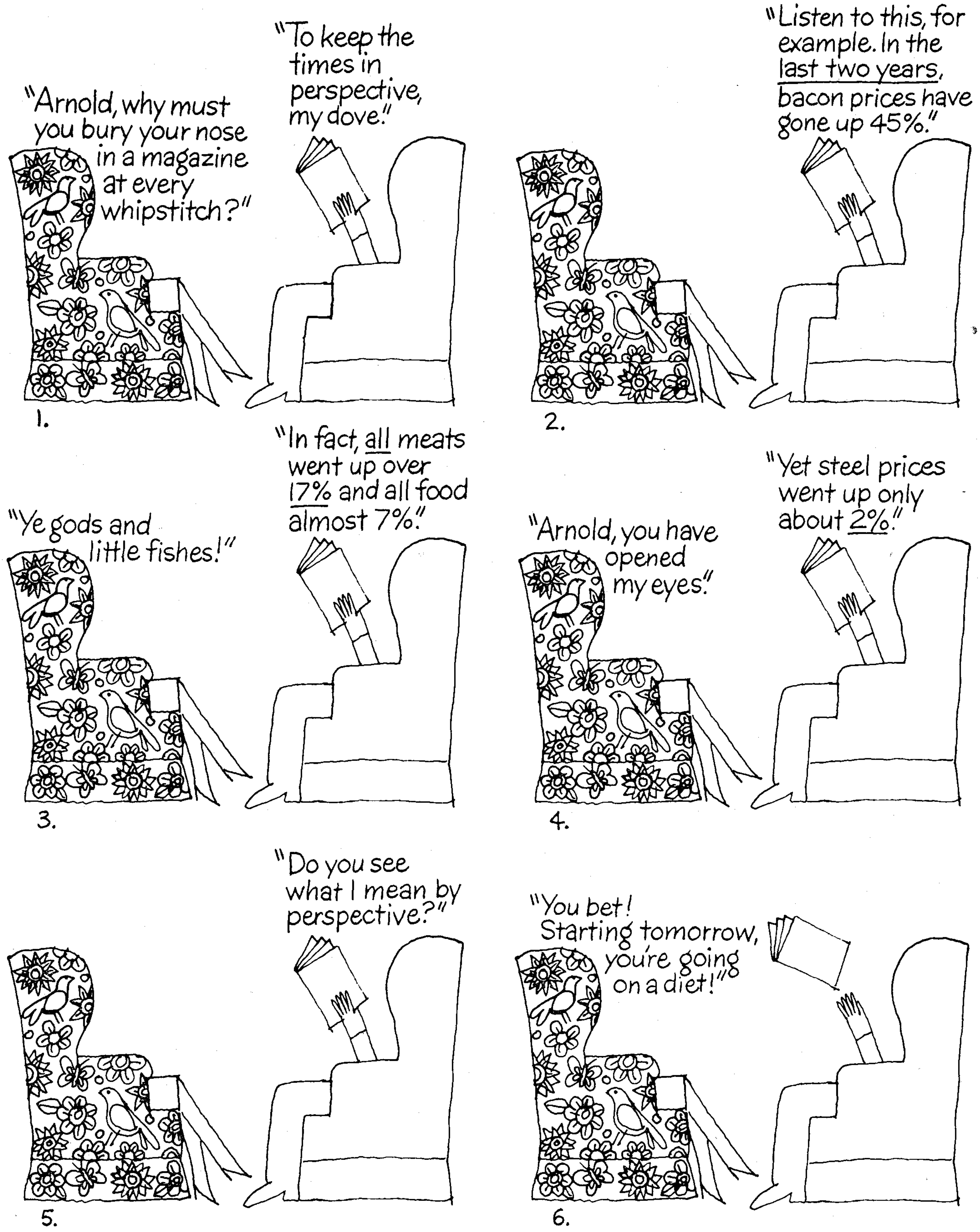
CLIP your money in this double fold money clip. Two separate spaces for bills...plus room for credit cards. In Wild Bison. $5 Others from $2.95 to $10.95

3 new ways to carry cash and credit. **ROLFS**

West Bend, Wisconsin.
Also creators of fine
Amity Leather Accessories.

Available in Canada

(*Advertisement*)


"Arnold, why must you bury your nose in a magazine at every whipstitch?"
"To keep the times in perspective, my dove."
1.
"Listen to this, for example. In the last two years, bacon prices have gone up 45%."
2.
"Ye gods and little fishes!"
"In fact, all meats went up over 17% and all food almost 7%."
3.
"Arnold, you have opened my eyes."
"Yet steel prices went up only about 2%."
4.
"Do you see what I mean by perspective?"
5.
"You bet! Starting tomorrow, you're going on a diet!"
6.

Steel costs less than 2 out of 3 Americans think.

USS United States Steel

New beauty treatment for U. S. highways: Alfa's elegant Sprint GTV

NEW ALFA SPRINT GTV,
$4200 (P.O.E.)

There's something very special about an Alfa. You see it in the lean, exciting lines of this dashing new Sprint GTV. You feel it as you sink into the cradling bucket seats. You know it when the GTV takes the road with cat-like grace and control, instant response to your command, smooth and tireless performance.

For that exquisite Italian coachwork designed by Bertone sheathes every worthwhile performance and safety feature. A few: over-sized disk brakes on all 4 wheels. Tenacious road-holding and precise cornering with race-bred suspension and premium radial-ply tires. All-aluminum engine with double overhead cams, two dual-throat carburetors. Five forward speeds, fully synchronized.

Worth noting: Alfa has long employed "differential resistance" body construction for extra protection. You may find it on U. S. cars in a year or two.

And you preside over this sprightly Sprint GTV in all the near-sinful luxury Italians love. Ask your Alfa Romeo dealer to show you why the GTV is the smartest distance between two points. (By the way, the "V" stands for "Veloce." That's Italian for "Wow!")

231 Johnson Ave., Newark, New Jersey 07108

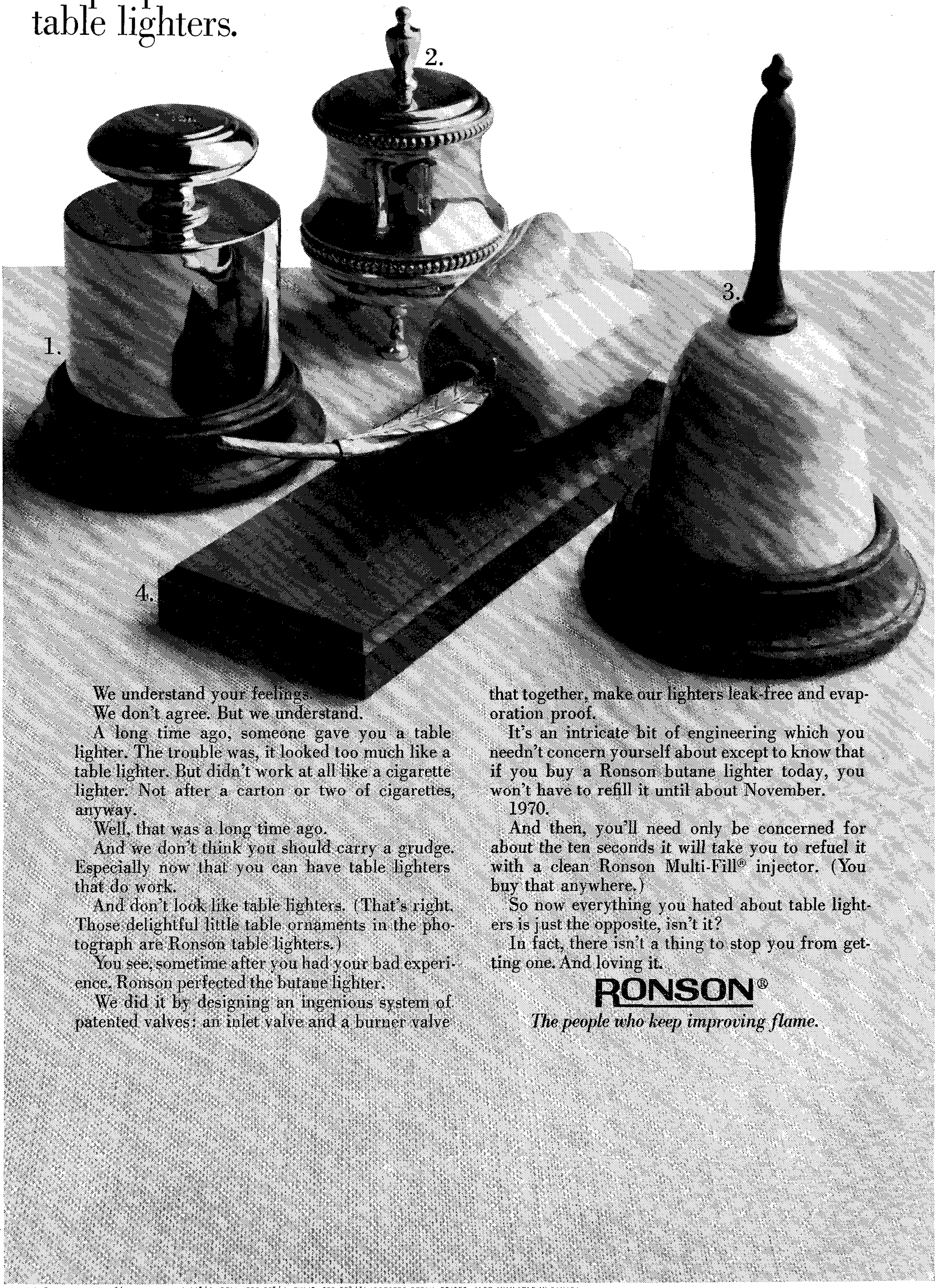
1700 Daisy Avenue, Long Beach, California 90813

ALFA ROMEO MILANO

alfa romeo

racing since 1911

The table lighters for people who hate table lighters.



We understand your feelings.

We don't agree. But we understand.

A long time ago, someone gave you a table lighter. The trouble was, it looked too much like a table lighter. But didn't work at all like a cigarette lighter. Not after a carton or two of cigarettes, anyway.

Well, that was a long time ago.

And we don't think you should carry a grudge. Especially now that you can have table lighters that do work.

And don't look like table lighters. (That's right. Those delightful little table ornaments in the photograph are Ronson table lighters.)

You see, sometime after you had your bad experience, Ronson perfected the butane lighter.

We did it by designing an ingenious system of patented valves: an inlet valve and a burner valve that together, make our lighters leak-free and evaporation proof.

It's an intricate bit of engineering which you needn't concern yourself about except to know that if you buy a Ronson butane lighter today, you won't have to refill it until about November.

1970.

And then, you'll need only be concerned for about the ten seconds it will take you to refuel it with a clean Ronson Multi-Fill® injector. (You buy that anywhere.)

So now everything you hated about table lighters is just the opposite, isn't it?

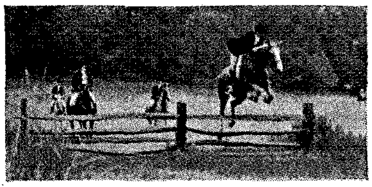
In fact, there isn't a thing to stop you from getting one. And loving it.

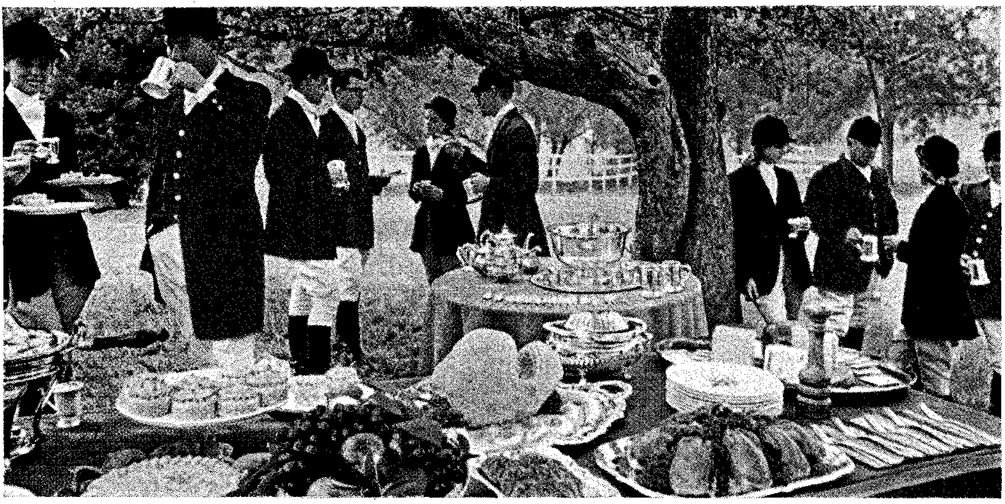
RONSON®

The people who keep improving flame.

1. ANTIQUE WEIGHT. $27.50* / 2. EMPIRE. $30.00* / 3. BELL. $30.00* / 4. TULIP. $25.00* / *SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.

Reed & Barton brings English country elegance home to America with their newest sterling.



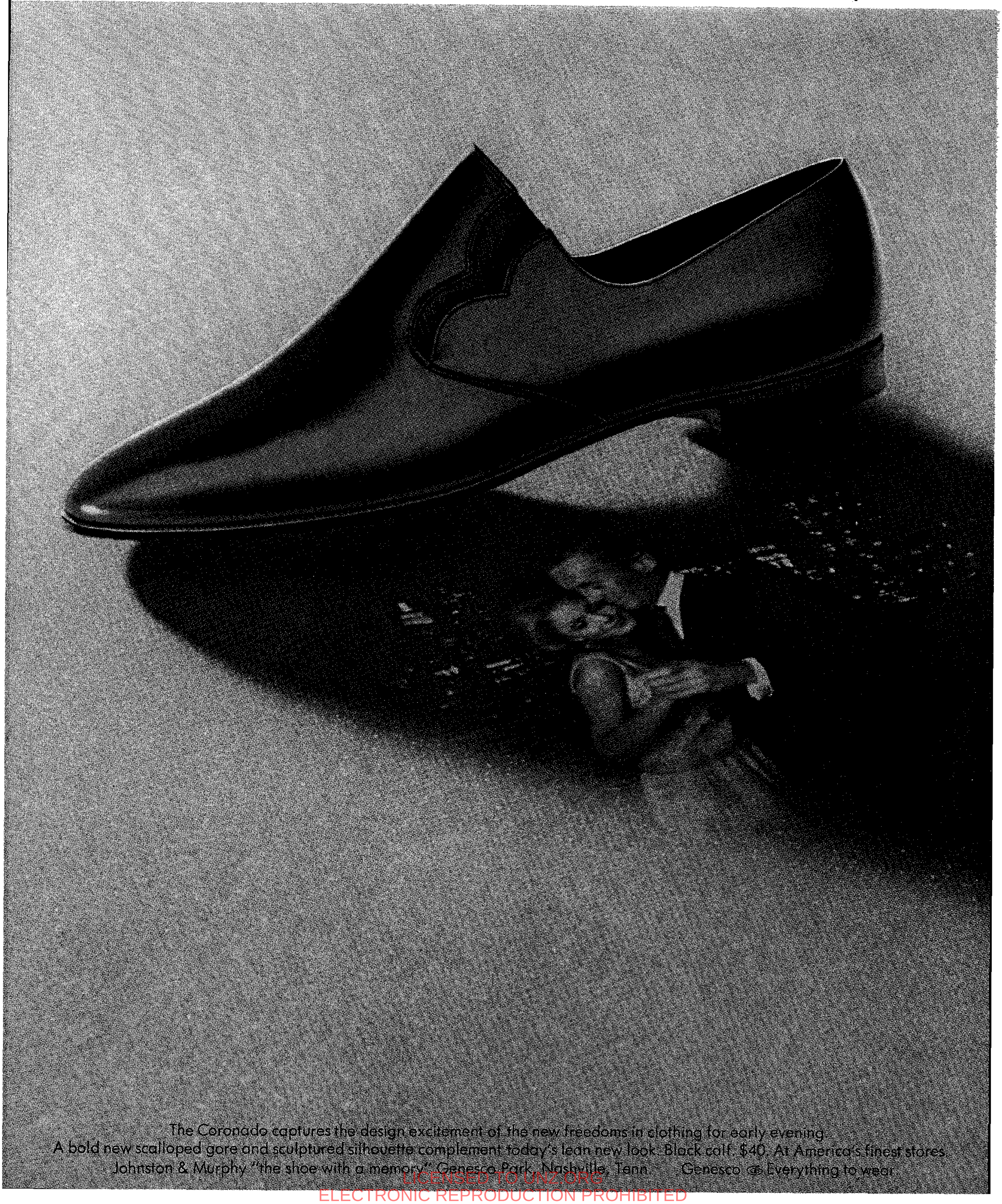


English Provincial

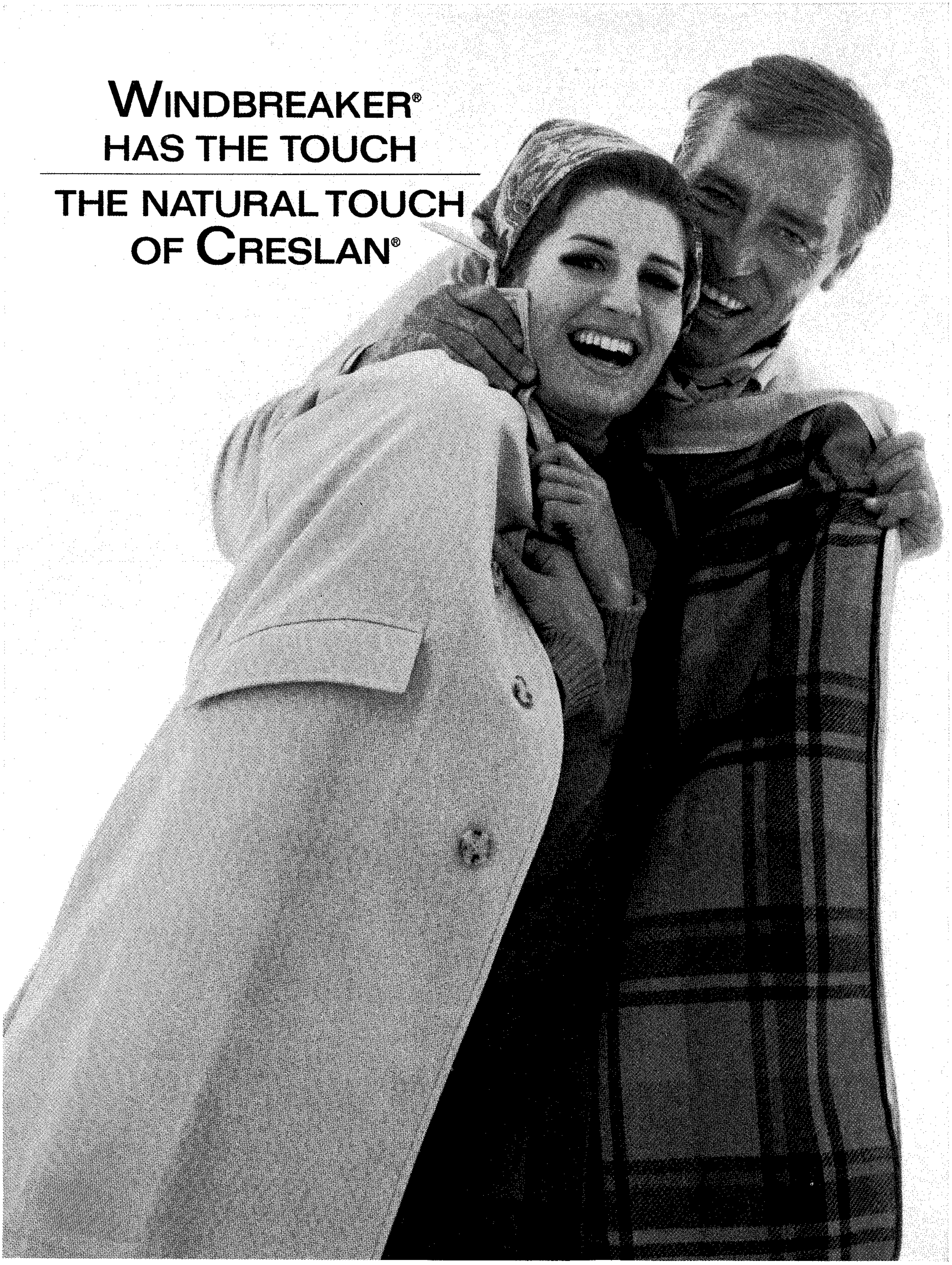
Hunt breakfasts, tea on the terrace, and candle-lit dinner parties are traditional pleasures of English country life. Reed & Barton captures this spirit in sterling, so you can establish your own gracious traditions at home.

English Provincial four-piece place setting, $33.75. For store nearest you and booklet on English Provincial and other solid silver patterns, write Reed & Barton, Taunton, Massachusetts.

a **Johnston & Murphy** shoe is a memorable mood a penthouse party, a view of the skyline, great company, conversation to match, and knowing that not one bit of it could possibly be improved

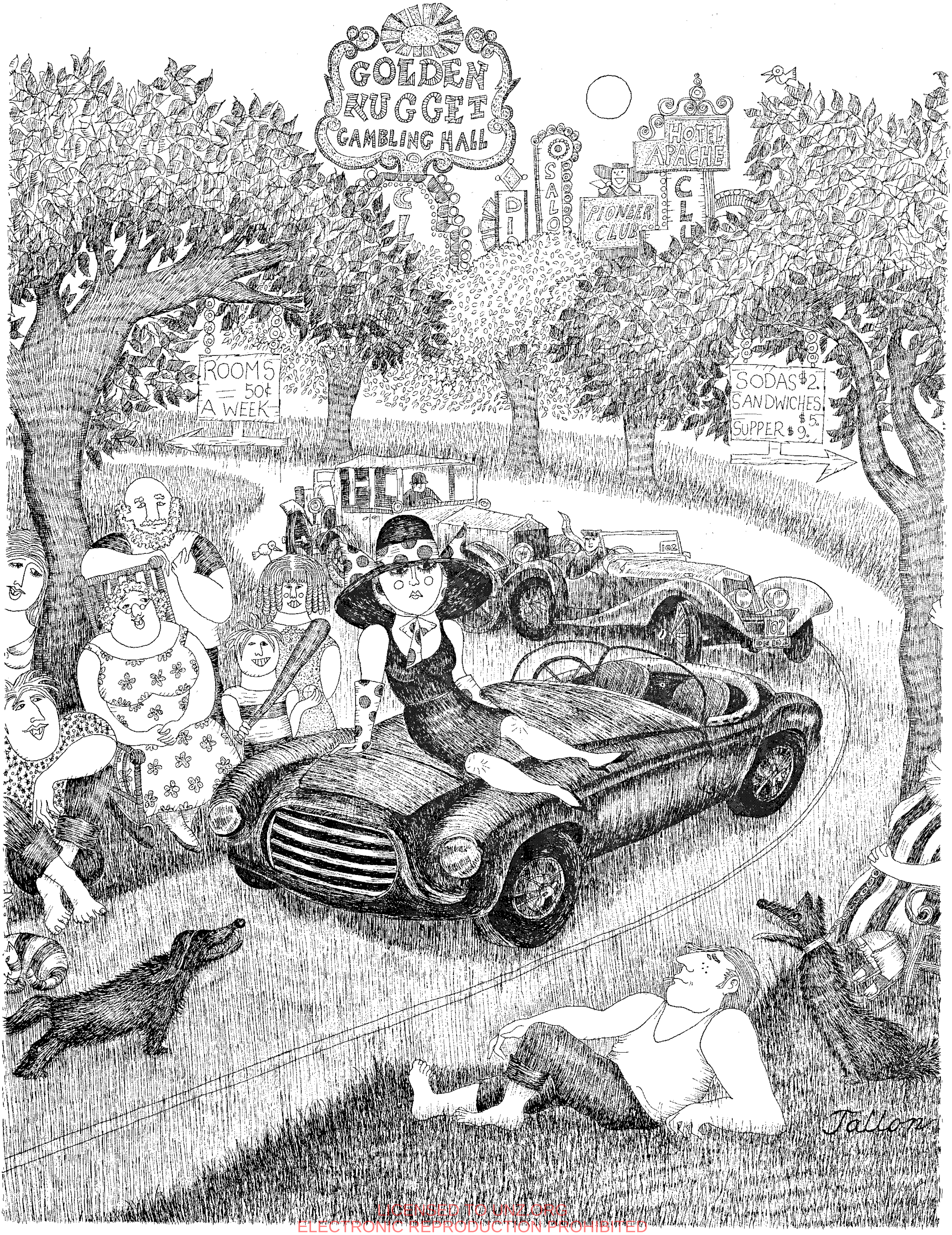


The Coronado captures the design excitement of the new freedoms in clothing for early evening.
A bold new scalloped gore and sculptured silhouette complement today's lean new look. Black calf. $40. At America's finest stores.
Johnston & Murphy "the shoe with a memory" Genesco Park, Nashville, Tenn. Genesco Everything to wear



Throw all caution to the wind. And the cold. And the rain. With the authentic Windbreaker. Exclusive Troy Mills lining of 100% Creslan acrylic fiber makes it snug. Soft. Warm. Foam laminated for extra light weight. Zips out of poplin shell. A true all-weather coat. With a tab flap collar for extra buttoning up. Black, navy, sand, olive, tan. About $35 (slightly higher in the West). At fine stores or write Windbreaker, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. Creslan acrylic fiber is a product of American Cyanamid Co., New York, N.Y. CYANAMID

Creslan®
LUXURY ACRYLIC FIBER


GOLDEN NUGGET GAMBLING HALL
CL
PI
SALO
PIONEER CLUB
HOTEL APACHE
CLU
ROOMS 50¢ A WEEK
SODAS $2.
SANDWICHES $5.
SUPPER $9.
102
Fallon

You dropped a cool grand in Vegas. You stalled on the Freeway. And your 69¢ stockings bagged at the knees.

Some days, you can't afford not to wear Hanes.

Surely you're not going to sulk there on the fender and tell us a dollar and a half is too much to spend for unbaggy knees? We spotted you long ago as a nothing-but-the-best girl. But then again, here you are. Virtually stranded in drugstore stockings. Victim of your own foolish philosophy that a stocking is a stocking is a stocking.

Well—now that we've got your undivided attention (the tow-truck won't be here for hours) let's talk a little about Hanes stockings.

They don't bag at the knees. Or sag at the ankles. Hanes stockings are made carefully to give lasting fit.

They don't develop big goopy runs out of nowhere. Hanes stockings have 16 separate inspections against any such flaws in manufacturing.

They do come in sensational colors and terrific textures. And they do make you feel absolutely beautiful.

There's just one hitch. Despite every precaution, Hanes stockings don't last forever. But then, look at it this way: At least you got a run for your money.

Great Legs deserve Hanes

Others need them.

Any Palizzio is better than no Palizzio
SHOES & HANDBAGS FOR TRAVELING

The Saint In The Perfume Business

With some pithy remarks translated from the Gallic lips of Yves Saint Laurent.

"Why did I call it Y? Why not? Even the French cannot pronounce half the French perfume names."

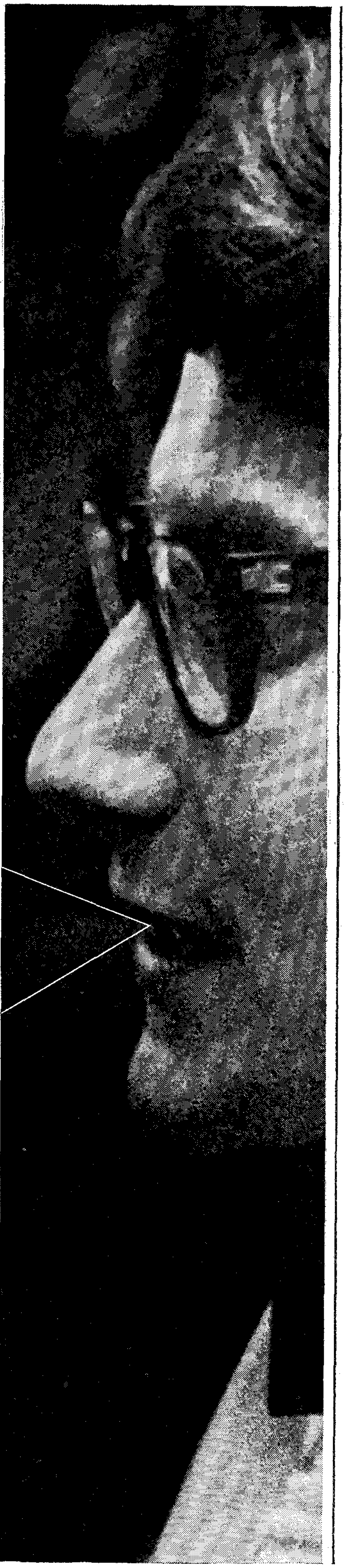
"A fragrance—what should it do? Well, for me, a woman who radiates a passionate scent at all times, for all occasions is much too conclusive. A scent should promise, provoke, surprise — change your life."

"Of course, men are attracted by perfume. The world of cigar smoke, leather chairs, factory fumes, air conditioned offices begs to be contrasted with charming feminine scents. Women have to be especially clever about their choice of contrast, that's all."

"What do I dislike about perfume? When you can't get that jungle odor off your clothes, off your furniture or wherever else it has permeated."

"Sex in a bottle? A lovely illusion for advertisers to play on. I make no such promises; but if the woman who wears Y has wit, brains, wears my clothes, makes wonderful conversation, makes wonderful silences, there is an excellent chance of it."

"Too many designers give their names to perfumes without conscience. I worked very hard to make certain mine would reflect my tastes, my clothes, be right for my young spirited audience."



Perfume Y available at all fine stores.

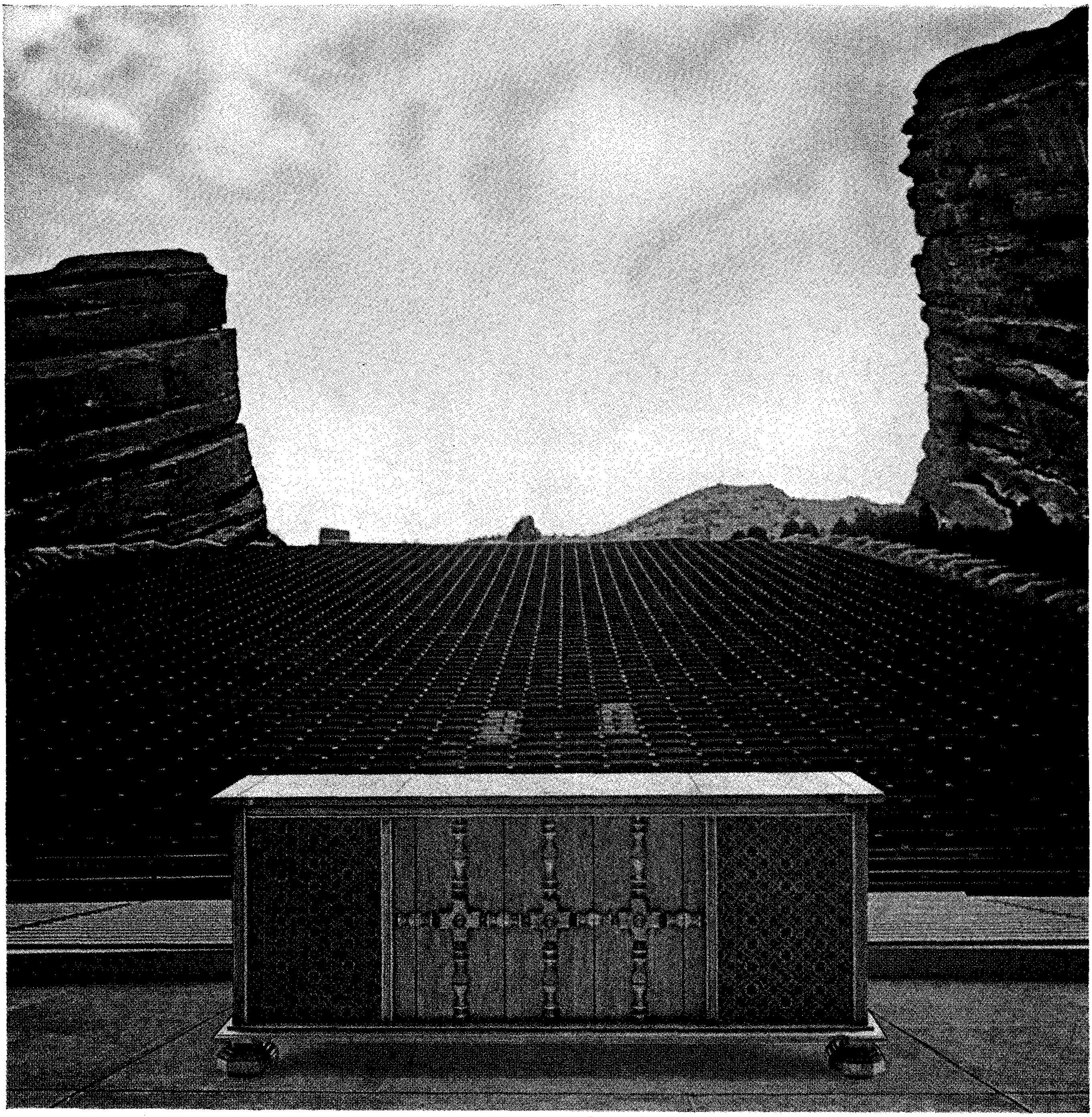
For the man with a champagne taste and a champagne pocketbook
Gold Trumpeter
by
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

It gives a man a sparkling feeling just to know he's wearing the finest suit tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx. The Gold Trumpeter label means a lot.

Look closely at the fabric. Touch it. You can feel the difference. Gold Trumpeter fabrics of pure virgin wool are designed, loomed and imported just for HS&M. Even the lining material is luxurious. There's a rich silky feeling when you slip into the coat.

Notice, too, the fine tailoring touches. Some you can *see*, like needled edges on lapels and pockets. Some you can't see, like the numerous hand-stitching details. Or the final, shape-holding hand pressing which each garment receives. The look you buy is the look you keep.

Indulge your champagne taste. You'll find it's a good year when you wear a Gold Trumpeter suit by Hart Schaffner & Marx.



The *Beleares*, and Red Rocks Theatre, Denver Mountain Park, Colorado

RCA Victor Stereo... for realism that rivals the concert hall

The setting: a magnificent amphitheatre nestled between the 16-story Ship and Creation Rocks. The place: Denver Mountain Park's celebrated Red Rocks Theatre. The rewards: the Denver Symphony Orchestra, world-famous artists, superlative acoustics, and the visual delights of a sweeping 200-mile panorama of the plains beyond.

To translate these pleasures to a more intimate setting—your living room, for example—your selection might be RCA Victor's Solid State stereo, the *Beleares*, shown here. Its exquisite detail, Mediterranean in mood, is carved and shaped from costly veneers of antiqued Mission Pecan and selected hardwoods.

And here's the inside story of realism that rivals the concert hall: a 120-watt peak power Solid State amplifier for premium performance from recordings and the deluxe FM-AM and FM Stereo radio. 8 matched speakers capable of tonal values you've only suspected were possible. Convenient push-button operation. Jacks for optional stereo headphones and tape recorder; terminal for extension speakers. Spacious record storage space, too.

RCA Victor's *gentle Feather Action Tone* Arm has a Duralife* diamond stylus. And RCA Victor Studio-Strobe assures accurate turntable speed.

Plan now to see your RCA Victor dealer. Let him show you why more people own RCA Victor phonographs than any other kind.

*Radio Corporation of America Trademark

The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

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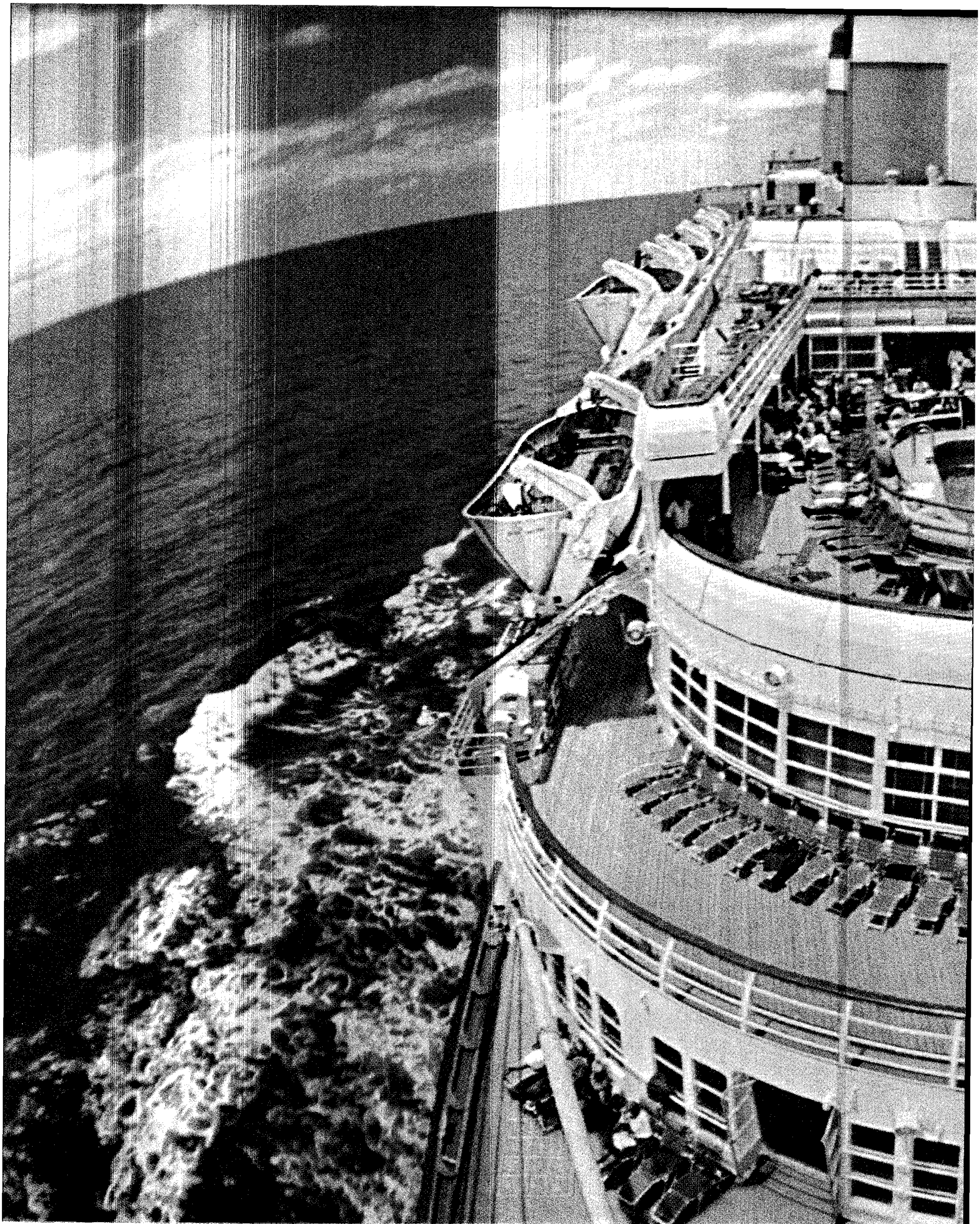

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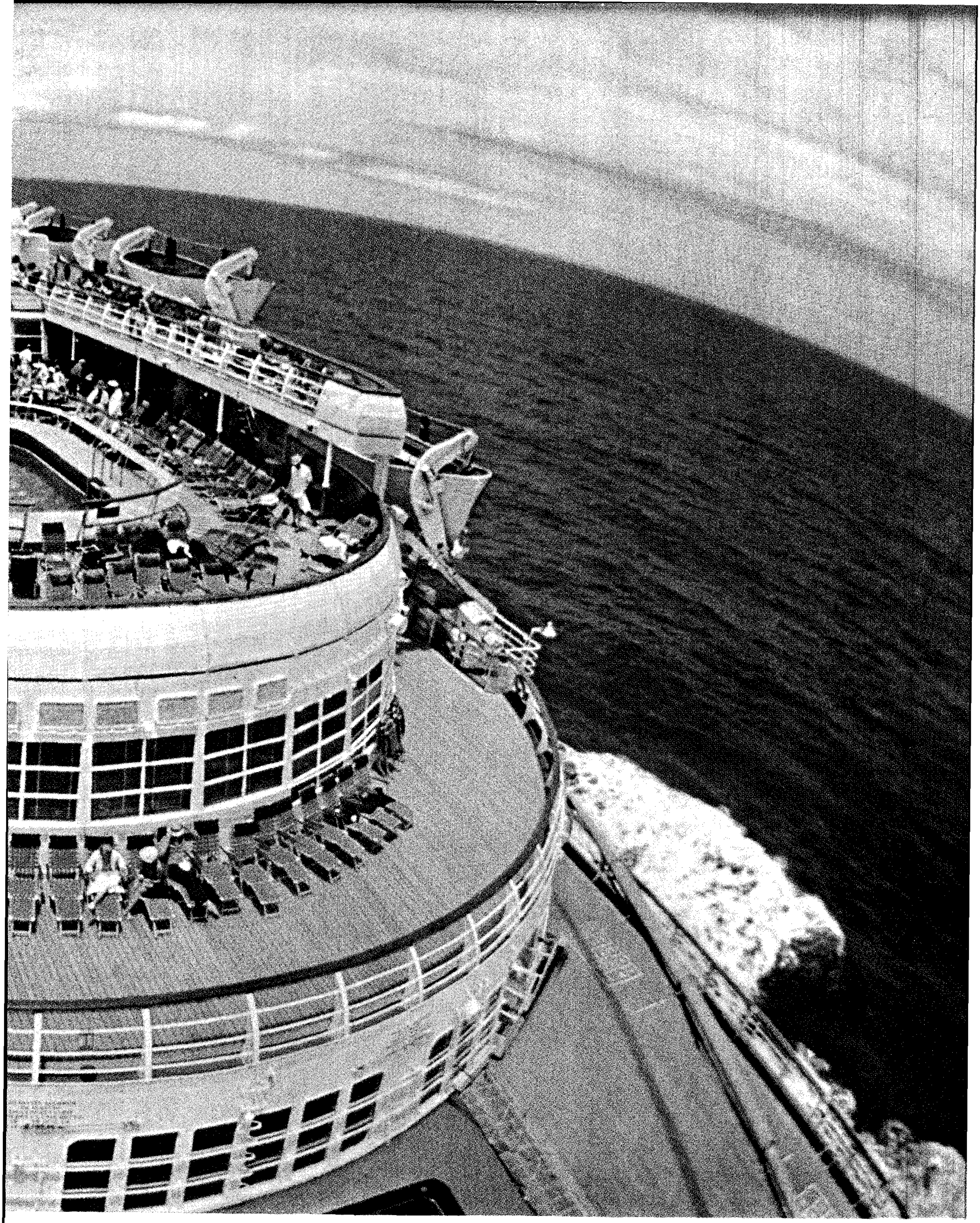

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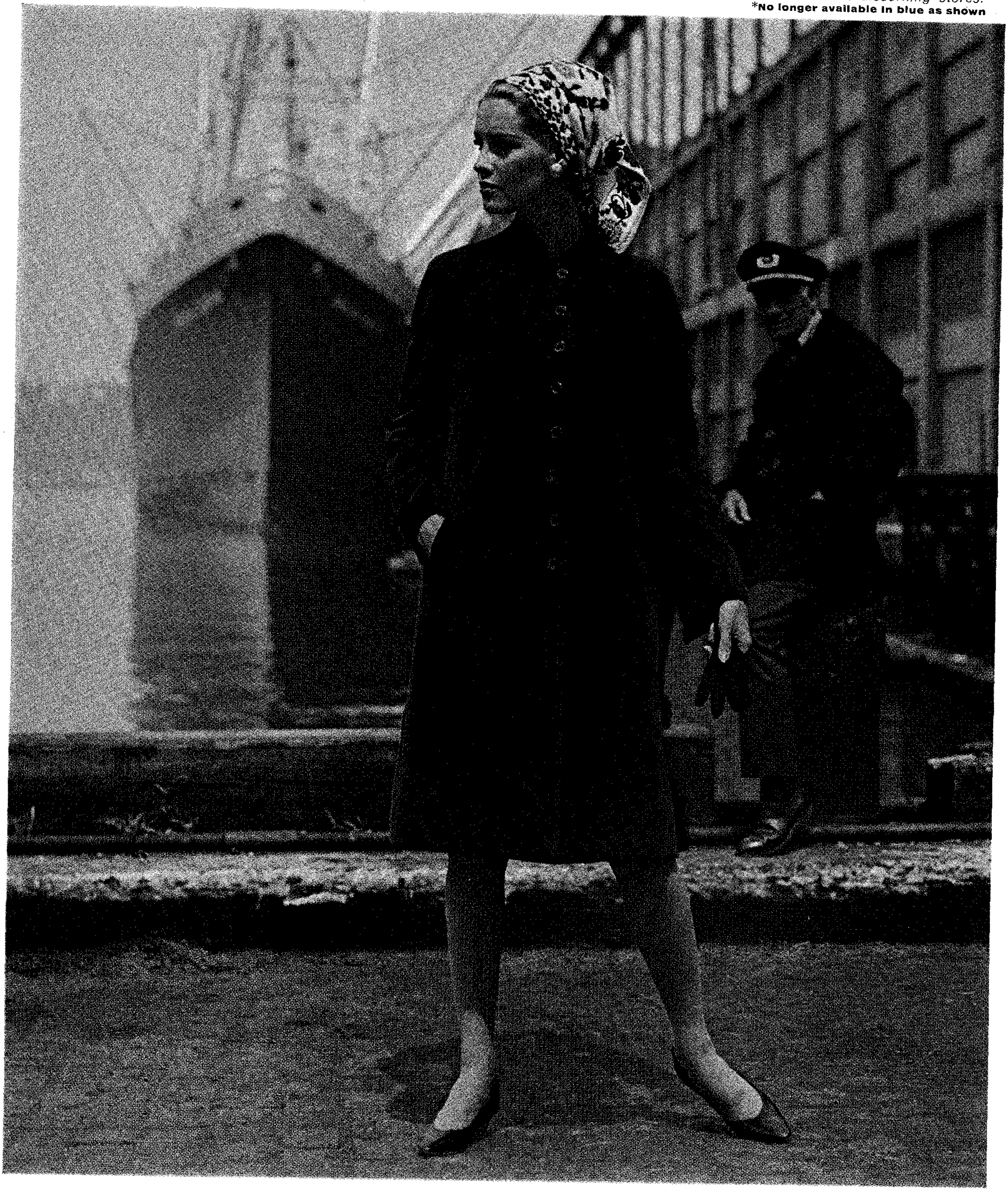

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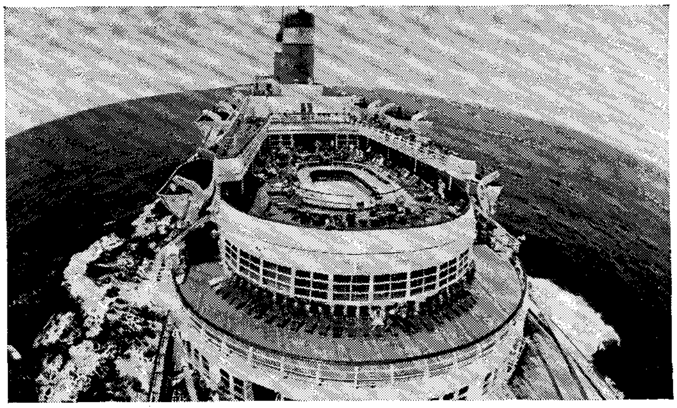

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FEB. 15 Constitution — 22 days — Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algeciras, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Barcelona, Alicante, Madeira. (Cabin) $564, (First) $747

MAR. 10 Constitution — 22 days — Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algeciras, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Barcelona, Alicante, Madeira. (Cabin) $564, (First) $747

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APR. 3 Constitution — 22 days — Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algeciras, Palma, Alghero, Naples, Genoa, Monte Carlo, Cannes, Barcelona, Alicante, Madeira. (Cabin) $628, (First) $832

APR. 19 Atlantic — 26 days — Madeira, Ceuta, Tangier, Algeciras, Palma, Alghero, Naples, Portofino, Genoa, Monte Carlo, Cannes, Barcelona, Alicante, Gibraltar, Lisbon. $572

APR. 26 Constitution — 21 days — Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algeciras, Palma, Alghero, Naples, Portofino, Genoa, Monte Carlo, Cannes, Madeira. (Cabin) $628, (First) $832

MAY 9 Independence — 22 days — Madeira, Ceuta, Tangier, Gibraltar, Algeciras, Palma, Cannes, Genoa, Naples, Lisbon. (Cabin) $677, (First) $888

MAY 18 Atlantic—35 days—Ceuta, Tangier, Algeciras, Palma, Barcelona, Cannes, Monte Carlo, Genoa, Portofino, Bastia, Elba, Naples, Piraeus, Heraklion, Delos, Mykonos, Leghorn, Marseilles, Malaga, Gibraltar, Lisbon. $875

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JAN. 8 Atlantic — 5 days — (from Port Everglades)—Kingston, Nassau, Port Everglades. $155

JAN. 13 Atlantic — 7 days — (from Port Everglades) — St. Thomas, San Juan, Port Everglades. $215. And weekly thereafter until March 10.

JAN. 14 Independence—13 days—San Juan, St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guaira, Curacao. $360

JAN. 27 Atlantic—6 days—Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Nassau. $185

JAN. 27 Independence — 3 days — Freeport, Port Everglades. $90

JAN. 27 Independence—14 days—(from Port Everglades Jan. 30 noon)—Freeport, San Juan, St. Thomas, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Port Everglades. $385

JAN. 30 Independence—11 days—(from Port Everglades, noon) — San Juan, St. Thomas, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Port Everglades. $335

FEB. 10 Independence—15 days—San Juan, St. Thomas, Antigua, Martinique, Grenada, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guaira, Aruba. $425

MAR. 17 Atlantic—3 days—(from Port Everglades)—Freeport, N.Y. $105

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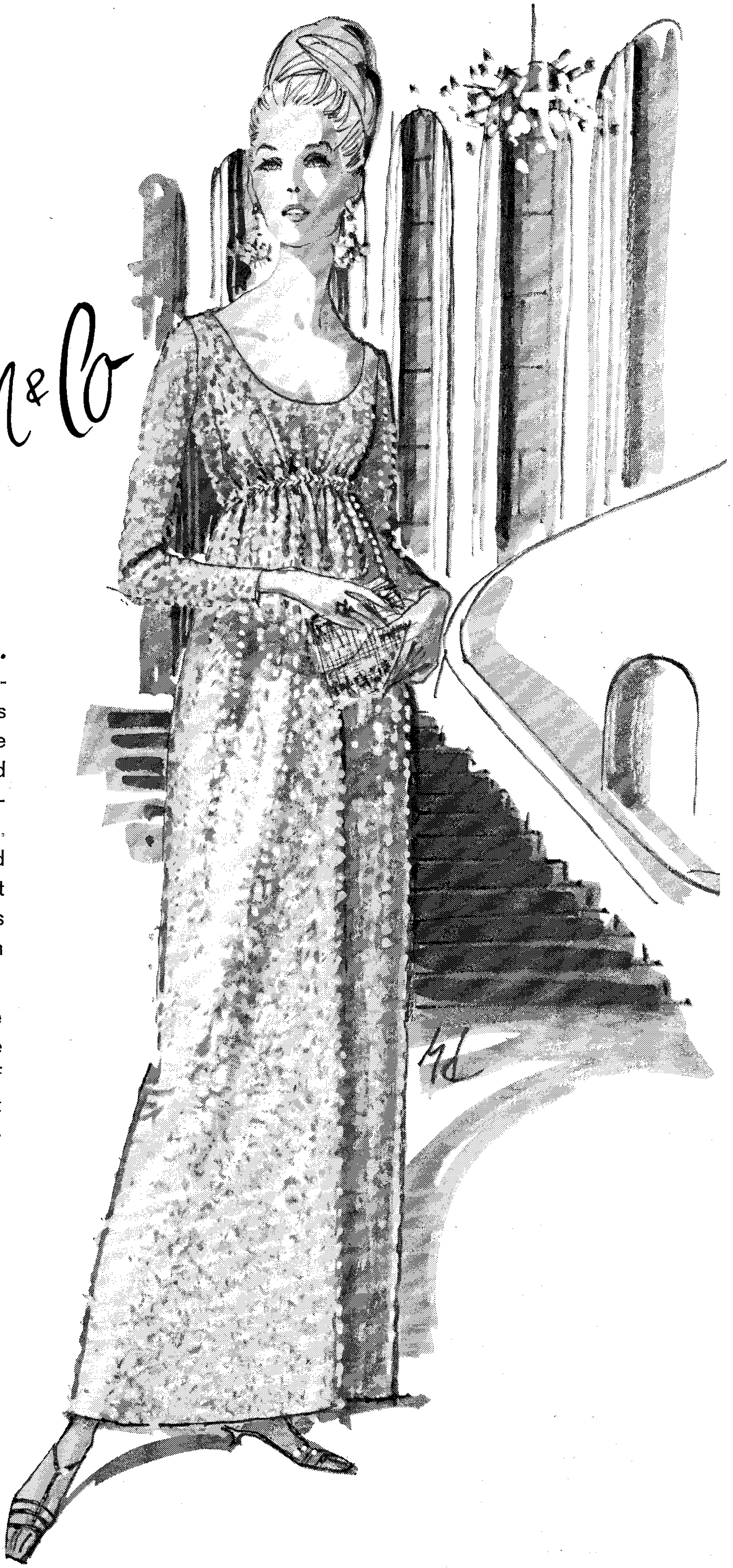

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THE NEW YORKER

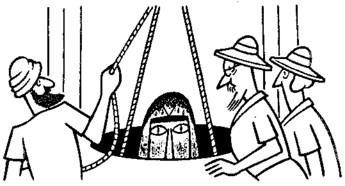
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

CONGRATULATIONS to the young Messrs. Larry Brand and Michael Bandler, of Forest Hills, who have established their right, after two weeks of penance on the detention bench, to wear their hair long in high school. The blow they thereby struck for freedom—the freedom to be hirsute—will doubtless go rolling tidally through the halls of secondary education coast to coast, and we have been set to wondering what there is about long male hair that is so menacing. Is it its tendency to pick up lint, soot, and bacilli? No, for the hair of long-haired boys we see looks, if anything, offensively washed, and, anyway, the locks of ladies, however long, appear as far beyond sanitary considerations as the wavelets of the high, inviolable seas. Is it, then, the femaleness of long hair on males that offends us, turns us queasy? Yet what is so intrinsically masculine about a close-cropped head? Do we think Charlemagne fey? Prince Valiant? Albert Einstein? John the Baptist? Ah, John the Baptist. Perhaps what we mind is being surrounded by cigarette-smoking young persons uncomfortably reminiscent of Sunday-school oleographs. We have come a long way, nigh unto two thousand years, to get away from those people, and it is a shock to realize that the neighbor's son who used to mow our lawn has returned from Berkeley looking precisely like Jesus—that Jesus, in a sense, was in him all along, waiting to be let out. It may be that smooth chins, cheeks, and skulls represent to us something preciously modern—smoothness as an ideal, man as interchangeable, frictionless—and that all this bristling and flowing going on around us threatens to gum up the machine. Well, is the machine really that fragile? And was it designed to be eternal? We were furry primates before we were robots.

The Mallowans

A LITTLE-KNOWN activity of Agatha Christie, whose works, over a period of forty-five years, have probably been outstripped in sales only by Shakespeare and the Bible, has been the care, upon their recovery, of some twenty-six-hundred-year-old ivories dredged up from an eighty-three-foot well in a royal palace at Nimrud, the ninth-century-B.C. capital of Assyria and the Calah of the Old Testament (Genesis 10:11-12). Agatha Christie is the wife of Professor Max E. L. Mallowan, a British archeologist who spent two or three months a year between 1949 and 1963 excavating at Nimrud and whose monumental report on his finds, "Nimrud and Its Remains"—two volumes, with nine color plates and nearly six hundred photographs of everything from carved female winged sphinxes to browsing oryxes—was published here last spring by Dodd, Mead & Co., which has been putting out Agatha Christies since 1922. (It was published in London last winter.) The first ivory that Mrs. Mallowan nursed was a carved head of a lady now known in archeological circles as the Mona Lisa of Nimrud. "The well was initially dug by Sir Austen Layard, in the eighteen-forties," Professor M., a cherubic-faced man with a neat mustache, who is here on a lecture tour, told us during an interview we recently conducted with the husband and wife at the Yale Club, where they were staying. "He struck water sixty feet below the well-head and quit. I felt it was important to get down in the sludge, so I went on. We lowered diggers in a bucket attached to a steel tripod. We had no pumps; they bailed by hand. One day during the spring of 1952, during our second seasonal go at the well, after many vases, pots, shell ornaments, and horses' cheekpieces had been thankfully received at the top, the cry went up 'A lady has been found!' Up came this head, a large one, its ivory mellowed to tones of warm brown. She was alive! She had come out of the mud after twenty-six hundred years! It was a thrilling sight!"



"I washed her face," said Mrs. Mallowan, who has accompanied her husband in the field for over thirty years.

"How could we help the head resist its new climate?" the Professor said. "My wife suggested that we break it in gradually. She kept it under towels, at first wet and then only damp, for weeks on end, reducing the humidity little by little. Damp towels were finally exchanged for dry ones. Once the head had dried out, we strengthened it with chemicals. Soon after the lady, our man at the bottom sent up a plaque of a lioness overcoming a Nubian in the chase—a little jewel. The well was a great source of treasure; it was full of things that had been thrown into it around 612 B.C., when Nimrud was sacked by the Medes and the Babylonians. In it, funnily enough, there was a lump of mud that, when dried, revealed a cast of a head of barley. The kind of barley grown at the time was later determined from this. And from business records on cuneiform tablets that we dug up in palaces, temples, private houses, and Fort Shalmaneser, a kind of Assyrian Aldershot, where troops were stationed between 844 and 612 B.C., we learned all sorts of things: that twenty-five-per-cent interest was charged on loans; that there was a big business in doves and other birds required for divination in the Temple of Ishtar, the chief goddess of Babylonia and Assyria; and that, on one occasion, thirty-six thousand two hundred and forty-two bows were inspected in the fortress. I judge from this that the historical references to armies a hundred thousand strong are not exaggerated."

Professor Mallowan was born in London in 1904. He commenced his digging career in Ur, in south Iraq, in 1925, under British Museum and Museum of the University of Pennsylvania auspices. "This was prehistoric—the third or fourth millennium B.C.," he said. "In the nineteen-thirties, I came down to the historic, where you get constant flashes of history through writing. Prehistory is muted, because of the absence of writing. I wanted to know what had happened in the north. I realized that from an archeological point of view it was a paradise." He returned to this paradise after the war, in which he served as a wing commander in the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve. "I got a permit from the British School of Archeology in Iraq, of which I was director from 1947 to 1961," he said. "Most of our finds go to the Museum of Iraq Antiquities, in Baghdad, but some have gone to your Metropolitan Museum, which has generously assisted me, and to the British Museum; to the Ashmolean, in Oxford; and to other places that have given me grants. I began to write my book ten years ago. I despaired of ever finding time to finish it—my regular job was professor of Western Asiatic archeology at the University of London, and it entailed considerable teaching and administrative responsibilities—but in 1962 I was elected a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, a position that carries a stipend with no stated duties. So I resigned from the University of London and wrote most of the book at Oxford. I've finished my digging. I dug for forty years, and that's it. Three months of digging gives you material for three years of writing, so I have enough fasciculi to last my lifetime. Centuries of work remain in Assyria. More lies under the earth than you dream of."

We asked Mrs. M., who has written plays and romantic novels (the latter under the name Mary Westmacott) as well as detective stories, for an extra-archeological word about herself, and she said, "I drifted into writing. I tried music first—piano and singing. Then I wrote a story, and had it accepted by a magazine. That encouraged me. I think I've written seventy-five books. I'm a regular sausage factory. You can write anywhere, thank goodness! It must be awful to be a sculptor."

Later in the week, we spent a few happy hours with "Nimrud and Its Remains." "To hear a man's voice speaking again, through the medium of a clay tablet, has always seemed to me a marvel as great as wireless," its author writes. "It is practically a television of the past, an instrument by which we make authentic contact with a long-dead world reanimated in the handwriting of its masters." And this statement is borne out by a nice paragraph; to wit:

> Passages and doorways [of a Nimrud palace] were often flanked by winged monsters, part human, sometimes leonine, sometimes bovine, known as the good *shedu* and *lamassu*, defenders of the gates. To these magical devices there was added a touch of humour in the little bronze dogs originally buried under the thresholds at the entrance; their business was to bark at the evil spirits: one of them was inscribed, "Don't stop to think; bite him!"

The Mechanical Age

A GRANDMOTHER of our acquaintance bought a tiny live turtle for her six-year-old grandson last week, and she reports that as soon as the lad received the pet he rubbed its underside several times along the carpet. His startled grandmother asked him what on earth he was doing to the poor creature. "That's the way you're supposed to make them go," the boy explained. The turtle is recovering nicely.

Party Roundup

THIS is the season of the party with a specialized purpose—generally commercial but sometimes cultural or sociological. We dived into it the other afternoon at Barry's Golden 20's Discotheque, a saloon at Second Avenue and Seventy-third Street, to which Data-Date, a computer-run dating service, had invited its previous month's subscribers in the New York area for cocktails and a general pairing off. The place was jammed when we arrived, and an overflow of people—most of them seemingly in their twenties—was queued up outside. Thanks to a photographer who unwittingly ran interference for us, we pushed our way in. "We had fourteen hundred subscribers last month," a D.-D. spokesman told us. "If we're lucky, they won't all come. I believe this is the first time such a party has been held in the whole computer dating field." He handed us a brochure that identified his concern as "the exclusive computer-matching service for sophisticated adults" and put a number of questions to potential applicants, among them, under the heading "Men,"

> Which of the following activities most appeals to you?
> (1) skindiving in Montego Bay
> (2) touring the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam
> (3) watching a bullfight in Seville
> (4) mountain climbing in Lausanne
> (5) eating Leberkäse and drinking dark beer in a Brauhaus in Munich

and, under "Women,"

> In which of the following situations would you feel most comfortable?
> (1) exploring Vesuvius and the ruins of Pompei
> (2) sipping cappuccino on the Via Veneto (Rome)
> (3) boating off the island of Mykonos (Greece)
> (4) conversing with peasants in Skopje (Yugoslavia)
> (5) visiting the Uffizi Galleries (Florence).

At the door, each guest was given cards bearing names, addresses, telephone numbers, and photographs of at least five presumably congenial fellow-computerees of the opposite sex—not all of whom necessarily turned up at the party, however. We toyed with a Martini and noted that while some subscribers conscientiously sought dates by consulting the photographs, others seemed to be taking potluck. Smiles abounded; there was an occasional frown.

We presently strolled a mile or so south to a midtown club that shall be nameless, where seven or eight men had been assembled for dinner, not by a

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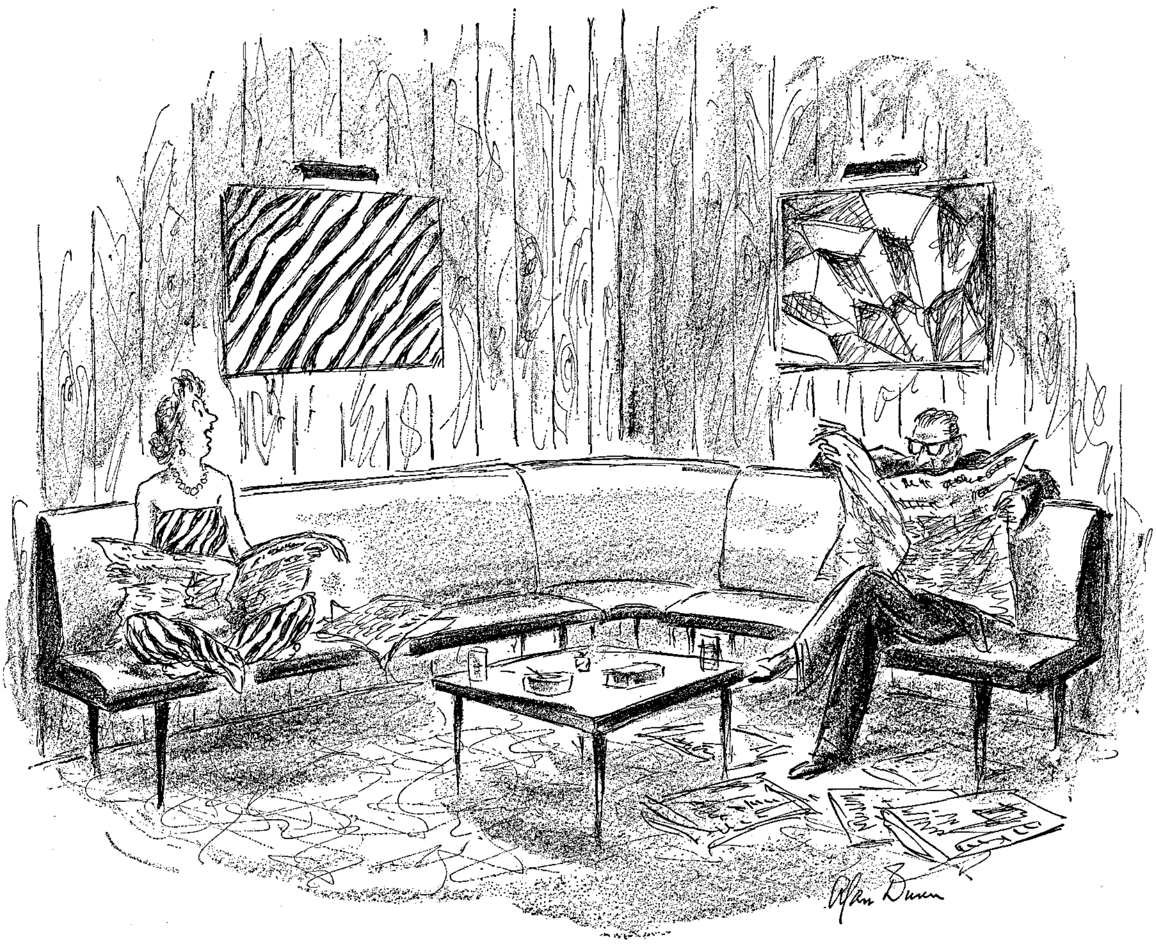


"I don't know a darn thing about Walter Heller. I just like to know he's there."

• •

computer but by John T. Sargent, the president of Doubleday. The guest of honor was the Comte Ithier de Roquemaurel, managing director of the Librairie Hachette, a French publishing house, founded in 1826, that, along with various companies similarly controlled by the Roquemaurel family, distributes books, newspapers, and magazines (Hachette and non-Hachette) and also owns a great many stores and kiosks in which they are sold. "It's a combination of Time, Inc., Scripps-Howard, and Doubleday, with a few other things thrown in," Mr. Sargent remarked, over cocktails, smoked salmon, and oysters.

"Sargent is an excellent shot. I had him at a pheasant shoot recently," we were told by the Count, a clean-shaven man in his early fifties, during duck and Château Haut-Brion 1959. "I get up twice a week at six-thirty to go riding in the Bois. I believe in the balanced life."

Clubs are privileged, no doubt, but we may safely divulge that the evening's talk—in which an investment banker, a commercial banker, a writer on economics, and a newspaper publisher were among those who took part—ranged over the subjects of de Gaulle (approved), the stock market (pronounced continuingly bearish by the investment banker), and the French attitude toward Americans (considerable difference of opinion).

The next day saw us at a Spain in New York Week reception in the Spanish National Tourist Office, at 589 Fifth Avenue: travel agents; consular officials; an exhibit of paintings by Rafael Canogar, who is a Madrid Pop artist; and a smashing spread, provided by Chevillot & Chevillot, caterers, of filet-of-anchovy canapés, Spanish cheeses, *chorizo* and ham, *fruits de mer* and *crudités*, shrimps *en buisson*, and clams that were opened, with a flourish, by a chef wearing a *toque*. Travelling north, we gained the Tent Room of the Regency Hotel, where the French Government Tourist Office was holding a reception for M. and Mme. Paul Augier, the former being the Pooh-Bah of the Negresco Hotel in Nice and the Grand Hotel in Cannes. "The Negresco was built just before the First World War by Henri Negresco, a Rumanian," M. Augier said. "My father, as it happens, was his doctor. My wife's father, who is a builder, and I bought it eight years ago. Occupancy was then thirty per cent; now it's eighty per cent. Thirty-four per cent of our guests are Americans. My wife and I have remodelled and redecorated the place—she's a professional interior decorator—so as to give it the old French character. We sent one of our Louis XIII rooms to the Jordan Marsh Company, in Boston, for an exhibition there. I wish I could stay here for a month—the meals I've had at '21,' The Four Seasons, and the Piping Rock Club were perfect, and your presentation of buffet is very interesting—but next week I receive at Nice the King of Nepal. Then I go to Nepal to organize tourism there." He told us, to our astonishment, that "the middle of your town is very quiet—not trafficky, as it is in Paris," and went on, "I was a lawyer until I became a hotel man. The hotel business is much more interesting, because I am fighting for myself instead of for others."

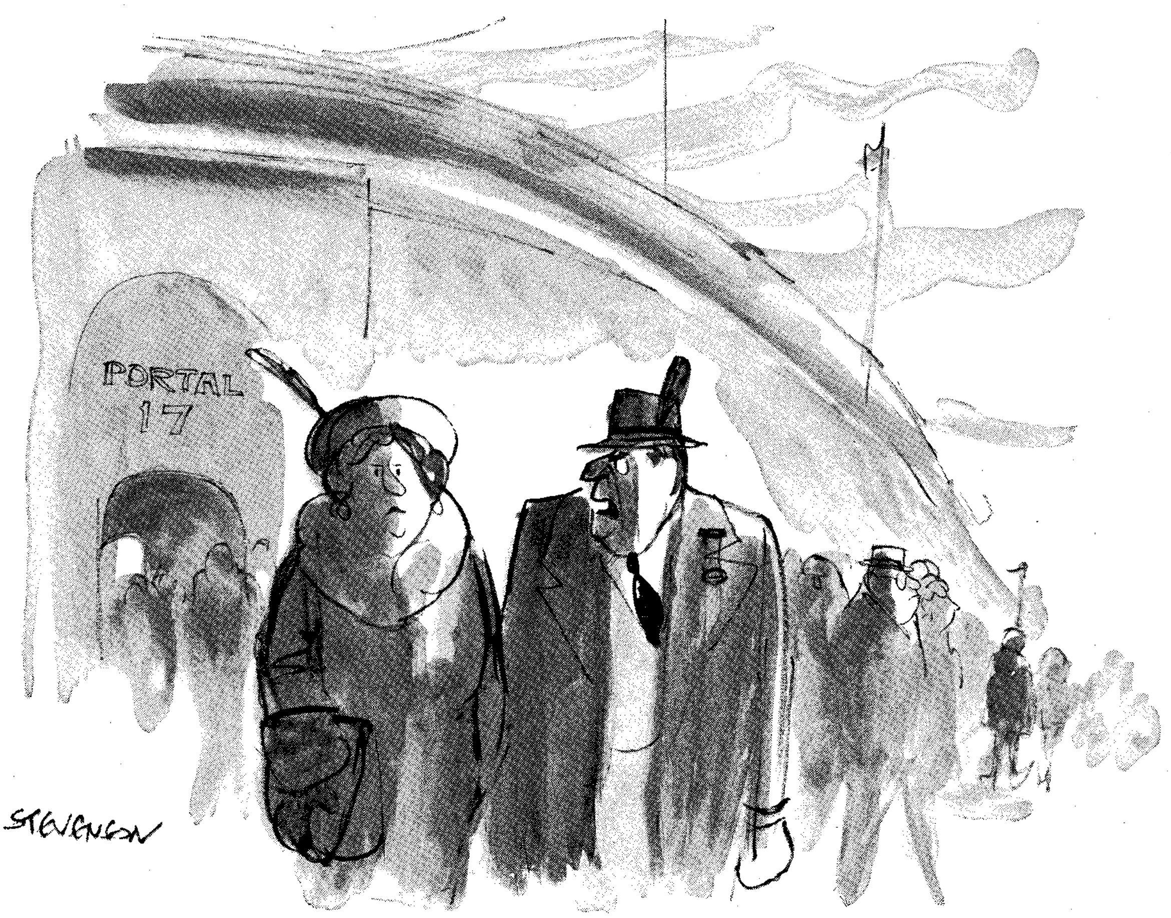
Rising in leisurely fashion the following morning, we checked in at the State Suite of the Plaza for a ten-o'clock breakfast given by the Behavioral Research Laboratories, of Palo Alto. The chief speaker was Dr. Allen Calvin, founder and president of B.R.L., which publishes "innovative learning materials" and has just issued "the first Remedial Reading text ever to use the principles of programmed instruction." This consists of eight books, costing a dollar-fifty apiece. By way of indicating their usefulness, Dr. Calvin pointed out that more than thirty million Americans are unable to read properly, that this is largely a result of the fact that our vowel sounds are crazy ("There are over thirty vowel sounds in English"), and that B.R.L.'s solution is to "hold the sound-symbol relationship constant." "We teach the potential functional illiterate only one sound at a time for the letters of the alphabet," he said. "For example, he learns the sound of the letter 'a' as in the word 'pan' before he learns its sound as in the word 'day.' Think of what happens to 'a' and 'e' in the words 'around' and 'enough'! Motorola is using our textbook materials with great success with its Spanish-speaking employees, some of whom have trouble with Spanish as well as English. The words 'Men' and 'Women' on washroom doors constitute a great problem for Motorola."

"Enough. Good day," we said after half an hour's disquisition. We soon ambled down Fifth Avenue to the offices of Qantas, the Australian airline, in whose Australian Center, downstairs—a veritable museum of masks, carved heads, painted shields, and bark paintings from Papua and New Guinea—a buffet luncheon (*hors-d'œuvre*, *bœuf bourguignon*, French, American, and Australian wines, and trifle) was being given in honor of Robert S. Kane's latest travel guide, "South Pacific A to Z" (successor to an A-to-Z "Africa," an A-to-Z "South America," an A-to-Z "Asia," and an A-to-Z "Canada"), which has just been published by Mr. Sargent's outfit. "Australia is humming," its author said. "Two million people have settled there since the war, most of them from the Continent. Music and the theatre are flourishing. There are excellent Italian and other foreign-cuisine restaurants in the cities and towns. New Zealand is another story. It has taken in only a handful of immigrants—British or Dutch. Its restaurants are few and mediocre; its atmosphere is provincial—reminiscent of England forty years ago."

Mr. Kane told us that his next A-to-Z-er would be about Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, an area he visited last summer, and *we* thereupon visited a tasting of white Burgundy and Rhone wines held in the Terrace Suite of the Hotel Roosevelt by the Sommelier Society of America, a group of four hundred sommeliers, bartenders, captains, waiters, wine importers, and restaurant owners that holds nine such exercises a year and sponsors a "wine-captain seminar" for its members. We sipped and munched our way around tables laden with thirty-three examples of Pouilly-Fuissé, Chablis, Montrachet, Corton-Charlemagne, Mersault, and so on, along with a certain amount of toast and cheese; picked up a few snatches of French ("*Qu'est-ce qu'il y a de bon?*" and "*Je ne vous ai pas vu à l'Escoffier lundi soir*"); and had a chat with T. Mario Ricci, a "21" sommelier who is a big wheel in the Society. "I've recently been made a Cavaliere al Merito della Repubblica Italiana, Second Class," he said, fondling a green-and-red rosette he was wearing. "It's a big decoration for a little fellow like me."

Later that day, we revolved to Shepheard's, a discothèque in the Hotel Drake, where Kingsley, Manton & Palmer, a two-year-old London advertising agency, was giving a party to celebrate the opening of an American branch. The company's founding partners, David Kingsley, Michael Manton, and Brian Palmer, and their New York team, Max Enock, Terence Griffin, Gerald Hotchkiss, and Mike Kidd, sported small yellow roses in their buttonholes. Enock, aged twenty-eight, had a beard; Griffin, twenty-seven, and Kidd, twenty-eight, had Beatle hair. "We do a ten-million-dollar business in London, and we want to translate what we have there here," we were told by Mr. Kingsley, who co-presides over a bouquet of accounts that includes Cunard, Imperial Chemical Fibres, and Johnson & Johnson. "The redcoats have come to Madison Avenue." Mr. Manton got up on a platform and said, "We have no lumber in our attic. We can do precisely what the market requires." A British note prevailed. Black Velvet was the drink of the day (though alternatives were offered), and guests were given wooden matches in boxes decorated with the Union Jack, and cutout linen bulldogs embellished with slogans like "God Save the Queen" and "Britons Never Shall Be Slaves."

Lunch the next day found us in the company of a dozen financial writers at India House, on Hanover Square, a club hung with engravings of clipper ships, where the host was Citrus Associates, of the New York Cotton Exchange. "The trading of frozen-concentrate-orange-juice futures is about to be initiated on the floor of the Cotton Exchange," George A.

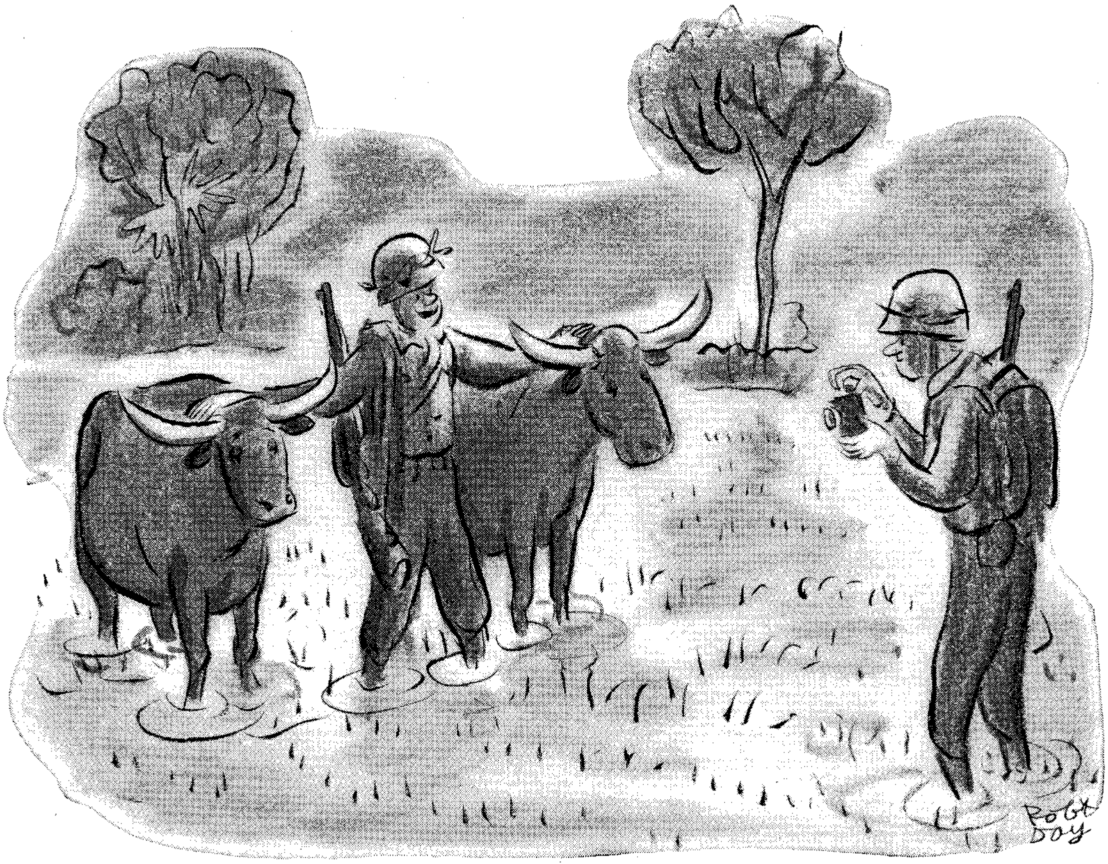


"I'll tell you why they keep losing. They keep losing because a lot of left-wing, bleeding-heart professors have brainwashed all the fight out of them."

Oberle, Citrus Associates' president said, over minute steak, gluten toast, melon, and beer. "Florida is now producing a hundred and thirty-nine million field boxes of oranges a year, and of this number sixty-five per cent is processed for concentrate. The Cotton Exchange has three hundred and sixty members, and we're now activating two hundred associate memberships for citrus brokers. The futures market will give dealers a means of hedging inventories." Arthur Shane, manager of the Commodity Research Bureau, was sitting next to us, and we asked him how come orange juice was going to be traded on a cotton exchange. "The cotton-futures market, once one of the biggest, has dried up in recent years, because of government control programs," he said. "So the Exchange is looking for new vehicles." Following Mr. Oberle's remarks, a lively technical discussion started up, in which a leading part was taken by the only woman present—Mrs. Elizabeth M. Fowler, who writes a commodities column for the *Times*. We followed her to the street, and she said, "This sort of thing helps me when I go to my supermarket."

We rested over the weekend, and started the next week with what was announced as "brunch and Bloody Marys" (two of the least likable terms in the language) in the Trophy Room of Gallagher's Steak House, on West Fifty-second Street, laid on to herald the imminent stage début, in "Come Live with Me," of Mr. Soupy Sales, the television personality. We found Mr. Sales, suited, shirted, tied, and silk-handkerchiefed in various shades of television blue, conversing with Morton Gottlieb, one of the play's producers, and a number of reporters. "How did you come to be chosen?" one of them asked Mr. Sales. "Because he's a funny man, whom audiences love, and because Jonathan Miller, the play's director, wanted him," Mr. Gottlieb said. We asked Mr. Sales how he got the name Soupy. "My name was Milton Heinz—hence the nickname Soupy," he replied. "I changed my name legally several years ago. Soupy is now my legal first name. I sign it on checks." A woman in a fur jacket came in, and Mr. Gottlieb introduced her to Soupy as Miss Helen Bonfils, the play's other producer. After a round of Bloody Marys, all hands sat down at tables with red checked tablecloths for a collation of scrambled eggs, Canadian ham, and coffee. Mr. Sales, Mr. Gottlieb, Miss Bonfils, and Mr. Lee Minoff, co-author of "Come Live," took their places at the head table, and Mr. Gottlieb handed Miss Bonfils a contract signing Soupy up. "Helen has to sign it first," he said, giving her a white pen. "Equity rules." Miss Bonfils signed, frowning intently. Mr. Sales then signed. "We're not going to give out any pens," Mr. Gottlieb said. "Well, I guess I got a job," said Mr. Sales, the veteran of fifty-three hundred and seventy TV shows of his own. "Whom do I go to for a raise?"

All hands laughed, and we repaired a block east, to the Versailles Suite of the Hotel Americana, where, prior to a lunch, the Schering Corporation, of Bloomfield, New Jersey, which makes Coricidin, an anti-cold medicine, was holding a conference on absenteeism in industry. "In the next fifteen minutes, among other things, I am going to give you some statistics that might scare you," Bernard J. Murray, second vice-president and manager of the Personnel Research Department of the Chase Manhattan Bank, was saying as we came in. This scared us into becoming an absentee.



"Now let me take one of you three."

• •

Full Stop

IN our experience, the bureaucratic mind in France is waspish and unforgiving, the bureaucratic mind in Italy is threaded with cheerful hysteria, and the bureaucratic mind in England is distinguished by a gentle, well-mannered circularity, harmful to no one. An instance of the last is a letter received the other day by a young lady on East Seventy-eighth Street who spent the summer motoring through England. The letter, from the office of the Mid-Anglia Constabulary, in Cambridge, reads as follows:

> DEAR MADAM:
>
> I have received a report from one of my officers alleging that at 11:45 P.M. on 3rd August at Market Hill, Cambridge, you caused a vehicle, index number LLD. 749.D, to stop on the carriageway between an uncontrolled crossing and a pattern of studs indicating the approach to that crossing. It was further reported that you caused this motor vehicle to stand on a road during the hours of darkness without lights. However, after considering all the circumstances I have decided to take no further action in these matters.
>
> Yours faithfully,
> LAINSWORTH
> *Chief Superintendent*

CRADLE SONG

THE moon rose ruddy and swollen over the river and Brooklyn tonight, but now it has cleared New York's October—well—haze. "Orbèd maiden with white fire laden . . ." And where would Shelley have popped up from? I doubt I've remembered him ten times since I took my doctorate. Look on his works, ye mighty, and despair. I don't really mean that. But I am more than a little distracted since yesterday night, when Alexandra said a few words in a whisper, perhaps to herself, then again perhaps to me, and vanished at once. That *is* her name, of course, though she has never told me so, and that is the only way I can manage to think of her just now, she is so young. And maybe it is because of her that I think of last-century poetry. She has been coming here and quoting Tennyson at me—Tennyson and worse. Longfellow, Bryant, *Henley*. God knows. But for a month or so she has amused and charmed me, and I could wish very much that she were here this minute, if only I could see her as I used to—cheerful, full of her crisp convictions, and with her funny laugh that sometimes runs away with her and sometimes fades off into shyness, and all that piled-up hair. I have grown accustomed to thinking of her as just a quaint child—twenty-one, twenty-two. It was always a pleasure to talk to her here on the roof on a night like this. She listens beautifully, and it felt good to let oneself be flattered by a pretty girl again. And—as she says when she goes on about Heaven and hope and the rest—why not? But now I will not know what to do or say. Never mind. To work, to work. If she is coming back tonight, as I am sure she is, she can find me there.

What a job! Dying's the least of it! My way was simple enough. One too many sleeping pills after one too many drinks after one too many faculty meetings. Nothing *planned*, of course. Goodness! Just body chemistry and shortsightedness. Next thing I knew, there was a sort of committee standing around me, looking solicitous. A Welcome Wagon group. All its members were what, on the corporeal side, we used to refer to respectfully as "dead." Semantics. Let it go. At first, I thought I was still at the meeting and had passed out from annoyance and boredom. I had, but not there.

The trouble is, when you—die—you do expect *some*thing. By now, I think I could even enjoy some of the time-honored trappings. Harps and wings would make for a comparative gala. But I am cooped up with assorted carnate and discarnate entities in a building all too like the one I unintentionally left. It is a monstrous tile-and-aluminum crate with dubious people and plumbing, thin walls, and elevators that are prone to stop between floors. My discarnate colleagues do their best with the work they've been assigned, though most of it would be more appropriate in a different kind of place. Here it's all so obvious and old-hat. Moans and footsteps, icy hands and muffled gunshots. No wonder some of the carnates just blame the shoddy building; they hear creaks and groans and pops, but they have no idea they're haunted.

Well, not all of them think that way. There is one very competent lady who has caught on. My Mrs. Rosburgh. Home to 26-C she comes from her flourishing boutique. Seven o'clock sharp. Out of her light tweed suit and into the raw-silk at-home robe whose colors, as she seldom loses a chance to say, were subtly blended in Italy. Dinner alone, inviting vibrations and whatnot. She moonlights as a medium, and I'm her damned control; I'm told it's a sophisticated assignment. Coffee for the evening's communicants in the living room, then into the study by ten. It's nine-fifty-five right now. I am expected, though I would rather keep on looking at the moon. I would much rather stay here to do my waiting for Alexandra's inevitable appearance. She has some kind of singing or crooning assignment in Fairfield County, but when she's free she turns up regularly. I am certain she will not fail tonight. She wanted that whisper heard. At first, a month ago, I thought it might be the building that attracted her. She does seem to find it resplendent, and she haunts what for years was a very indifferent old bungalow. But then, more and more, I came to feel that something besides the building brought her. That I did. I was new here, and still confused, and I *was* flattered. I guess I should simply say that I was stupid.

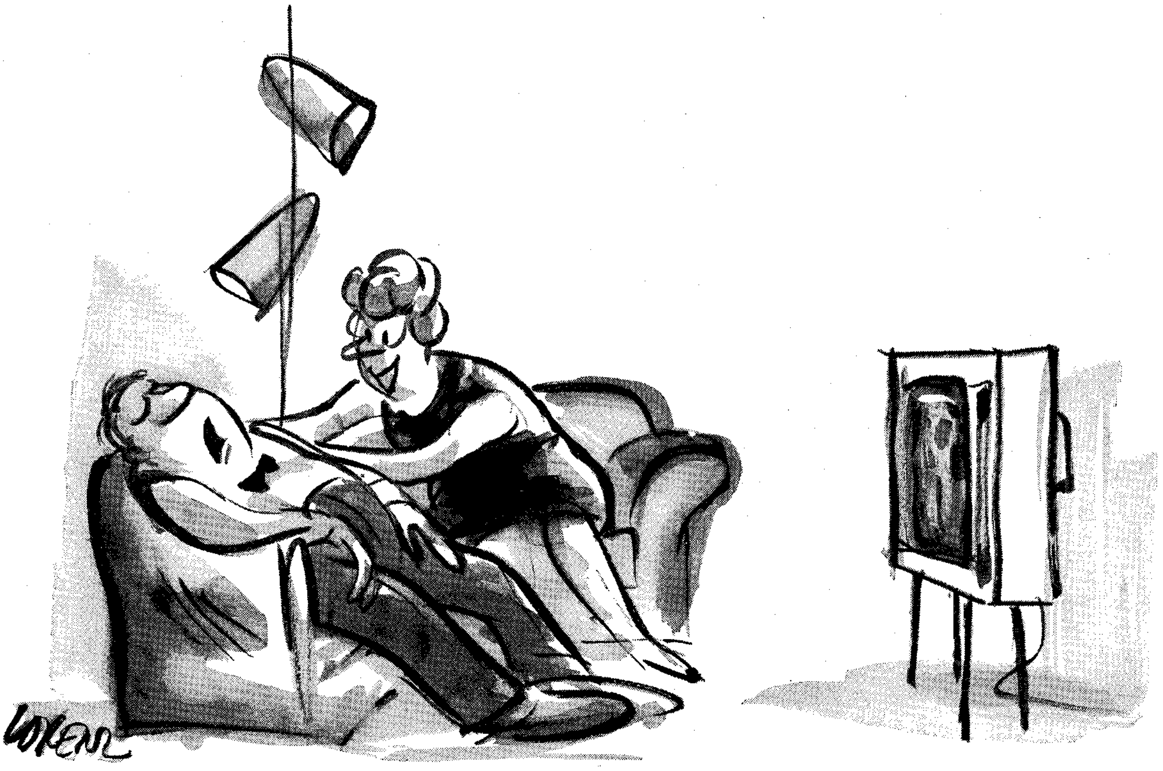
Ten on the dot. 26-C. Professor Jason Merriwether, present and accounted for. And now I can jolly well cool my heels while Mrs. R. goes through her mumbo-jumbo and into her trance. "Do you think you could find Uncle Timothy tonight?" one of her clients will ask me. "Cousin Betty? Little Susan? Aaron Burr?"—all I lack is a bellhop's uniform—"Who is over there with you?" I shall answer as honestly as I can. Often there is no one. There's more than one school of thought here about clairvoyants. Many of my acquaintances don't relish being summoned out of hand, and when they are they tend to tell whatever tall tale comes to mind. I don't approve, but I admit it brightens things. This dimension is tedious and every bit as absurd as the other. The clients *want* a cock-and-bull story. That's what they come for. Pie in the sky.

But—Alexandra. Wasn't she part of that initiation crowd? Well, not exactly. She looked more as if she might be just

tagging along—grinning, and bouncing on her toes to get a good look. Pure turn-of-the-century, in a ruffled shirtwaist and a little straw hat pinned on top of a pompadour, and that great long skirt. She slipped away before I got more than a glimpse of her, but *of course* she was there.

All along, she has enchanted and then appalled me. I try to point out simple facts about our lot to her, and she rejects them. I tell her I doubt if this life is what *she* expected. "Oh, do be more patient," she will answer briskly. "Remember 'Dust thou art to dust returnest was not spoken of the soul'? It turned out to be exactly right, so far. Here we are." She regards this building as a probable if unforeseen vestibule of Heaven, though at least she doesn't claim that it is *it*. "Just the same, it's vast and it gleams," she said, the first time we discussed it. "And all the terraces are sunny."

She is full of hope and general approbation. Though perhaps it is unbecoming of me to say so now, she is utterly naïve. Moreover, she is incorrigibly decent to carnates. That's not done. One ignores, or annoys, or alarms them—one never coddles. She says, with possessive fondness, that the couple who recently came and renovated her bungalow are very up to date and educated—"They're people like you"—and talk about her proudly to their guests. She is happy to feel wanted, though she seems to think that if she'd finished college instead of marrying, she might (like me) have been sent to haunt a vast and gleaming mansion—even this one.



"Wake up, Sam! Nixon is building a solid base in the South."

Mrs. Rosburgh appears to be ready for attunement. Very well, dear Mrs. R., I will fetch Colonel Flemming. I will ask him to interrupt his monotonous shooting of himself with that derringer and think himself into Apartment 26-C. I will then oblige with a brief word of introduction, and the old windbag can take over for himself. (One of our clients, a *soi-disant* "Civil War buff," is persuaded that he catches the full fine flavor of cavalry charges when the Colonel describes his part in them, but of course they both make it all up. The Colonel was in the Quartermaster Corps.) . . . Well, done and done. He is under way.

She—Alexandra—has sat in on a few of these occasions, and they upset her. *I* upset her. All these people seem to me quite as they must have been in the other dimension—pathetic dreamers, image-builders, cheats—but she adamantly refuses to see them so. I think she honestly believes in progress and the perfectibility of man. There it is—Tennyson and friends, on one plane or another. And she says if the Colonel believes himself—has come to believe himself—then the stories he tells are coming true for him. She is sure that he believes. *She* believes Henry Beeson. Henry was a painter, and a bad one, who came over here in 1922 after a rough night in a speakeasy. His maiden daughter, now fifty-six, badgers him for the particulars of our life. She's convinced, without reason, that she'll be coming soon. Poor Henry's in a way to go mad. He's embarrassed to tell the truth about the damned building and our cramped and senseless existence, and he's got about all the mileage he can get out of such things as meadows filled with unearthly light and the fragrance of petals never known to corporeal man, which he says are strewn over the meadows. Alexandra insists that Henry has surely seen them. "Why not?" she says—begging, I swear. "How do we *know* he hasn't? *Why not*? Besides, it's perfectly plain that he's a poet."

It is me she has been begging. For her, there are no doubts. I have sometimes teased her about having faith. In this coop! Faith! And she looks at me worriedly and says she couldn't possibly get through the day without it. She says it apologetically, as if perhaps she ought to know better but can't seem to help herself.

And then—and this is one of the things that might have warned me—there was that matter of my seventeenth-century seminar. She and I were talking about Mrs. Daley, whose assignment is merely to look for a place to hide a pair of bloodstained gloves. But she rustles and bustles (inaudibly) into 26-C and there delivers reports to the credulous on the delicate harmonies that pervade the air here, and the people, who she says are luminous. Rubbish. But "Just because we've never seen them that way, or heard the music, does that prove that no one else can?" says Alexandra.

I said that Daley was nothing but a status-seeker, but she went right on, and with asperity, though usually that kind of bluntness cuts her short. "Tell me," she said, "can you ever hear music in the poems of John Donne?" I said that I always could. "The day before you came over here," she said, "you failed a very nice student—the one with the little red beard—because he couldn't. For *no* other reason. Sometimes you are very harsh—"

I was about to ask who gave her leave to spy on my carnate doings, but she looked so stricken, so like a good child who has blurted out some impudence to its elders, that I thought it wise to let the whole thing rest. Besides, it made me uneasy. And whatever else there is here, I do know there are tears. I saw her eyes, although she turned away.

And so, last night, already half knowing what it was I would discover, I tried to add up what I knew or thought I knew about her: That she had come uninvited to witness my arrival. That she haunts that bungalow in Connecticut, where she sings, and for a month, since I arrived, has come here regularly to haunt me. There is no other way to put it. That once—quoting some relative, and not, for a change, a late-Romantic poet—she had used what apparently was her nickname. It sounded like "Dra." A baby noise, perhaps, that stuck to her. It meant nothing to me, but I wondered if it shouldn't. She had faith—I thought—and hope and charity; she liked *most* of whate'er she looked on. I knew that my doubts and disbeliefs disturbed her deeply, and that a moment's harshness—and something else, some space that I felt she wished were not between us—could make her cry.

But there is a person here by the name of Huddleston, who drowned in Connecticut, and I remembered that she liked him. She said he was educated, and that there were Huddlestons somewhere back in her family. Dra (I thought). Something-dra. And then I recalled that the Huddlestons were related to the Scovilles, and I knew. When she came, a little later, she confirmed it with that whispered remark. She was chattering about Heaven, in which she still unregenerately believes, without in the least presuming to say what it is like. I said I would believe in it if I got there and found they let heathen in. She laughed and whispered, "You do sound like your father," and then she went away. Her name is Alexandra Scoville Merriwether, and she is my mother.

She preceded me here by just under sixty-two years, and I must suppose that she has spent them waiting. I don't yet know precisely how time is conceived of in this sphere. Perhaps it and longing are interchangeable; they often seemed so in the other one. She died when I was six months old, and Father would never talk about her. I have never known what she looked like. I have seen photographs, but they were brown and blurred. As a child, I fully believed that she would come and fetch me to a gabled house on a glittering river. She was to be tall and stately but smiling, deeply aware of the trials of her son confronted by tutors. Later, I merely longed for her without expecting to encounter her, ever or anywhere. For twenty-two years, I was younger than she, and for forty I have steadily grown past her, and that must be why, now and then, she suddenly turns shy—respect for one's elders, the mark of a good upbringing. I always carried her back of my thoughts, and though I knew her age, she was also always older than I, as a mother has to be. But now I cannot long for her anymore, and I am a trifle afraid. I would hate to lose both my rare little friend and my stately, smiling mother. Here she comes.

She is coming toward me slowly and eying me. She knows that at last I know, I am sure. Now she hopes, quite formally, that she is not intruding. I ask her please to join me; the Colonel is still trouncing Jeb Stuart and all his men. I feel, eerily, that I am both with her—speaking with her—and standing aside, witnessing the scene. Our confrontation. There is a wait—a verifying wait. We do know.

I ask her why she has never told me who she is, and she says she had hoped I would guess it by myself. "With just a poke or two, you know," she says. "I wasn't sure how you'd feel."

She seems much less a mere girl. But I sidle and stumble past calling her "Mother," and I do not feel I can call her "Alexandra" to her face. It would surely not seem mannerly to someone of her time. She smiles one-sidedly. "You could just go on calling me 'you,' if it's easier," she says. "I should think it would be, at least for a while."

I am annoyed with myself—a flustered elderly child—and she reaches out a mollifying hand, then drops it diffidently. Her eyes are luminous. "Thank you," I contrive to say.

Then suddenly I remember the red-bearded student, and a whole impossible vista opens up. It is filled with all the deeds of mine no mother of mine should have seen.

I quickly try to tell her how often I have wondered about her—wanted to know her.

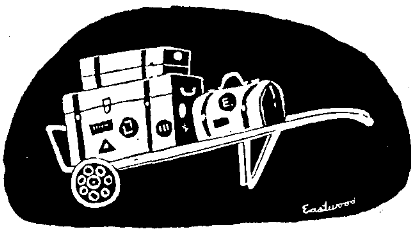
"I hoped you might," she says. "I, too. It's been so long. Of course, I have my cradle, but—"

"Cradle?"

"I rock a cradle and sing. Near Danbury," she says. "I did tell you."

I am confused once more, and now she bursts out laughing. "Oh, not *you!*" she says. "You're grown. Look at you! This is an empty cradle." She turns extremely young again, and as abruptly sad as when I scoff at hope. "I suppose it was considered appropriate, in a way—I don't know how such matters are decided—and of course I mustn't complain, but it hasn't altogether been a comfort."

I say that it must have been strange to her to have me growing older, on and on, and she says that though she has



OUT OF THE SEA, EARLY

A bloody egg yolk. A burnt hole spreading
in a sheet. An enraged rose threatening
to bloom. A furnace hatchway opening,
roaring. A globular bladder filling
with immense juice. I start to scream. A red

hydrocephalic head is born, teetering on
the stump of its neck. When it separates,
it leaks raspberry from the horizon down
the wide escalator. The cold blue boiling
waves cannot scour out that band that

broadens, sliding toward me up the wet sand
slope. The fox-hair grows, grows thicker
on the upfloating head. By six o'clock,
diffused to ordinary gold, it exposes
each silk thread and rumple in the carpet.

—May Swenson

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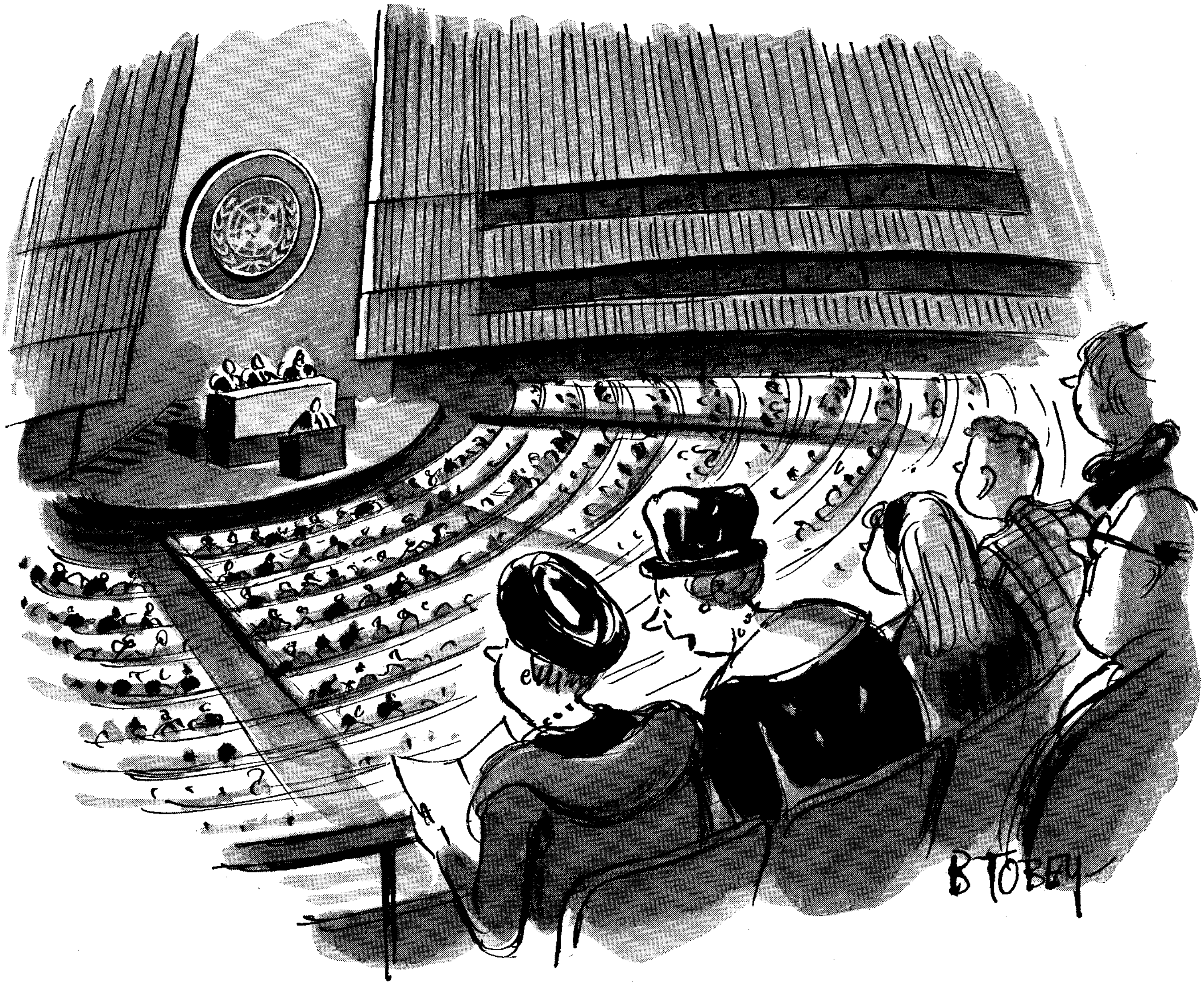

"And I'll tell you something else. Every last one of them is allowed to park in front of fireplugs."

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sometimes felt puffed up because I know so much, she liked it best before I reached her age. "Things seemed more as they should be then, when I could love you— Oh! not that I . . ."

". . . don't?" I finish for her, and she says, "Yes, of course, of *course*."

I would like so much to take myself across that space between us, but she is so young. Her hat teeters on her pompadour.

"I do not wish to be your daughter," she says vehemently. "And that is how I've felt ever since you came here."

That would be because of the years, to be sure, which also make me feel all too like her father, but we seem to be reading each other's mind, or nearly, and I know that she is thinking of something more. She is thinking of the things I learned once I went past her—unperfected man, perhaps, and the various explosions of matter—the things that have made me doubt what she is so sure of.

She says, full of grief, "If only I had stayed behind, I would have grown old and known the things that you know. Maybe I would see them as you do, and then I could have understood you. I would have tried to be with you all along—that would be only right. I wish I had."

If she had, I might even have seen them otherwise, though I am not sure of that. But, for her part, she would have passed up hope and Heaven for a son, and I would dearly love to give him to her—in that cradle of hers, or even here, tonight. I wonder. We wait. The silence stretches. The moon pries past Mrs. Rosburgh's rich draperies. The Colonel finishes his bit and fades away. The succeeding client is asking for the particulars of this life. It is an elderly widow, frightened and hopeful, and through the agency of Mrs. Rosburgh I tell her a small lie.

I tell her that, for reasons beyond her comprehension, I am unable to summon her husband to talk to her tonight. I assure her that he remains well and happy and will speak to her when she comes again. I say that, in his absence, I will myself commune with her. I will tell her something of what this sphere is like. Alexandra is watching me with yearning and, plainly, doubt. I have never seen that look in her eyes before. I hear myself begin, to the elderly widow, "Do you, by chance, know these lines of Alfred Tennyson's? I find them entirely apt, though they were not, to begin with, meant to apply to this place: 'There is sweet music here that softer falls/Than petals from blown roses on the grass.' "

All the people here—I tell her—have a certain light about them. . . .

My mother smiles, and I continue.

—ROBERT HENDERSON

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EDITORIAL ASISTANT

College graduate with mature judgement and ability to organize to work with college textbook editor. Must possess excellent grammar and spelling ability.—*Adv. in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

If there's one thing we can't stand it's an asistant who can't spell.

AS THE EARTH GETS OLD

Mrs. Brauw, when fishing for Scrabble letters, cheated, and everybody knew but no one mentioned it. She kept the letters in a drawstring bag; when it was her turn to choose new ones, she would thrust her thick old hand in right up to the wrist and carefully finger each wooden piece to feel if it was the one she wanted. Then she would set the letters on the rack in front of her, pouching her cheeks a little with satisfaction.

The first time she noticed it, Joanna said, "What?"—not to Mrs. Brauw but to Joanna's mother, who was playing also. She was asking if what she saw could be true. But her mother said, "It's your turn, Joanna," and the quick way she said it told Joanna that she wasn't to mention it again. Mrs. Brauw was their landlady. She was letting them have their house for half rent until Joanna's father got out of the sanatorium and onto his feet again. For that reason, Joanna and her mother did their best to give Mrs. Brauw some company—as often as four nights a week sometimes, which was more than *any*body could really want to play Scrabble. For that reason, too, Joanna supposed, they were not going to mention Mrs. Brauw's cheating.

But going home that evening, through the gap in the hedge that separated their houses, Joanna said, "Did you see what she *did*?"

"Well, she's old," her mother said.

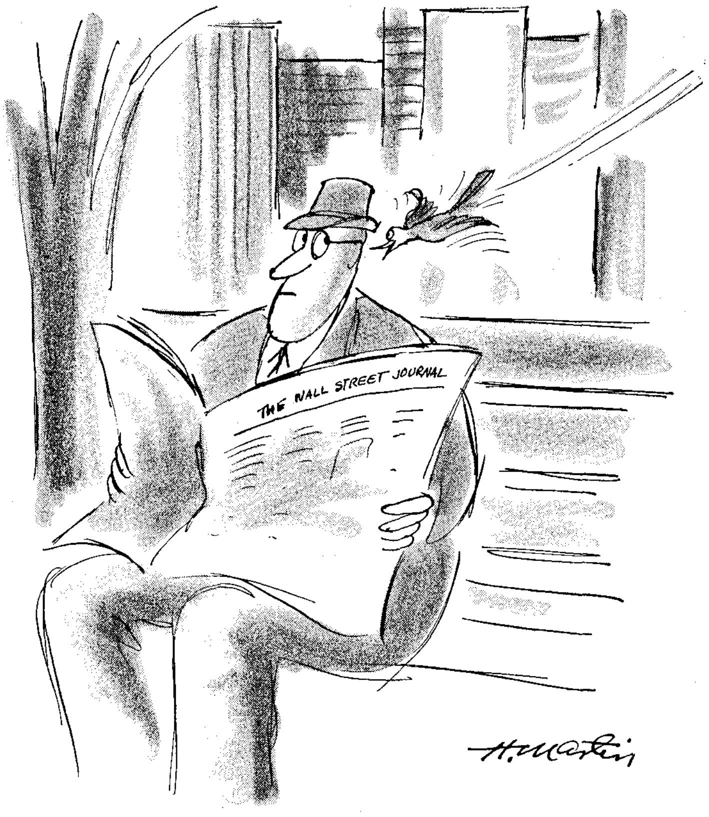
Joanna thought that over a minute—she was only sixteen herself, and not sure what age could do to people—and then she said, "If she's so old, does it matter if she wins or loses a little parlor game?"

"It must," her mother said.

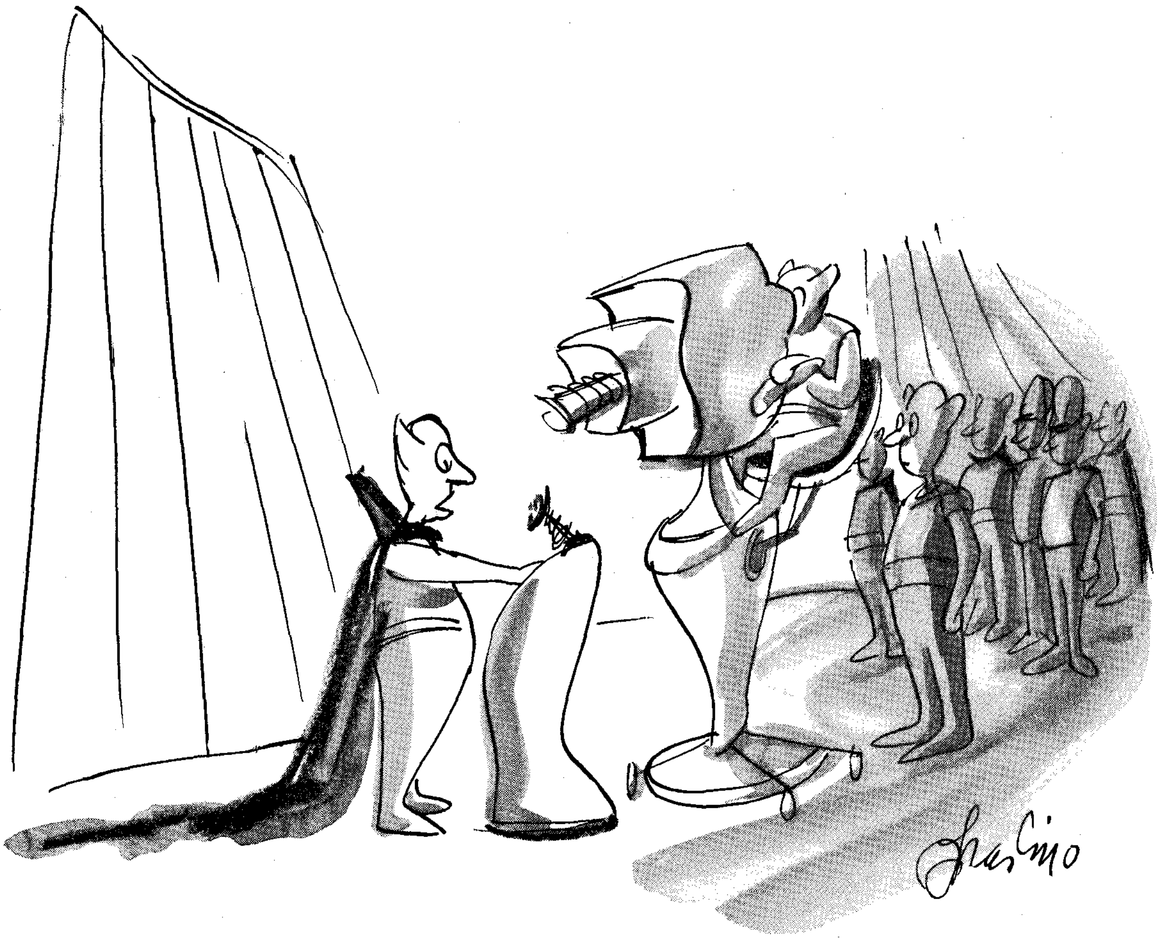
Mrs. Brauw played Scrabble in a purple velvet chair worn through to the white threads on either arm. She sat like a hump of doughy circles—an old, thin-mouthed moon face, a huge bosom, a stomach, which was the most perfect circle of all. Her fingers, curled over the arms of the chair, gave a little under the great stones of her antique rings. And whenever Joanna bent under the card table to pick up a dropped letter, she could see the two wide ovals of Mrs. Brauw's legs, set sturdily apart beneath the hem of her shiny black dress, draped in wrinkled, flesh-colored stockings and ending in high-heeled, old-lady shoes. Mrs. Brauw's legs were almost useless now. She had broken her hip in middle age, in the accident that had killed her husband, and it had not healed properly. Since then, she had lived out her life in the velvet chair, to which she walked each morning with the help of a metal stand and her old-maid daughter, Miss Beatrice. Her days were spent in playing with her real-estate holdings—to hear her talk, they might have been toy houses in a game of Monopoly, to which she had been addicted before Scrabble came along—and in the evenings she played Scrabble with Miss Beatrice. Miss Beatrice and whoever else would come, like Mrs. Hope and Joanna, reappearing evening after evening out of a sense of several kinds of duty.

Mrs. Brauw playing Scrabble was like someone waking up from a long sleep. When Mrs. Hope and Joanna crossed from their house to hers (with Joanna saying, over and over, "Mama, I have lots of better things to do," and Mrs. Hope saying, "Now, she's a lonely old lady, and we'll go home early"), they could see her sitting in the lighted window, her chin on her chest, her eyes nearly closed. They would ring the doorbell, and Miss Beatrice would lead them in. By then Mrs. Brauw would have raised her head, but she still had her sleepy look, and she didn't talk much. "Oh, come to see me, have you," she would say, but that was all. Until Miss Beatrice brought out the Scrabble board, which was worn almost in two from being folded and unfolded so much. Then she would sit up, shifting her bulk forward suddenly in the velvet chair and letting her face move out of its heavy stillness. "Care for a little game?" she would say, as if it were a new idea that had suddenly come to her. "Beatrice loves it so much," she would explain. Miss Beatrice hated Scrabble. She was a bony, middle-aged woman, with gray hair, and she always wore a purple cardigan. When she played, she tightened her lips and slapped the letters down crisply. For the rest of her life, whenever Joanna heard someone speak of an old maid she would picture Miss Beatrice in her purple cardigan, totalling Scrabble scores with angry little jots.

Almost always it was Mrs. Brauw who began the game, since who would be first was determined by drawing a letter. She took her time about choosing, frowning into thin air and moving her lips slightly as she fished in the drawstring bag. Once, Joanna tried to cheat, just to show she knew what was going on, but the markings on the little blocks meant nothing to her fingers and she had to stop, because her mother was frowning at her. So it was still Mrs. Brauw who played first—hunching her shoulders forward, tapping one fingernail on the card table, and grunting as she debated what would bring the highest score. She made words that brought in a fantastic number of points. But Miss Beatrice's points were always more, even if she had to take fifteen minutes each turn to think up something that would top her mother. The war was between them really; they played intensely, and watched to see that they did not give each other any opportunities for triple-word scores. On the outskirts sat Mrs. Hope and Joanna, looking very



"Buy Texas Gulf Sulphur!"



"My fellow Martians, it is with a heavy heart that I speak to you tonight. The planet Earth, with unprovoked belligerence, has landed troops on her moon."

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dark-haired and bright-skinned beside the two old women, laying down their own modest words, which seemed almost incidental to the real game. When their turns were over, Mrs. Brauw would say "Aha!" and snap her dictionary shut and hunch herself forward again. She seldom even looked at Mrs. Hope's and Joanna's words, unless they had taken up a space she was planning to use. Then she grew silently angry, and beetled her eyebrows and shifted herself around in her chair.

"You wasted it," she said one evening to Joanna.

"What's that?"

"That space there. You wasted it. Such an ordinary word you put down. I could have made forty points out of that."

"It wasn't your turn," Joanna said.

"You should have left it to me, anyway. Did you have to spoil it for us all?"

Joanna would have stood up and left, and slammed the door behind her, but her mother's look was asking her please to let it pass. Even so, she had to say something. She waited until Mrs. Brauw was feeling for new letters in the bag, and then she said, "How did you work it in Monopoly? What can you do underhanded when you're playing Monopoly?"

"Eh?" Mrs. Brauw said.

"She was the one who kept the bank," Miss Beatrice said.

Both Joanna and her mother stared at Miss Beatrice. They had never thought about whether she noticed Mrs. Brauw's tricks, and they hadn't expected her to speak out even if she did; she was very soft-spoken, and had a way of seeming to fade out right while she was sitting in her chair. But Miss Beatrice ignored their looks, and simply snapped another word down on the board and folded her long hands in her lap.

That night, Joanna told her mother she wouldn't go over to Mrs. Brauw's ever again. She said, "I'm sorry, there's nothing that can make me," and her mother sighed and said, "Oh, well, I can't say as I blame you."

"You can go without me," Joanna said. "You can just say I have exams coming up."

"To tell the truth, I don't think I'll go back myself," her mother said. "She's a lonely old lady, and I feel sorry for her, but I can't take many more of those evenings."

After that they stayed at home, except for Sundays, when they visited Mr. Hope at the sanatorium, and three weeks went by without their seeing the Brauws at all. Then Miss Beatrice called on the telephone. She talked to Joanna. Her voice seemed very thin and far away, and she kept clearing her throat, as if she were shy about something. "My mother suggested I call you," she said. "She was wondering if you would care for a game of Scrabble."

"Well, I have some studying," Joanna said. "I'll get Mama for you, though."

But her mother told Miss Beatrice that she was busy, too. Her reasons sounded made-up to Joanna—too many of them, all vague—and when she had hung up she said, "Oh dear, I should have gone. I didn't want to hurt their feelings."

"Miss Beatrice hates Scrabble," Joanna said.

"We don't know that."

"She has all but said so. It'll be a relief to her."

But her mother still looked upset.

The next Saturday evening, Mrs. Brauw herself called. She said, "Joanna, I would like to speak with your mother," in her loud, toneless voice. When Mrs. Hope came to the phone, wiping her hands on her apron, she whispered to Joanna, "What will I say?"

"Say you don't want to," Joanna told her.

But Mrs. Hope ended up saying yes, after giving a few halfhearted excuses first. "I felt so sorry for her," she told Joanna later. "Oh, she *sounds* as if it couldn't matter less, but what she wants is just a little company." And she put on her coat and went over to the Brauws', leaving Joanna alone.

That was in April. By May, Joanna had started going also, not because she felt any different but because it made her sad to see her mother set off by herself, knowing she didn't enjoy

"Autumn makes everybody sad!"

it. When Joanna came, Mrs. Brauw didn't comment, beyond saying, "Oh. Your exams are over." It was the same as before, except that the Hopes didn't go quite as often, and Mrs. Brauw did not point out how ordinary Joanna's words were. They sat in the same places at the card table, surrounding Mrs. Brauw in her velvet chair, pretending not to watch as she frowned over the drawstring bag. Sometimes Joanna would look toward the darkened window and catch sight of their reflections, framed by dusty lace curtains—the four pale faces unmoving in the glass, with Joanna and her mother wearing the only colors that showed up at all. Always the reflection showed Miss Beatrice looking down at her hands, with her long thin nose casting a sharp shadow, and Mrs. Brauw craning her neck intently toward the board. The two of them did not seem to be related; it was strange to see them even framed in the same glass together.

ON the first Thursday night in June, when Joanna had gone to bed but kept waking after troubled dreams, she turned over on her side and found that one wall of her room was lit with an orange glow that flickered. She sat up and looked out her window. There beyond the hedge was Mrs. Brauw's house, burning high, lighting the leaves of the trees beside it so that the undersides of them gleamed weirdly. Flames had climbed the whole end wall—three full stories—but from her window Joanna couldn't see how far they had overtaken the rest of the house. She jumped out of bed and ran to beat on her mother's door, shouting, "Mama! Mama, wake up! The Brauws' house is on fire!"

Her mother murmured something sharply, and creaked the springs of her bed. "Quick, phone the firemen!" she called. "I'm coming right out."

But Joanna couldn't find the number and was standing shaking in her pajamas, holding the phone book in her hand, when her mother came out and took the receiver from her.

"I'll call," she said. "Do you see the Brauws outside anywhere?"

"No," said Joanna, but after that one glance from her window she hadn't looked again. The silence of those flames eating away at the huge pillared house had seemed as strange and eerie as another nightmare, and when she tried to picture Mrs. Brauw and her daughter inside, all she could see was their reflections in the dark window as they sat over their Scrabble board. "Mrs. Brauw can't walk," she said.

"Miss Beatrice is there," said her mother.

When her mother had called the fire department, they both went outside and pushed their way through the gap in the hedge. Even from there, the heat of the flames burned their faces. "They might not be awake," Mrs. Hope said. "Where do they sleep, I wonder?"

"I don't know."

"Go around the back of the house and shout their names. I'll take the front. Be careful, now."

Mrs. Hope moved off, the tail end of her worn chenille bathrobe dragging in the wet grass, and after watching her for a minute Joanna turned and went the other way. She was so afraid that her teeth were chattering; fire had always been the one thing that terrified her. At every minute, she could picture the flaming end of the house suddenly swaying and falling, crushing her beneath it, but when she reached the back she found that the fire had just begun to spread there. Almost a third of the house was dark still, its windows black and cool-looking. Joanna shouted, "Mrs. Brauw! Miss Beatrice! Mrs. Brauw!" She picked up a rock and threw it at a pane of glass, meaning only to cause a clatter, but the rock burst through the window and the glass tinkled faintly inside the house. It was like dropping a stone in a bottomless well, Joanna thought. All that answered her was a deeper silence, and she continued around the other end of the house, still calling but never hearing a reply.

When she reached the front yard, the fire engine was just drawing up, its siren wailing, and in a couple of houses down the road the upstairs lights were switching on. Joanna's mother stood in the middle of the lawn, her face seeming constantly to change expression because of the flames' flickering. "There!" she said. She hugged Joanna with one arm and pointed upward. "There's Mrs. Brauw. Do you see her?" she asked one of the firemen.

"Yes, Ma'am. We'll have her out in half a second."

"She is crippled. And her daughter's in there—I don't know where."

Mrs. Brauw was wearing a nightgown, a black one with straps, like a slip. She was in a second-story window just a short distance from the flames, and she was hanging on very hard, her fingers reaching out to grip the outside ledge. Heaven only knew where her metal stand was. When she saw the firemen, she began shouting, "Here! Here!," with her voice as flat and toneless as ever.

At the same moment, Joanna called out, "There!," so that she and Mrs. Brauw seemed to be talking at cross-purposes, because she thought she had caught sight of Miss Beatrice. She was in a window on the very edge of the fire, closer to it even than her mother was. But when Mrs. Hope said, "Where?" and Joanna pointed, there was nobody there.

"Are you sure?" her mother asked.

Joanna shook her head. It had only been a glimpse—that was all—out of the corner of her eye. And anyway, if it had been Miss Beatrice, would she have looked like that? Standing absolutely straight and still behind a dark windowpane, her hands resting on the sill, the purple cardigan thrown over her shoulders? Joanna said, "I must have been seeing things," and her mother turned back to watch Mrs. Brauw.

Two firemen had to climb the ladder for her—she was that helpless, and she weighed that much. One went in through the window, and he helped lift her out while the second fireman stood by to receive her. First came her bare feet and her legs, which seemed very white without the flesh-colored stockings, and one hand to tug her nightgown down. Then the rest of her, all hunched up because the fireman was holding her under the arms. What Joanna noticed most, though, was how strange and expressionless Mrs. Brauw's face was. She was looking far away, her eyes unblinking, and her head bobbed with every step downward that the firemen took. They carried her straight to Mrs. Hope and Joanna, where they set her down. One of the men said, "She's all right, I think. You said there was a daughter."

"Yes. Where?" Mrs. Hope asked Mrs. Brauw. "Where does your daughter sleep, Mrs. Brauw?"

"I was unable to move," Mrs. Brauw said. "I heard the roar of the flames. I could feel them getting closer."

"Yes, Ma'am," said the fireman. "You'll have to tell us where your daughter is, now."

Mrs. Brauw raised her head. From her seat on the ground she surveyed her firelit yard—the overturned lawn chairs, the truck in the flower bed, the firemen running up and down in their glistening coats, unrolling hoops of hose behind them. "They will never save that house," she said.

"The daughter, Ma'am. Quick—we got no time."

"She's in that end," Mrs. Brauw said.

She pointed to the left, toward where Joanna had thought she saw Miss Beatrice. The part she indicated was only a bank of flames now, with hardly anything left standing under it.

"In *there*?" said the fireman.

"Yes."

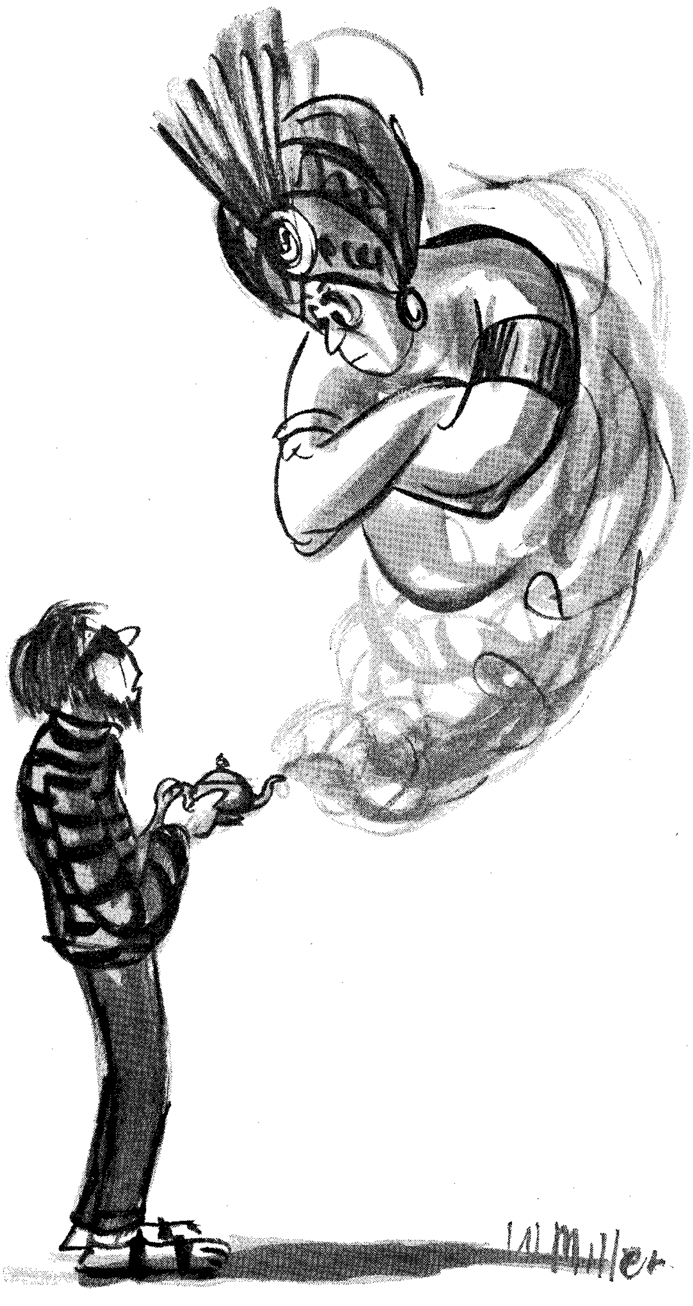
He looked at her a minute, and then he touched his long-brimmed hat and said, "Well, I'm sorry, then, but there's nothing we can do. I'm sorry."

"I understand," Mrs. Brauw said.

Mrs. Hope put one arm across Mrs. Brauw's shoulders. "Why don't you let these men carry you over to our house?" she asked. "It won't help anything to stay here watching."

Mrs. Brauw nodded, and at that the two men picked her up again and followed Mrs. Hope toward the gap in the hedge. Joanna trailed behind. She kept looking back at the place where Miss Beatrice had been, where there were only crumbling rafters now and flames dying out. Even with all the men shouting, the house seemed silent. The fire burned, and black beams buckled and fell without Joanna's hearing anything at all.

Mrs. Brauw spent that night in Joanna's room—in the bed they didn't even have time to remake before the men set her down in it—and Joanna slept with her mother. She had trouble sleeping. Her mother had said as she was taking off her bathrobe, "I don't think I will sleep a wink tonight. Oh, that poor daughter. Poor Mrs. Brauw." But she did sleep, finally, and it was Joanna who lay awake. She kept trying to remember something about Miss Beatrice, something important to go with such an important event as her dying, but there seemed nothing at all to remember. And she thought of Mrs. Brauw, lying there so old and fat in the next room among Joanna's movie-star pictures and high-school annuals. Mrs. Brauw would be able to look out her window and see the last of her house go, if she wanted. Or maybe she preferred to sleep, or to turn her back on the window and watch the orange glow fading off the wall.



"Where's the action?"

IN the morning, Joanna had to leave for school before Mrs. Brauw awakened, and she was just as glad. She didn't know what people said to each other when something like this happened. And coming home again in the afternoon, she found herself hoping that Mrs. Brauw had been carried off by friends or relatives during the day. Yet the minute she walked in she knew that Mrs. Brauw was still there. Joanna's mother was moving about in the kitchen, instead of being at work, a little more dressed up than usual, and in the hall was the faint, dusty, old-woman smell that hung in the parlor at Mrs. Brauw's.

"She's in the living room," her mother whispered. "I helped her there this morning. She's been there all day."

Joanna set her books on the kitchen table and looked in the direction of the living room. "Doing what?" she asked.

"Oh, various things. Calling insurance people. Drinking soup. Talking. Sometimes just sitting and looking out the window."

"What does she talk about?"

"It's disconnected. I'm a little worried about her, though her doctor says she's fine. First she told me how she happened to buy her house, and then how she hates the Pope in Rome, and then what a hard time she had raising her daughter. She says—"

"Mrs. Hope!"

Mrs. Hope looked over at Joanna, and then she crossed the hall to the living-room doorway. "Can I do something?" she asked.

"I thought I heard someone enter the house."

"That was Joanna."

"Where is she now?"

"In the kitchen."

"Well, send her in, send her in," Mrs. Brauw said.

Mrs. Hope returned to the kitchen, where Joanna was standing fiddling with one of her sweater buttons. "Honey, I promised her you'd play Scrabble with her," she said. "I have to look in on my job—for a while, at least—and she needs something to get her mind off things."

"Scrabble?" Joanna asked. "The game?"

"Well, of course. You don't mind, do you?"

"I guess not."

"I'll be leaving, then. Joanna, if she says anything strange, don't let it bother you, you hear? She's just collecting herself."

Joanna nodded. She let her mother kiss her cheek, without kissing her back, and when Mrs. Hope had gone out the back door she went on into the living room. There was Mrs. Brauw, stretched out on the couch, wearing one of Mrs. Hope's fullest bathrobes over her black nightgown. There mustn't have been anything else to fit her. Her feet were bare and puffy, and her white bun was straggling down the back of her neck. When she saw Joanna, she held out one hand, palm down, and said, "There you are. Your mother said you were going to play Scrabble with me."

"Yes, I am," Joanna said. She brought the Scrabble set over from the bookcase and began laying it out on the coffee table by the couch, taking care not to look too hard at Mrs. Brauw.

"I need something to take my mind off things," Mrs. Brauw said. "That's what your mother said. I am a composed person—always have been. Yet last night there were flames all around me and I was unable to move. I thought, So this is how I will end. I will end. My furniture burned, that I bought when I first was married, and my papers and letters and photograph albums that nobody can replace. Also the last living close relation I had, leaving no one to take care of me—my only daughter, who gave me her word she would look out for my every need until I died."

She paused and folded her hands across her stomach and looked at Joanna, but Joanna couldn't think of anything to say. She bent her head very low over the Scrabble board and concentrated on setting it up. The Hopes didn't have a drawstring bag for their letters. They always spread them out on the table, turning them face down, one by one, and Joanna was glad to have that much to do. For a while there was only a clicking sound, as she turned the letters over. Then Mrs. Brauw said, "I have always had perfect composure, even as a child. Something Beatrice never had. My mother said it was the mark of a lady. My mother is dead."

The letters were all turned. Joanna sat down in a chair beside the coffee table and said, "We can begin, if you like."

"Oh, of course," Mrs. Brauw said. "Calms the mind."

But she didn't begin, although it was her place as guest to draw the first letter. Instead, she said, "As the earth gets old, there are more and more things one has to steel one's mind against. Fear. Another depression. Communism. The Pope. Yesterday my nephew came to lunch. He has turned Catholic in his middle age. He says there are many changes of Popes but it's all only one, really, all the way back to Peter—no dying. He doesn't die. All bunk. Fear, Communism, another depression—all bunk."

She swooped forward suddenly, with her fingers outspread—the knuckles slightly swollen, the heavy rings still weighing them down—and picked out a letter. " 'E,' " she said.

Joanna picked one, too, and said, " 'B.' I go first."

"It was Beatrice who invited him over," Mrs. Brauw said.

"Invited who?"

"My nephew. *I* don't know why—she knew I don't enjoy him. Beatrice did those things sometimes. Oh, it wasn't fair. I said, 'Beatrice, you're all I've got. You and my old age. You'll have to promise to stay by me.' And she said, 'All right, Mother.' Till I died, she said. Well, you see what happened. It wasn't fair at all."

"She kept her promise as best she could," Joanna said.

"No," Mrs. Brauw said. "It was a cheat from beginning to end."

She stared down at the "E" she had drawn, and in that split second when Mrs. Brauw's eyes were not on her Joanna said, "I just wanted to tell you, I'm sorry about Miss Beatrice." She wished the words back as soon as she had said them—they were thought up on the way home from school, and had turned out not to be right after all—but it was too late, and Mrs. Brauw was already looking up at her with her small, hooded eyes.

"Well," she said finally, "there's no way I can try to change things anymore, is there?"

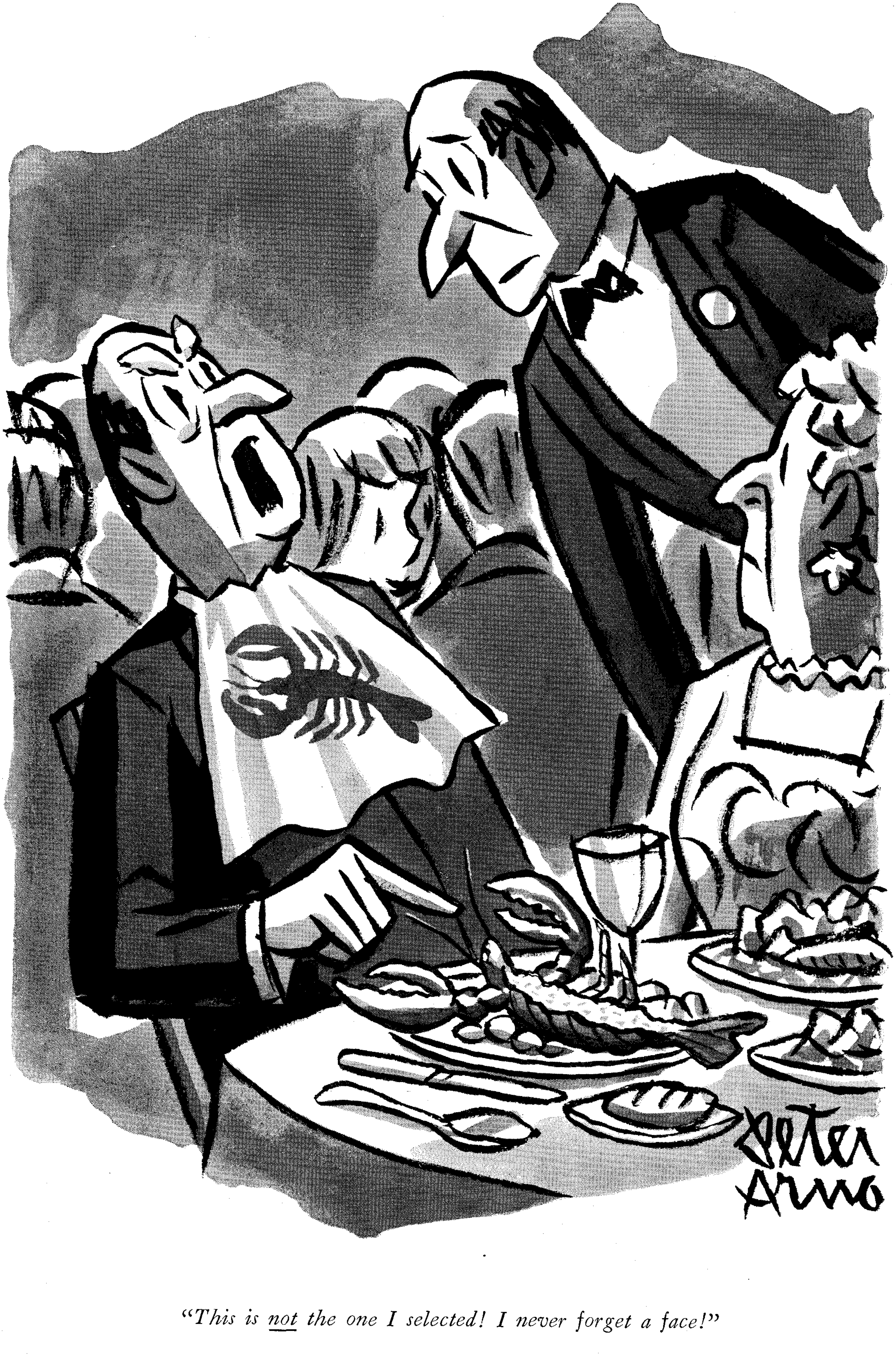
Then she stretched one hand toward the coffee table again, and drew the rest of her letters very quickly and set them in her rack without looking at them.

—Anne Tyler

THE VIEW

Under his view the wind
Blows shadows back and forth
Across the lawn beneath
The blowing leaves. And now
Into his silent room
Noon whistles, or a cry
Comes from the road where to
Is fro. Inquietude!
He walks from room to room,
From empty room to room
With the white curtains blowing.
He goes down to the kitchen
And takes from the cold tap
A glass of water pale
As glass. In the long hall
He stares into the mirror
And wills that it should break
Under his image, but
It does not break. Once more
He comes to stand before
The window and the screen,
Framing, dividing coarse
And fine, his view of flowers,
Of fields beyond the flowers,
The hanging hill, the blue
Distance that voids his vision,
Though not as tears might do.
He has no tears, but knows
No one will come, there's no
Comfort, not the least
Saving discrepancy
In a view where every last thing
Is rimed with its own shadow
Exactly, and every fall
Is once for all.

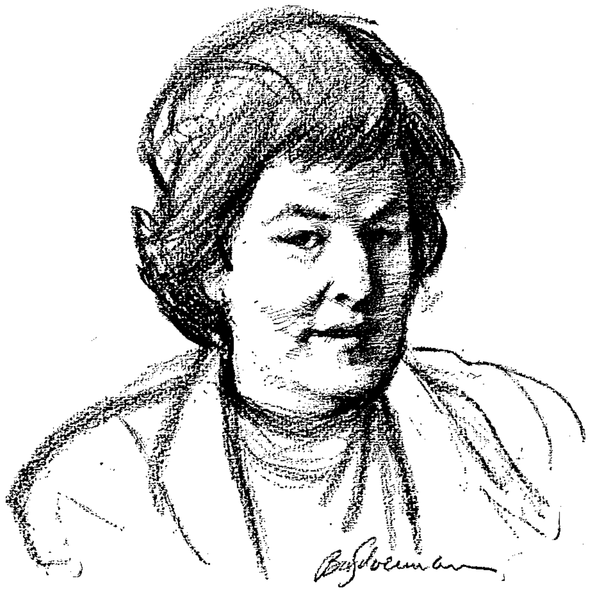
—Howard Nemerov



"This is _not_ *the one I selected! I never forget a face!"*

PROFILES

AH BOY!



Birgit Nilsson

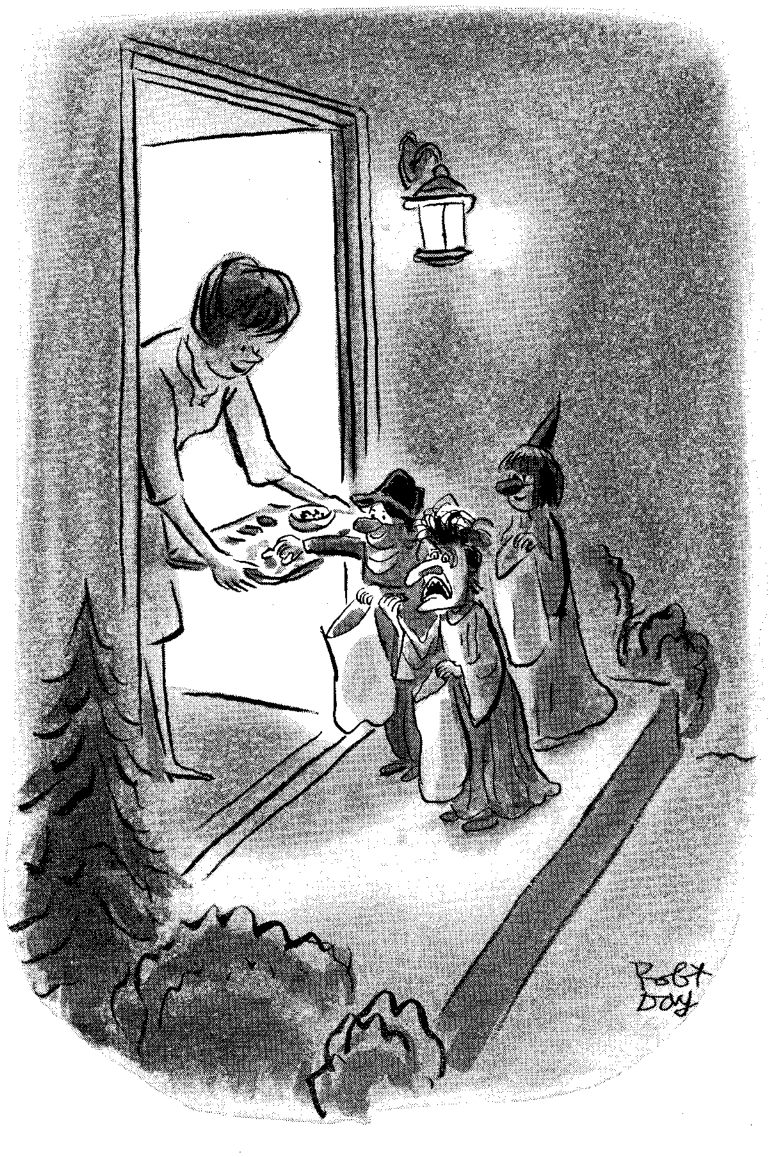
FOR a period of about two and a half months every year, a sturdily built black-haired Swedish soprano named Birgit Nilsson regularly emerges from the Hotel Alden, on upper Central Park West, puts two fingers in her mouth, whistles for a taxi with a shrillness that would do credit to a longshoreman, and makes her way to the Metropolitan Opera. Once there, she does her singing in a businesslike manner, throwing her huge voice across the footlights, acting with great intelligence, and generally making a remarkable impression on those who hear her. When she has finished singing, she exits into the wings (often complaining to the nearest stagehand that her feet hurt) and assumes the prosaic demeanor of a busy housewife. She goes to her dressing room, where, if it is an intermission, she sucks on an orange. If it is the end of the opera, an attendant brings her a jigger of aquavit, a glass of beer, and a herring—a very special sort of Swedish herring, from a hoard that she brings over with her regularly from Europe. Miss Nilsson doesn't care for champagne, the traditional drink of famous divas. She doesn't even particularly care for the crowd of admirers and autograph-seekers who are apt to throng an opera star's dressing room after a performance. "I don't like that expression 'prima donna,' " she once said. "I feel more like a working soprano."

Miss Nilsson is perhaps the most generally admired luminary of today's operatic stage. Operagoers compare her talents with those of such predecessors as Kirsten Flagstad, Lilli Lehmann, and that other famous Swedish Nilsson, Christine, who sang hereabouts in the eighteen-seventies. Not that anybody who is familiar with Birgit Nilsson's singing actually remembers Christine's or Lilli Lehmann's, but opera buffs write, read, and hand down as oral tradition an enormous amount of information concerning the exact specifications of the voices of great singers. And just as they were doing it in Christine Nilsson's time, so they are doing it today in regard to Birgit Nilsson. To begin with, she is widely conceded to be the greatest contemporary Wagnerian soprano, belonging to the rare type that is likely to turn up only once or twice in a generation, at most. To say that she is Mme. Flagstad's successor is true as far as it goes. But Miss Nilsson has her own claims to preëminence. Not only has she sung all the roles that Mme. Flagstad was famous for but she has added to them a large repertoire of other roles, German and Italian, which she sings with equal success. She is not only the greatest living Brünnhilde and Isolde but also the greatest living Leonore, Salome, and Turandot, and she is certainly one of the greatest Aïdas and Amelias (in Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera"). Such a wide range of roles has probably not been encompassed by any single singer since Lilli Lehmann. This week, Miss Nilsson is to appear at the Metropolitan for the first time as Richard Strauss's Elektra—probably the most strenuous role ever written for the soprano voice. And to her this Elektra is merely her latest acquisition (she has already sung it in Stockholm and Vienna); there will undoubtedly be more roles to come. Miss Nilsson has, moreover, a record of dependability—of uniformly splendid performances—that can be matched by few other prima donnas. She has, in fact, no rivals at all. She is the indispensable soprano—not only at the Metropolitan but at La Scala, the Vienna State Opera, the Deutsche Oper, in West Berlin, and Bayreuth.

It goes without saying that this extraordinary eminence rests primarily on a remarkable voice—one that, as a purely physical mechanism, is built on a heroic scale. It can outshout the most massive Wagnerian orchestrations with ease, competing with batteries of trumpets and trombones. Its range is large, reaching up to an effortless D flat, and even beyond. (Miss Nilsson is said to be able to sing Es and Fs in private, but she sings no roles demanding these notes.) She deliberately changes the quality of her voice for different roles—from the girlish soprano of her Salome and the brilliant, somewhat strident trumpeting of her Princess Turandot to the rich, warm, passionate delivery required for the Wagner heroines. Last spring, when she did the vocal stunt of appearing as both Venus and Elisabeth in the same performance of "Tannhäuser," her voice seemed to be that of two different women. As happens only with the most celebrated singers, her singing never betrays any sense of strain; on the contrary, the listener always has a feeling that there are immense reserves of power and range. Moreover, her voice, like some others of this weight and power, tends to lighten in quality and to gain in elasticity as a performance progresses. Miss Nilsson has never attempted to sing Bellini's "Norma," because of the agility that the role requires ("Too many little notes," she says), but she has conceded that she might have sung it if the florid aria "Casta diva" came at the end of the opera instead of at the beginning. Actually, just for the fun of it, she once sang the Queen of the Night's aria from the second act of Mozart's "The Magic Flute" (ordinarily the province of the highest and most agile coloratura sopranos) *after* she had appeared as Brünnhilde in "Götterdämmerung." This feat was performed in her dressing room for a few friends, and was later reported to the conductor Karl Böhm. Böhm refused to believe that it had ever happened, so Miss Nilsson, always ready to take on a challenge and rout a disbeliever, did it again, after her next "Götterdämmerung;" this time Mr. Böhm himself, somewhat stunned, was at the piano. Miss Nilsson would never, of course, attempt the role in an opera house; it *could* be done, she once explained to a friend, but it would require about three hours of strenuous warming up beforehand, and she simply hasn't the time for that sort of thing.

Miss Nilsson, in fact, hasn't much time for anything except singing. Her schedule of performances takes up all but a few scattered weeks of any given year. She is in demand continuously in, among other places, Milan, Rome, Bayreuth, Berlin, San Francisco, Buenos Aires, and what she calls "my home base"—Stockholm. The relatively long spell of two and a half months that she spends in New York annually is a tribute partly to the Metropolitan's prestige and affluence and partly to the fact that New York has what she calls "a fine climate." Like many singers, Miss Nilsson has an almost superstitious horror of fresh air, because of its supposedly damaging effect on the larynx, and she is one of the very few people who breathe New York's polluted air with gratification. "Who knows that it isn't good for you?" she once said to an acquaintance. "I love it." She regards her stay in New York as a relatively serene experience, since most of the rest of her year is spent rushing from one place to another, always by plane. She has no home, other than a succession of hotels. She does have a husband—a Swedish businessman named Bertil Niklasson—whom she sees about once every six months. ("I cannot be an artist and have a home. You have to say 'No, thank you' to either one. I say 'No, thank you' to a home. I love my profession so much, and my husband is so understanding.") She and Mr. Niklasson maintain an apartment in Stockholm and one in Paris. She has few friends (most of them are also singers), and virtually no intimate ones ("nobody I tell my secrets to"). Her time is so neatly divided among performances, rehearsals, the study of new roles, and plane trips that she has almost no leisure. For a week or two at Christmas, she goes home to Västra Karup, the village in southern Sweden where she was born, to visit her father, who runs a farm there. These Christmas visits are her only regular vacations, and she usually sings several times in the local church in the course of them. The fact is that Miss Nilsson doesn't like vacations of any length, because, as she put it the other day, "if you rest too long, it is harder to bring the voice back into shape." She is planning to visit Japan next summer, and has promised herself that she will take two whole weeks off there—a promise that may or may not be kept.

Miss Nilsson takes her nomadic existence in stride, and she takes her fame that way, too. She has no entourage of admirers—no fan clubs. Not long ago, she expressed to Mrs. Geraldine Souvaine, who runs the intermission radio shows for the Metropolitan broadcasts, a certain diffidence about giving away the two complimentary tickets that had been allotted to her for a performance of "Turandot." "It is very embarrassing to have to *ask* people to come and hear me sing," she said. "I cannot do it." On the other hand, she is delighted to have people *pay* to hear her sing, and she is well known in opera circles for demanding, and getting, the highest fee that any opera house offers. She undoubtedly makes more money in a year than any other living singer, even though she sings in a good many opera houses, like Bayreuth and Vienna, where the fees are not particularly high. It is apparently not so much the money itself that attracts her as it is the money as an index to public interest in her singing. She regards her work, very simply, as a business, and her voice as an exploitable commodity of specific value. Miss Nilsson measures roles as a taximeter measures miles. She can tell you instantly exactly how many bars there are for Isolde to sing (seventeen hundred and fifty), and exactly how many minutes she has to stand up during the first act (seventy-eight). She knows the precise dimensions of all her roles, and is quick to correct anybody who compliments her inaccurately, saying something like "How marvellous that you could sing Isolde and Tosca in the same week!" "Don't forget the Leonore in between," she is apt to retort. When Karl Böhm once remarked, "You are the greatest Brünnhilde I have heard in forty years," Miss Nilsson immediately asked, "And who did you hear forty years ago?" Mr. Böhm couldn't think of anybody. Last year, she wrote from Helsinki to a New York acquaintance in her slam-bang English, "I hate working now after 'Elektra.' I gave everything there [in Stockholm], so now I just feel I want a vacation instead. We were down in Southsweden for 4 days and that only made the appetite worse. Those idiots at UPI or AP. They wrote that we had 20 minutes applause after 'Elektra.' It was exactly *32* minutes. And then I got a clipping from Dallas



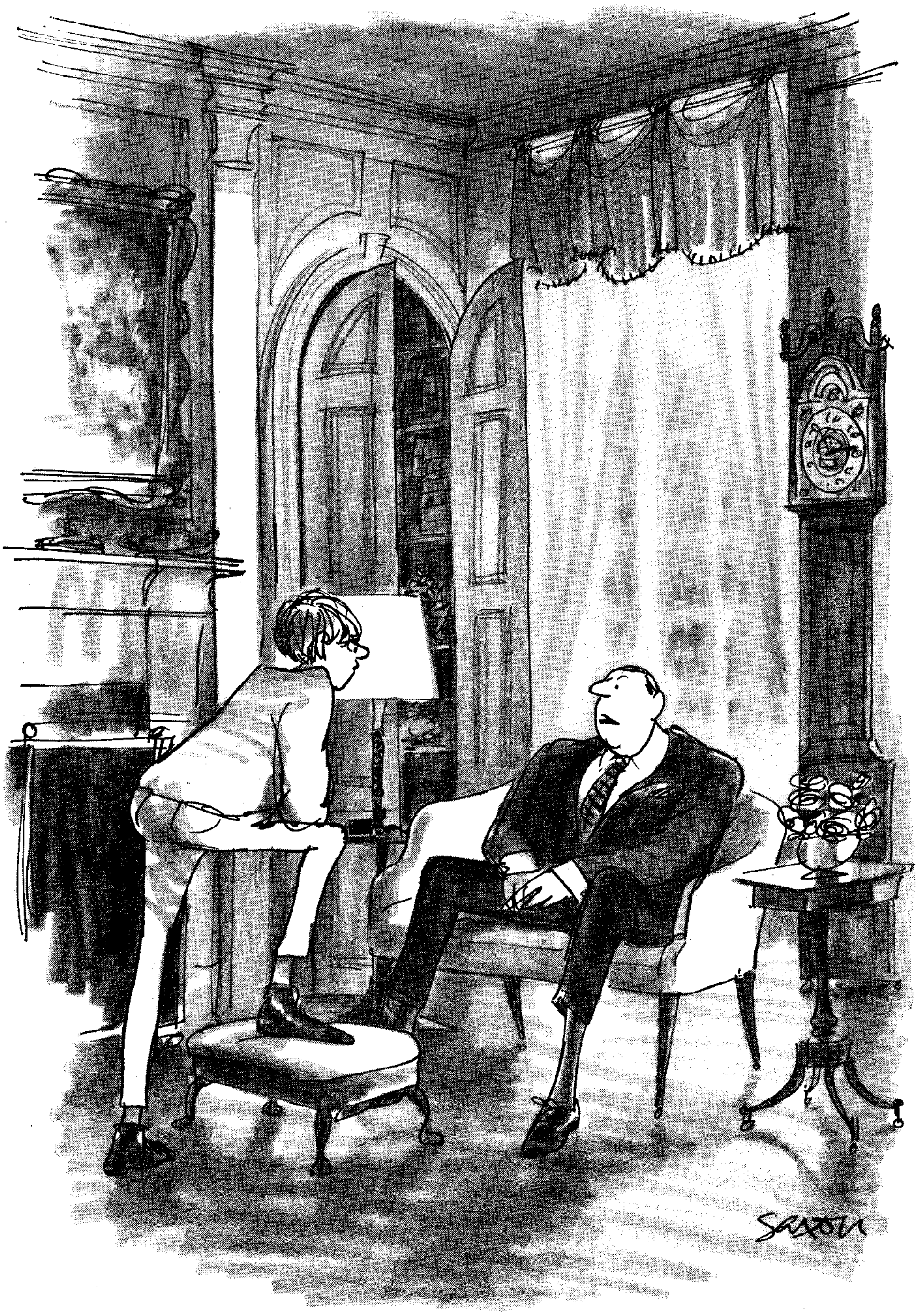
"My, this is delicious!"

about 'Elektra' where they say I am 48. Is not the real situation [barely forty-seven at the time] bad enough? This UPI or AP is just as bad as *Time*, which always lies about my age, to please I don't know what other prima donna!" In another letter (she is a compulsive letter writer), she wrote, "51 curtain calls after 'Tristan'! Record both for me and Hamburg." From Vienna: "Yesterday we had 'Tristan' here and it was a great, great performance. I was actually in super-voice. We got *50* curtain calls, 15 after Act I and II, and 25 after the last one. Ah boy! It really makes 55!! There, you see, how bad I am in counting. I have to look over my fees again. Maybe I counted them wrong, too."

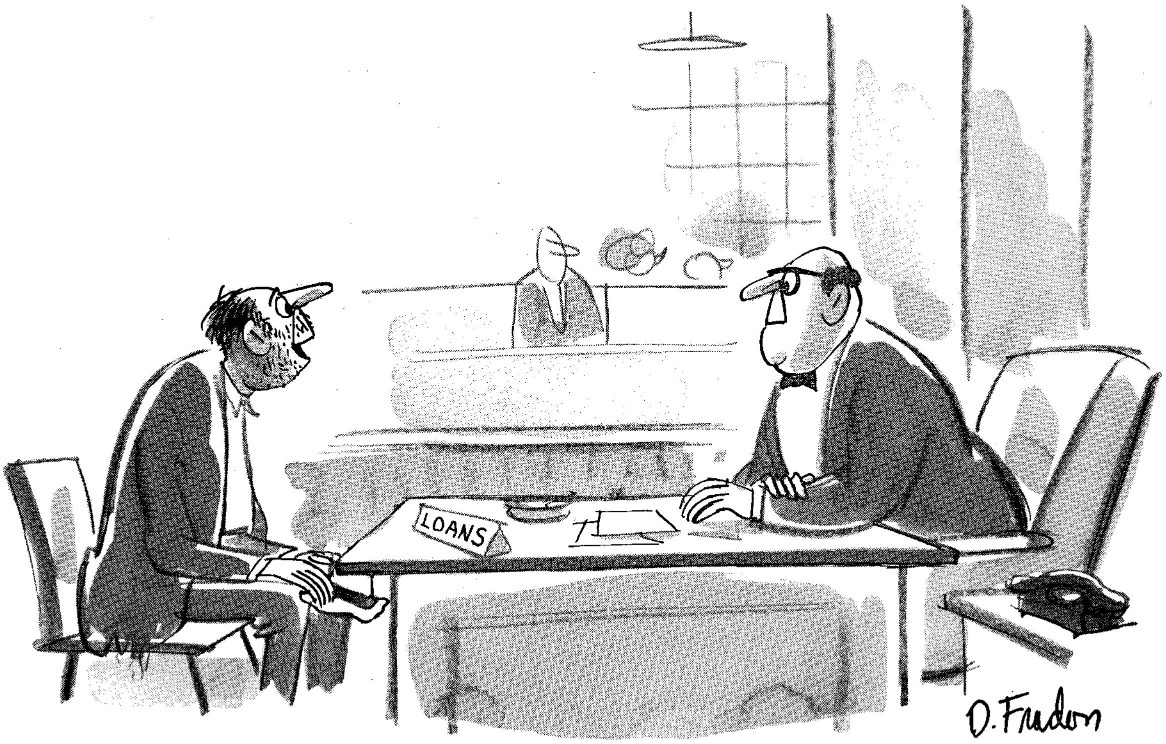
Unlike other prima donnas, Miss Nilsson likes to make all her contractual arrangements herself. She rarely has to haggle over terms, since her unique position is a commanding one at any conference with an impresario. She has no manager, saying, "I am too independable to have a manager. Besides, I don't like being put on and taken off planes like luggage." She enjoys the byplay that occurs in impresarios' offices while they are trying to secure her services. Once, she was negotiating a contract with Herbert von Karajan, director of the Vienna Opera, when a string of pearls she was wearing broke and scattered all over the floor. Von Karajan and several others who were present got down on their knees to search for the pearls. "We must find every one of them," von Karajan said. "These are the expensive pearls that Miss Nilsson buys with her high fees from the Metropolitan." "No," Miss Nilsson replied. "These are just imitation ones, which I buy with my low fees from the Vienna Opera." Once a contract is drawn up, Miss Nilsson writes the date of her engagement down in a little black book that she keeps in her purse. The book contains dates for performances as far ahead as three years, and it is her only record. But she has never missed an engagement.

Miss Nilsson not only does her own managing but learns all her new roles by herself (most divas have to be coached), often in hotels and on plane trips. (She also makes her own travel arrangements.) She is an accomplished musician, able to read at sight, and she can learn a role silently while sitting almost anywhere, even among throngs of people. Once a role has been read and memorized, it sticks in her mind indelibly; indeed, she cannot read it in a different edition without becoming confused. Her memory is photographic; certain notes appear at certain places on the page and remain there in her mind permanently. And she sets her own standards, knowing exactly how good or how faulty her singing has been at any given performance. As a corollary, she is absolutely impervious to flattery. She is happy to be praised if she knows that she deserves it, otherwise not; if there is anything she loathes, it is being confronted by somebody who insists on all the hand-kissing and dispensing of adulation that most prima donnas thrive on. As a recording-company executive recently remarked, "She can spot a phony a mile further off than anybody else I know."

Perhaps the most impressive thing about Miss Nilsson's determined do-it-yourself professional attitude is that she is almost completely self-taught as a singer. She had some singing lessons as a young girl in Västra Karup, and she had some valuable training in strictly musical matters at the Royal School of Music in Stockholm. But in those days she was without the high notes that she has now. Nobody told her about what singers refer to as "support." She discovered that all by herself one night when she was trying to devise a means

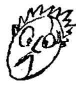


"Please do me one favor. Just stop referring to the nineteen-forties as the olden days."



"I just want a little something to tide me over until the anti-poverty program gets off the ground."

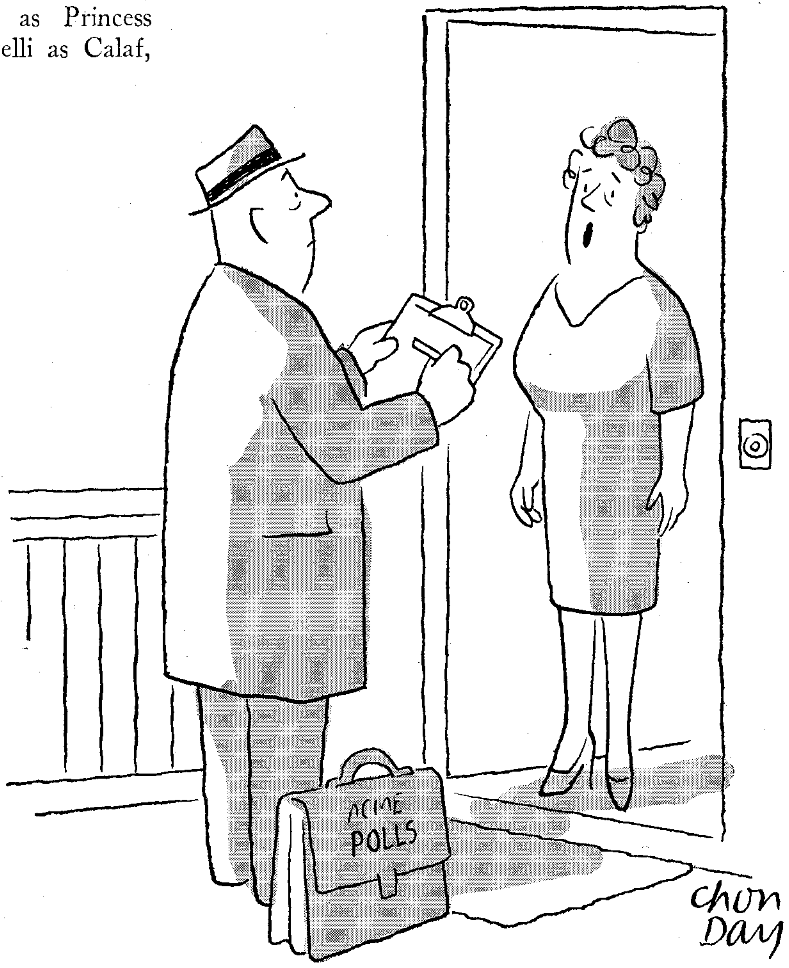
• •

of singing while suffering from a bad cold. She found a way to make her voice float over the cold, and shortly thereafter she discovered that she could sing in upper regions that were entirely new. She is methodical in caring for her voice, and she has a rapid method of warming it up before a performance. The process takes about three to four minutes, and those who have heard it describe it as sounding perfectly awful. But it works. She has never been known to "clam up" or miss a note. As she said recently, "Always when I open my mouth, something comes out. I was born with strong things in my throat." Being supremely confident of her vocal powers, Miss Nilsson has had rows with various conductors from time to time. "I like to have suggestions, but I also like a conductor who is with us on the stage," she told an interviewer the other day. "I like to see a smiling face down there." Last spring, she wrote her New York friend from Europe: "56 curtain calls after 'Tristan.' The conductor was so-so. He killed my 'Liebestod' by taking it 4 times as fast as usual. It was more like a sort of Polonaise. Then came 'Fidelio.' We rehearsed the whole day before with piano and with orchestra. The whole performance was a nightmare. Nothing worked. Wrong tempi, loud orchestra, no cues, because the conductor did not know the opera. Well, we came finally to the second act. In the dungeon scene, the conductor jumped the whole dialogue when Pizarro comes down. We were, of course, all in wrong places, and I was supposed to get my gun when I hide myself. I run in the wings, but nobody was there, because everybody was shocked. I was thinking hard *how* I was going to stop Pizarro without a gun. I was thinking of crossing my eyes—you know, like this:  I look really something if I do that, I know, but it would not work for the public. . . . I got the gun just before 'Tödt' erst sein Weib!' Ah boy! Then came the finale, and the tenor had to sing 'Wer ein solches Weib.'. . . It is a tricky place, and every conductor, even Class X, gives a cue there, but not our conductor. Well, it can happen in all families. . . . Then we had 'Turandot' two days later, and it was wonderful. Someone else conducted. He may not be a second Toscanini, but after the first one he was like a god. I kissed him in front of the curtain, showing how happy I was to have a real conductor. We had 60 curtain calls that night."

Her position is that she *knows* how to sing and will take full responsibility for the vocal side of any role she appears in. As for the dramatic side, she feels it is the duty of others to provide scenery, coördination, and help. Miss Nilsson has great reverence for good stage directors, and she follows their suggestions with humility and admiration. Her favorite man in this field was the late Wieland Wagner, grandson of Richard and director at Bayreuth and elsewhere. Asked recently what she admired most about Herr Wagner, she replied that he had a fantastic imagination, and that, having once been a painter, he had an uncanny way of handling lighting. ("He could make people look sixteen or seventeen just by changing the lights.") Moreover, he treated each singer as an individual, and knew what each could do best. He created an Isolde for Miss Nilsson that was completely different from Bayreuth's two other Isoldes—Astrid Varnay's and Martha Mödl's. "He had a great understanding for singers," she said. "There are not too many good stage directors." She carries around with her a small photograph of a rare drawing of Richard Wagner, which his grandson presented to her, and she once paid Wieland the highest compliment in the Nilsson vocabulary. "I get down on my nose to him," she told a group of acquaintances.

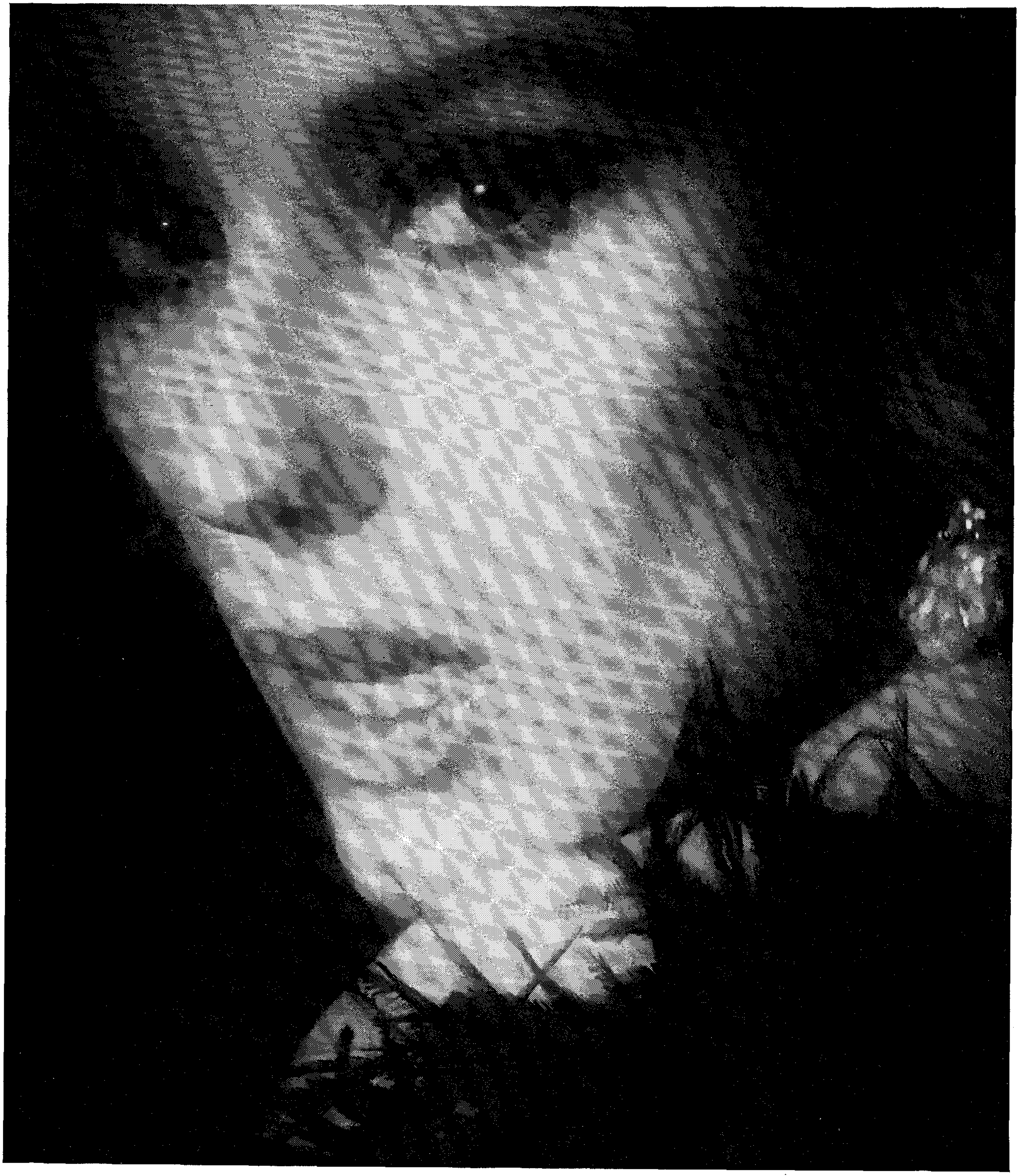
Because the world today is not rich in the always rare commodity of true Wagnerian heldentenors—and is not even particularly rich in great tenors of any sort—Miss Nilsson's appearances are often disturbingly overweighted by her own vocal brilliance. Since the retirement of Lauritz Melchior, there has been no Wagnerian tenor with the kind of power it takes to compete with a voice like hers. In most European opera houses—like Bayreuth, Vienna, and Paris—which are smaller than the ones in this country, this is not so much of a problem. Wolfgang Windgassen, the German tenor who is frequently her partner in Europe, has a voice that is capable of filling auditoriums with a capacity of two thousand people or less, but at the old Metropolitan, which was nearly twice as big, he was not quite as effective. (The new Met holds about the same number of people.) Miss Nilsson is a very good friend of Mr. Windgassen's, especially because of an incident in Florence about ten years ago. The opera was "Siegfried," and

Windgassen, in the title role, had just discovered Miss Nilsson, as Brünnhilde, sleeping on the mountaintop within the circle of magic fire. As Miss Nilsson rose from her bed of rock, she had a feeling that her costume, which hooked up the back, was awfully loose. It had just been to the cleaners, and, for some reason, all the hooks and eyes had come apart. Being a good trouper, she resolutely faced the audience and hoped for a miracle. At this point, Windgassen discovered what was wrong, put his arms around her, and managed to do up some of the hooks. It saved the evening for Miss Nilsson, and she has been grateful ever since. Another of her good friends is a tenor who doesn't appear in Wagnerian opera. He is Franco Corelli, and he comes near to being her equal on the stage for the simple reason that he is the only existing tenor who can shout almost as loud as she can. Their association, which began in Italy prior to their first appearances at the Metropolitan, did not start under the most favorable circumstances. At La Scala, Miss Nilsson was cast as Princess Turandot and Mr. Corelli as Calaf, the hero of Puccini's opera—two roles into which the composer built a certain element of competition. Miss Nilsson is ordinarily the most coöperative of singers, but when anybody tries to outdo her, she instinctively rises to the challenge. (In Italy, this habit has earned her the title "*la voce di vendetta*," or "the revenge voice.") Mr. Corelli is justly proud of having the most magnificent voice of its type to be heard nowadays in Italian opera, and he is not exactly reticent about showing it off. There is an aria—or, properly speaking, a duet—in the second act of "Turandot" called "In questa reggia," in which a certain high C is taken by both soprano and tenor, and is often held just for the bravura effect. Mr. Corelli started by holding this note longer than Miss Nilsson, which, with Miss Nilsson, was a tactical mistake. At the next performance, she held the note until Mr. Corelli was out of breath, and then some. Later, according to a story that has become legendary, the two appeared in "Turandot" in Boston on a Metropolitan Opera tour. On this occasion, Mr. Corelli, after having been thoroughly outshouted in "In questa reggia," immediately left the stage (he had no more to sing, but he was supposed to be there), sulked in his dressing room, and declared that he would not come out again. At this point, Rudolf Bing is said to have entered the dressing room with an idea wonderfully calculated to appeal to the tenor's *amour propre*. "In America, a man cannot retreat before a woman," Mr. Bing is reported to have said. "Continue! And in the last act, when the time comes to kiss her, *bite* her instead." Mr. Corelli is said to have followed instructions, and Mr. Bing, according to the story, fled to New York, where Miss Nilsson telephoned him, saying, "I cannot go on to Cleveland. I have rabies." There is still a commonly held notion that every performance of "Turandot" with Nilsson and Corelli contains a vocal duel to the death. If so, it is a friendly duel. Nowadays, Mr. Corelli is very ready with enormous bunches of roses for Miss Nilsson, and she, for her part, has long since admitted that Mr. Corelli is the only tenor who is in her class at playing the game of opera. She admires him, he admires her, and the Nilsson-Corelli combination has gone on to sing "Tosca" and will undoubtedly appear in other operas of the Italian repertoire.



"It isn't just the election. Should we put more money in the market or leave it in savings bonds? Is public or private school better for the children? Shall we take a winter vacation or wait till spring? Shall we have the house painted first or the inside redecorated? We're undecided about everything!"

COMPETITIVENESS and heroism seem to be deeply embedded in Miss Nilsson's character. According to an impresario who has dealt with her frequently, she competes against illness by singing better when she doesn't feel well than when she does. Her first Aïda of the 1963-64 Metropolitan season—a huge success—was done following a sleepless night during which she was in acute pain from some internal trouble. She competes against the past by trying to outdo her famous predecessors—and often succeeds. Her ambition in this respect seems to exceed that of most prima donnas, and, even taking into consideration her love of prestige and adding a mystical ingredient of Viking blood, one doesn't arrive at a convincing explanation of it. But if one remembers that Miss Nilsson is an entirely self-made diva and a former farm girl who escaped from farm life and would rather die than go back to it, one has perhaps an inkling of what has driven her to her strenuous achievements. Her father, Nils Svensson, is a crusty old farmer who is still at work, and prospering, in the rich countryside about sixty miles north of Malmö, in southern Sweden. Nils Svensson at least pretends that he has absolutely no interest in whether his daughter is a great diva or not. He is completely un-



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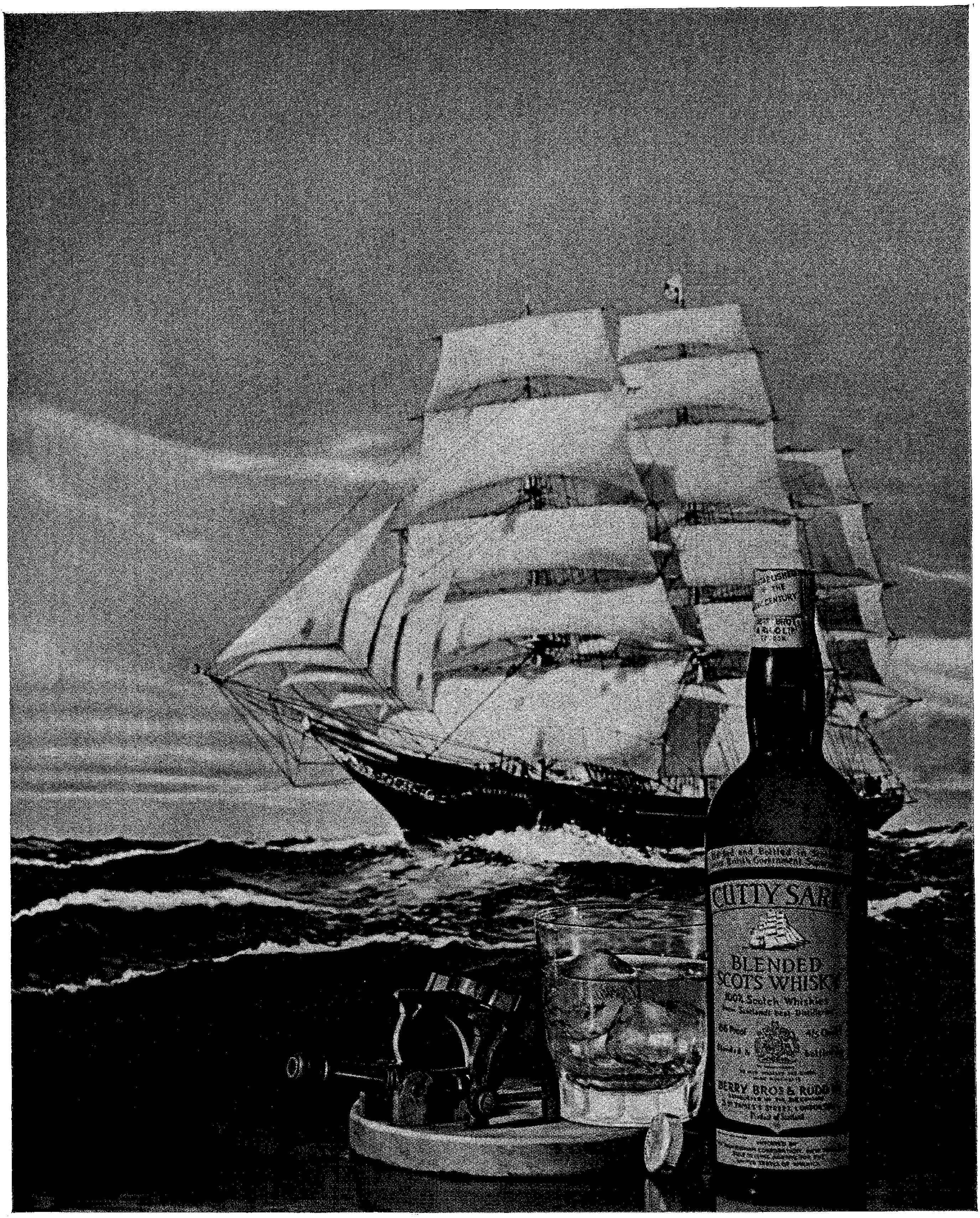
musical, and he hates to travel. He has heard his daughter sing only a few times, and then only in Stockholm or over radio or television. As Miss Nilsson herself explains it, “He is stubborn, like me—*more* stubborn than I am. He is seventy-seven. He has never been sick in his life. He has a sense of humor—he is a comedian—but he thinks farming is more important than singing.” Nils Svensson is not a man to be unduly impressed by city folk and their outlandish preoccupations. When he is asked, as frequently happens, how it feels to be the father of the world’s most famous prima donna, his usual reply is “Fine, fine. Why *shouldn’t* she be a famous prima donna? Look at all the money that was spent on her training.” (As a matter of fact, Miss Nilsson has been too proud to accept a cent from her father, since she knows that he disapproves of her career.) At one of her Stockholm performances, while she was taking a bow to enthusiastic applause, her father made quite a show of shushing those around him, saying, “Why do you applaud? It’s only my daughter.” One of his favorite habits at her performances at the Royal Opera is to walk up and down in the lobby during the intermission, buttonholing strangers and saying, “What do you really think? I think she was too loud, don’t you?” Most disagree with him, but finally, by a process of elimination, he comes across somebody who falls in with his opinion. He is then beside himself with satisfaction, and after the performance he greets his daughter with the triumphant statement “Everybody thought you were too loud.”

This sort of teasing has been going on ever since Miss Nilsson’s childhood. She was born in Västra Karup not, as some people believe, in a log cabin but in the Svensson home, a fairly imposing farmhouse. Märta Birgit Nilsson, as she was named (Swedes sometimes take their father’s first name as their last), turned out to be an only child, and her father, reasoning that if she could not be a male and take over the farm, which had been in the family for many generations, she could at least be a farmer’s wife, sent her to agricultural school, where she learned to milk cows and cook. But, as often happens in the households of dominating men, there was a quiet but determined resistance on the scene, in this case Birgit’s mother, née Justina Pålsson. Mrs. Svensson didn’t particularly like being a farm woman; she had always wanted to be a singer, and she did a great deal of singing at parties among friends. (She died recently, and Miss Nilsson re-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members that she could sing high Cs at the age of sixty.) By the time Birgit was three years old, her mother had got her a toy piano, on which Birgit very quickly managed to pick out the notes of all the melodies she had heard. Later, her father himself bought an old-fashioned pedal-pump organ, on which she learned to perform while her mother worked the pedals that she could not reach. Even during her cooking and cow-milking period, Birgit was singing in the choir of the local church. At fifteen, she timidly entered a competition for vocal instruction at the nearby resort town of Båstad—"a nice place, where even our King goes in summer" is how she recently described it. The man who was holding these auditions was Ragnar Blennow, a church organist and choirmaster (the Swedish title for this is "cantor") who worked in the neighborhood. Blennow accepted her as a pupil, and at her very first lesson he said, "You are going to be a great singer." "He never said it again, though," Miss Nilsson recalled the other day, and for many years she remained pessimistic about her vocal powers. The height of her ambition at the time was to be a church singer. But Cantor Blennow turned out to be that great rarity, a fine vocal teacher. He taught Miss Nilsson for several years, and was, in fact, the first and the last vocal teacher she had. (He is, incidentally, still teaching, and Miss Nilsson always sends him flowers at Christmas.) Meanwhile, Miss Nilsson's mother, who had saved the equivalent of five hundred dollars from an inheritance, was making plans to send her to the Royal School of Music in Stockholm in spite of her father's disapproval. At the appropriate time, Birgit was bundled off with the five hundred dollars and a high recommendation from Cantor Blennow. Her father refused to contribute a cent, and viewed the whole business with disgust. Not only had he had the bad fortune to be deprived of a son who could take over the farm but now his daughter, who had been trained to farm and might have married a man capable of pursuing the family tradition, was being taken away from him. Miss Nilsson was happy to get away, but people who know the family maintain that she has been trying to convince her father ever since that being a world-famous diva makes up, at least in part, for having failed to be first a son and then a farmer's wife. Whatever the truth of this view, Miss Nilsson has remained close to her father, visiting him as often as her busy schedule permits. She has

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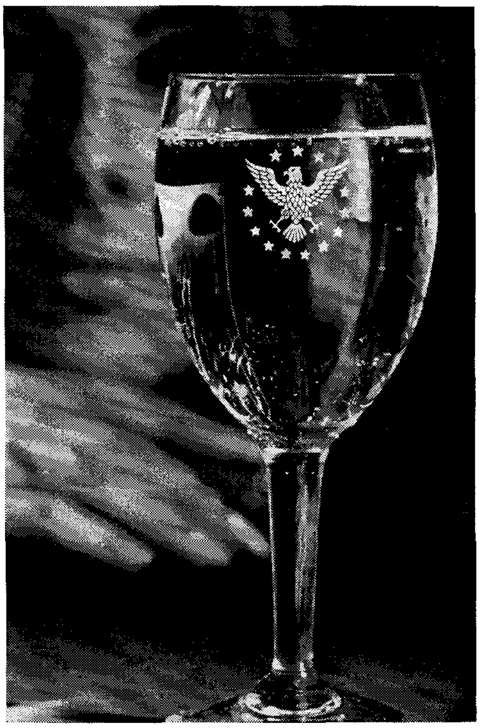

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made many improvements in the old farmhouse, which, to judge from photographs that she carries around with her, now resembles a well-kept home on a country estate. It was never, of course, a particularly humble place. Västra Karup is in the province of Skåne, which is the Wisconsin of Sweden, having—as Miss Nilsson remarked recently, with all the authority of a born agriculturist—"very good ground." Skåne produces a large part of the cheeses, butter, and other dairy products that Sweden consumes, and Miss Nilsson maintains that its inhabitants, who were under Danish rule as late as three hundred years ago and who speak a dialect that has Danish expressions in it, are different from other Swedes. "We are not dull," she says. "We have more sense of humor than most Swedes." In addition to the Italian, German, and English that her operatic career has required her to learn, Miss Nilsson speaks both true Swedish and the native Skåne dialect, which she uses when talking with her father, and also with her husband, who comes from the same region.

Miss Nilsson approached the Royal School of Music with some trepidation, and sang Elisabeth's Prayer, from "Tannhäuser," at her entrance examination. It was one of two or three operatic arias she had learned. She was accepted, and a year later she was awarded the Christine Nilsson Scholarship, which provided for her tuition. For living expenses, once her mother's five hundred dollars had run out, she worked as a church singer at funerals and as a chorus singer with various oratorio groups. The Royal School in Stockholm is one of the finest musical conservatories of its sort in the world, and Sweden has produced great singers in a number altogether disproportionate to its population, including such figures of international operatic history as Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson, Nanny Larsén-Todsen, Karin Branzell, Göta Ljungberg, Set Svanholm, and Jussi Björling, as well as many less celebrated but very able artists. It confers a degree, and any singer who attains it graduates almost automatically into the Royal Opera. In nearly all cases, being a good student at this institution results in a distinguished career. But Miss Nilsson was, as she recently expressed it, "too independable" to be a submissive student. In the first place, she thought that a vocal teacher there was about to ruin her voice, and, in the second, the piano teacher infuriated her. In view of her special talents, she was permitted to drop out of her vocal classes

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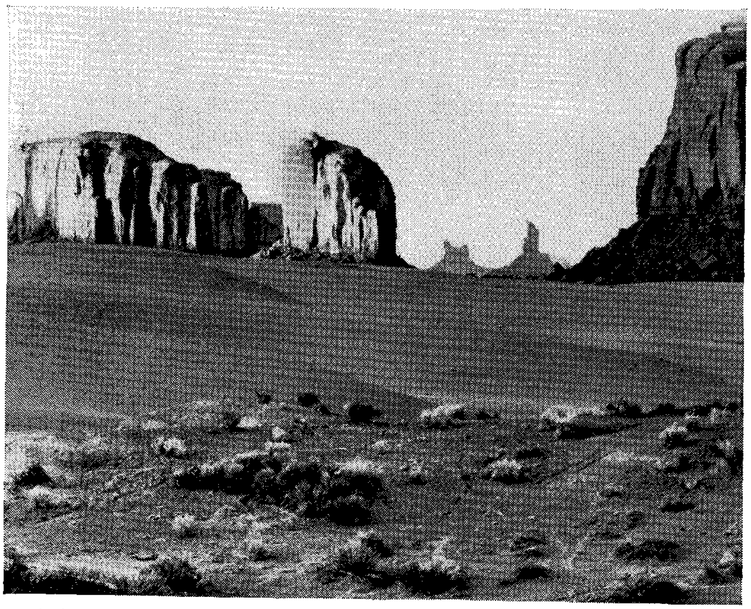

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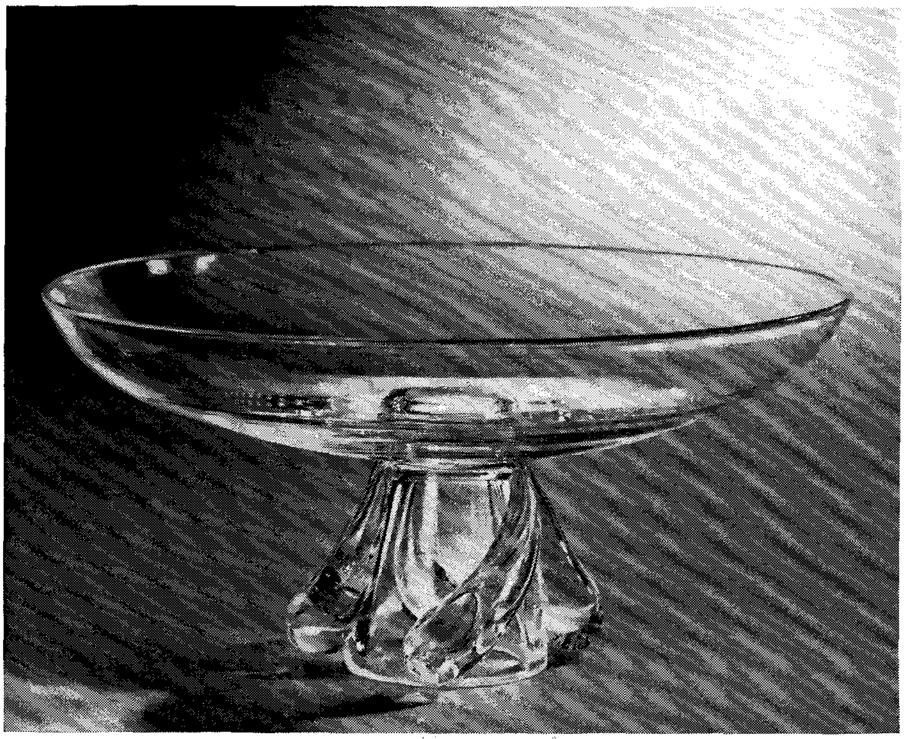

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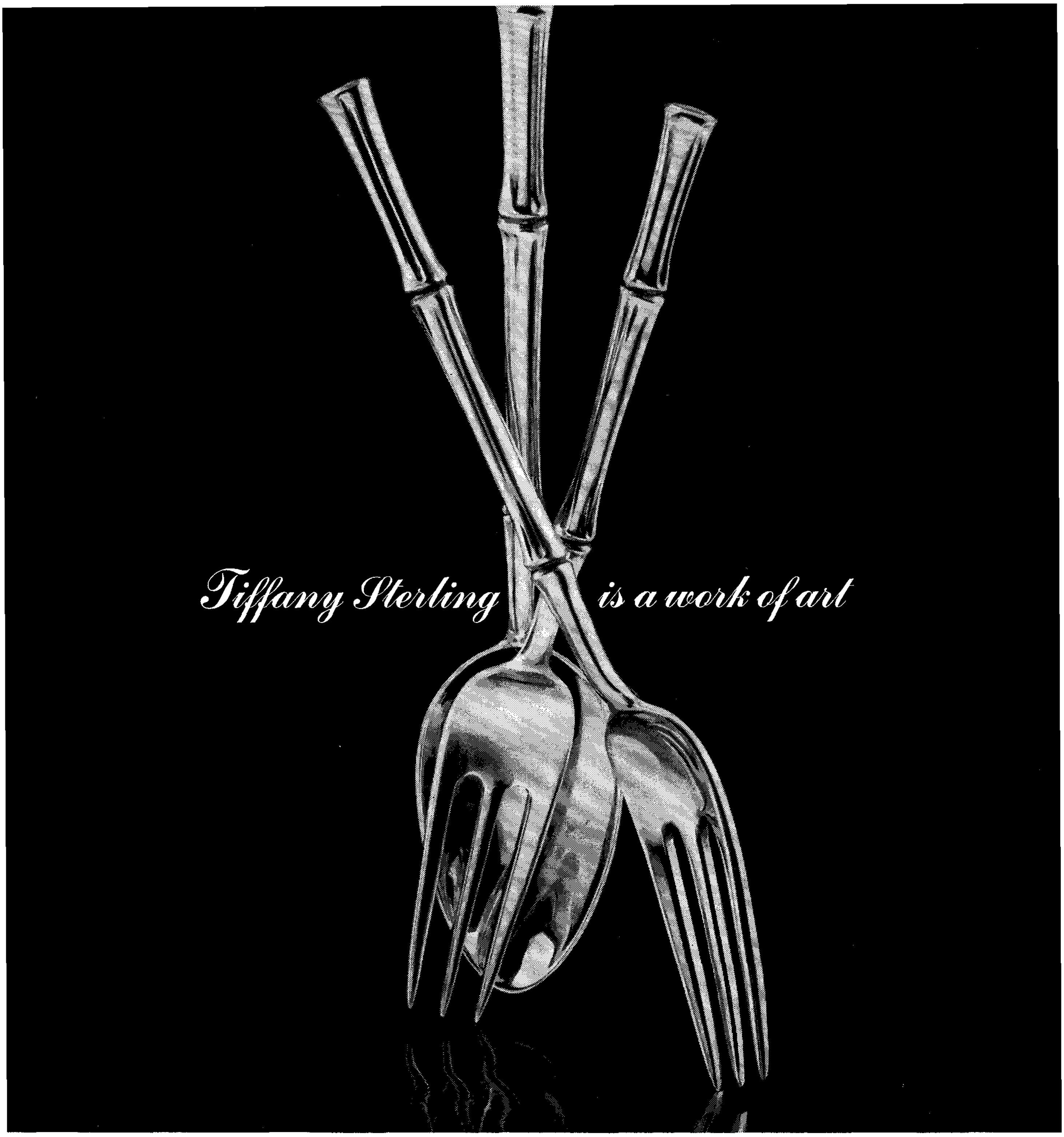
and continue to train herself by the methods that Cantor Blennow had taught her. She had to go on with the piano classes, however, and also master the better part of a curriculum that included solfeggio, harmony, languages (Italian and German), and diction. Much of her present keen musicianship and ability to teach herself new roles is the result of this thorough early training. Vocally, however, she remained self-taught from that time on. And to this day Miss Nilsson has a distrust of the whole voice-teaching profession. Somebody once remarked to her that one day she herself would make a great teacher. She was horrified at the thought. "I do not have the patience," she said. "Anyway, as a teacher I would only have two or three things to say. And there is the terrible responsibility. Most vocal teachers have to make a living. I don't blame them. But they encourage young people who have no talent, and bring in them great hopes. This is very bad. If they tell you you have no future, they are doing you a favor, but they don't do it."

Miss Nilsson's operatic début took place in Stockholm in 1946, when another singer fell ill, leaving a sudden vacancy in the role of Agathe in "Der Freischütz." This early German romantic opera, which is seldom heard in America, calls for some arias and some spoken dialogue and recitatives from its heroine. Miss Nilsson knew the arias but not what went on between them, and though she boned up rapidly on the intervening material, she was far from thoroughly prepared when the time came. On the way to the Royal Opera for the performance, she became so frightened and depressed that while she was crossing a bridge she contemplated jumping into the water. "I was *really* scared," she recalled recently. Sure enough, she made a couple of mistakes during the performance, and the conductor, Leo Blech—one of those violent German disciplinarians—had her temporarily banned from the opera stage. "I thought I was finished," Miss Nilsson said. The next year, a more benign German conductor, Fritz Busch, came to Stockholm and engaged her for the role of Lady Macbeth in Verdi's opera. The end of the sleepwalking scene in this opera involves Lady Macbeth in a big dramatic aria that finishes on a high D flat as she walks offstage. Busch, perhaps following the tradition of some of Germany's lesser opera houses, proposed that Miss Nilsson leave the D flat to another singer, behind the scenes. (As Miss Nilsson has pointed out, the whole ar-



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rangement was ridiculous. It is harder to sing that D flat from a standing start than it is to sing the whole aria and the D flat, too.) At rehearsals, the other singer cracked the note several times, and finally Miss Nilsson went to the conductor and said, "Mr. Busch, I will be blamed if that note is cracked anyhow. Why not let me crack my own D flat?" Mr. Busch agreed, and Miss Nilsson sang a number of performances complete with the D flat and never cracked it once. These performances were really her start as a diva. She was soon considered the most promising young luminary of the Royal Opera and sang a large variety of roles in German and Italian opera.

Her first important appearance outside Sweden was at the Glyndebourne Festival in England, where, in 1951, she sang Electra in Mozart's "Idomeneo." Shortly afterward, however, she had a bout of pleurisy that kept her off the stage for a year. Such attacks are not unknown among singers, and fortunately Miss Nilsson returned to opera refreshed rather than damaged, though for many months she had to limit the number of her appearances. By 1954, she had made débuts in Vienna and in Bayreuth, where she sang Elsa in "Lohengrin," returning later on to sing the more demanding roles of Brünnhilde and Isolde. It was also in 1954 that she received the Swedish title of *Hovsångerska*, or Singer to the Royal Court. In 1956, the enterprising impresario of the San Francisco Opera, Kurt Herbert Adler, engaged her for her American operatic début. (She had sung in this country previously only at a concert in the Hollywood Bowl.) Mr. Bing, of the Metropolitan, had so far turned her down. She had sung an audition for him in Berlin and failed, and later he heard her do Salome in Munich, and again decided against hiring her. Naturally, she was disappointed. It was not until 1958, when he heard her as Isolde at the Vienna Opera (an institution that Mr. Bing appears to consider the indispensable training school for Metropolitan singers), that he offered her a contract. Her Metropolitan début the following year was greeted with front-page reviews in the daily press, and was widely regarded as the most important event of its sort since the début of Kirsten Flagstad, in 1935. Asked recently about her reaction to Mr. Bing's rather dilatory approach, she said, "I was not mad. I develop slowly. I was glad to come to the Metropolitan when my voice was better. But," she added, characteristi-

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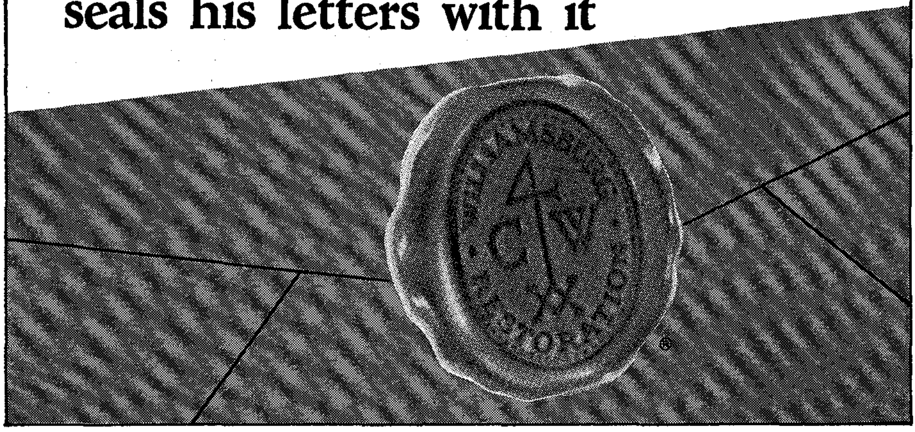

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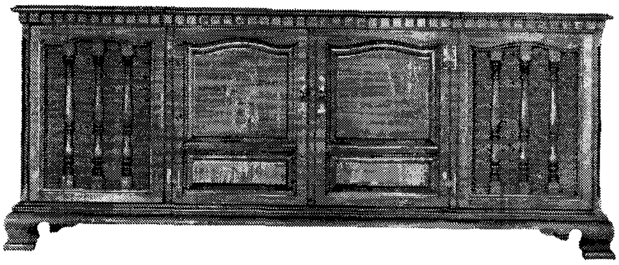

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cally, "if Mr. Bing had hired me then, I might not have been so expensive."

Miss Nilsson, being a great self-improver, can be counted on to sing each role better every season. She restudies constantly, and people who have worked with her say that, given a couple of months between performances of a particular role, she will always return to it with improvements, both vocal and dramatic. Her voice has grown in warmth over the past five years or so, and she explains this phenomenon by noting that when she was younger she had to push her voice in order to make it adequate to the big Wagnerian roles. "When you push," she says, "the voice becomes white." But Miss Nilsson, for all her experience and fame, is still not without her attacks of nerves. Before her first double appearance as Elisabeth and Venus in "Tannhäuser," she spent a completely sleepless night, and her description of it will be familiar to many insomniacs: "First I couldn't sleep. Then I got worried that I wouldn't get any sleep. Then I got mad at myself for not sleeping. So I *didn't* get any sleep. Sometimes I am so stupid I hate myself." She has also had some experiences on the stage that would unhinge the average actor. She described one of these in a letter to her New York friend. Dated London, April 14, 1962, it began, "Friday 13th, yesterday, was the premiere of 'Tristan & Isolde,' and it was really the 13th. Between the general rehearsal and the premiere, they spreaded my costume in a green color. It was a nice color indeed. I jumped in my costume in the last minute and found that the nice new color made me green *all* over. The overture began and I went on the stage in *tears!* My hands were after 5 minutes so dark green that I could not see the difference between them and my clothes. Brangäne became green, Tristan almost all-over green, and I was at the end of the act green as a tree from tip to bottom. Ah boy! I have still no idea what I did on the stage. . . . The second act was better, because I changed dress, but then I got the green color back from Tristan in the long love duet, because there had been no costume change for him. *That was Friday 13th!* P.S. The man who spreaded my costume cried also. He had used water color instead of—I do not know what. But it was quite a mistake."

Another letter, also from London, and dated September 2, 1963, is eloquent about the trials of a working soprano: "I am enclosing a picture from

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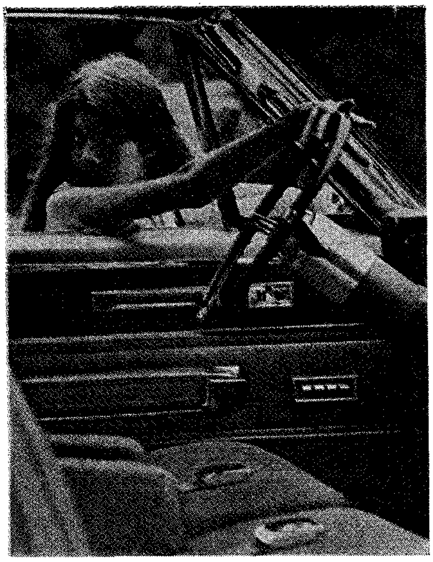

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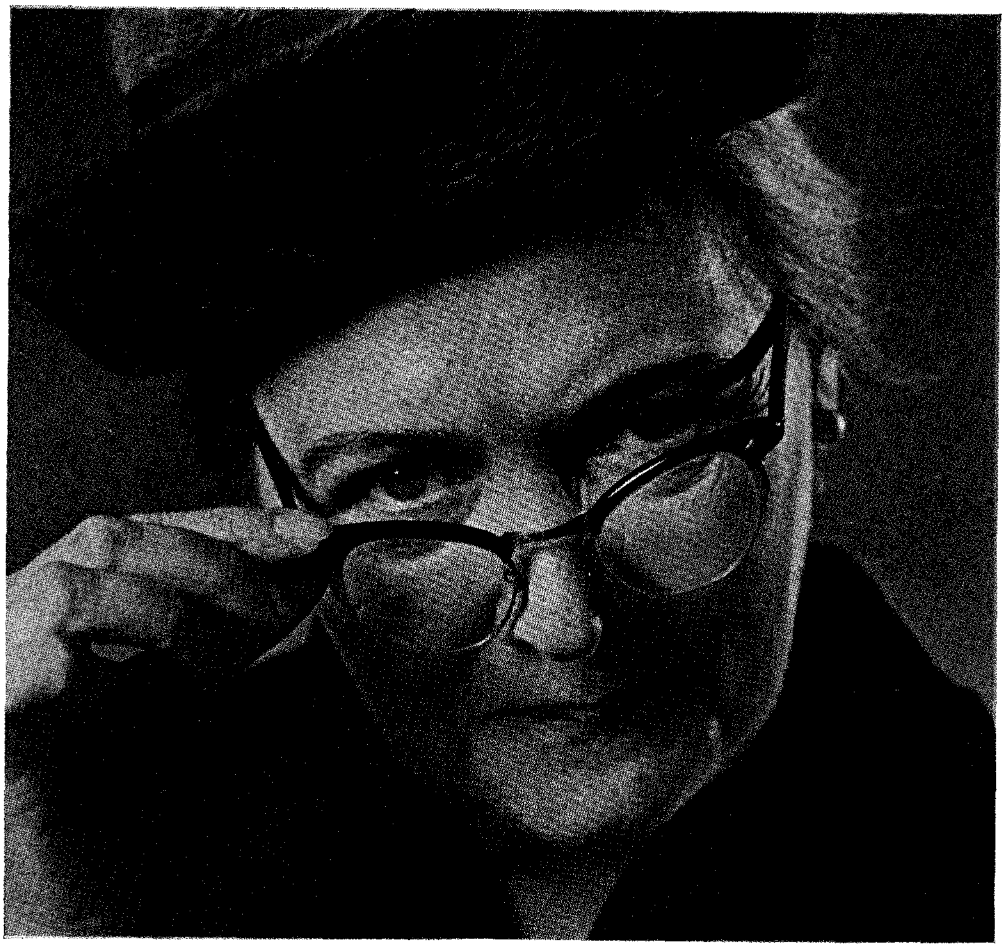

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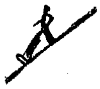
the painting that is finally ready. [The King of Sweden had commissioned a portrait of her.] I stood in pose 33 hours, sometimes 6 hours a day. I would prefer to sing 2 Isoldes in one day than to pose for 6 hours. Ah boy! I sang at a concert in the museum the same night the painting was shown for the first time. It is, as I said before, going to hang at Gripsholm Castle, where many prominent Swedish persons are hanging—kings etc., but only 2 female singers before me: Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson. . . . On my 100th Isolde, in Bayreuth, I got 100 roses, and from Wolfgang and Wieland Wagner a portrait of old Richard. I am writing this letter backstage at Covent Garden, while waiting for my entrance in the first act of 'Götterdämmerung.' It is orchestra rehearsal, and it takes such a long time. If I come to New York still alive and with both legs in good shape, I'll be more than happy. The stage here is like this so I wish I had fly-feets. There is a very small place where we can be secure. All over the stage are empty spaces. If you put down your foot there, you'll never see it anymore. . . . Then we have a spotlight in our eyes, so we cannot see where we are walking, *only feel.* I wonder what the next genius designer will make. Maybe I'll have to hang on one foot 20 meters over the stage while I am singing the Nil aria from 'Aïda.' "



Miss Nilsson has once or twice been in a position to correct what she conceived to be bad stage design—at least where her own costume and makeup were concerned. For the Metropolitan's production of "Turandot"—one of the splashiest and most elaborate spectacles ever presented in the old opera house—Cecil Beaton, the designer, had specified special, very thick makeup in order to give everybody a Chinese-doll look. To begin with, Miss Nilsson never liked Mr. Beaton's scenery for this opera, and when it came to the thick makeup, she would have none of it after the initial performance. She made herself up as she thought she should look, appeared that way, and has never seen any reason to change her mind since.

Generally, Miss Nilsson's backstage relations are very good. Her colleagues like her, and she often invites them to dinner at her apartment in the Hotel Alden, where she puts on a huge white apron and cooks for them. She has been a good cook ever since her days in agricultural school, and she insists on doing everything for her guests, refus-

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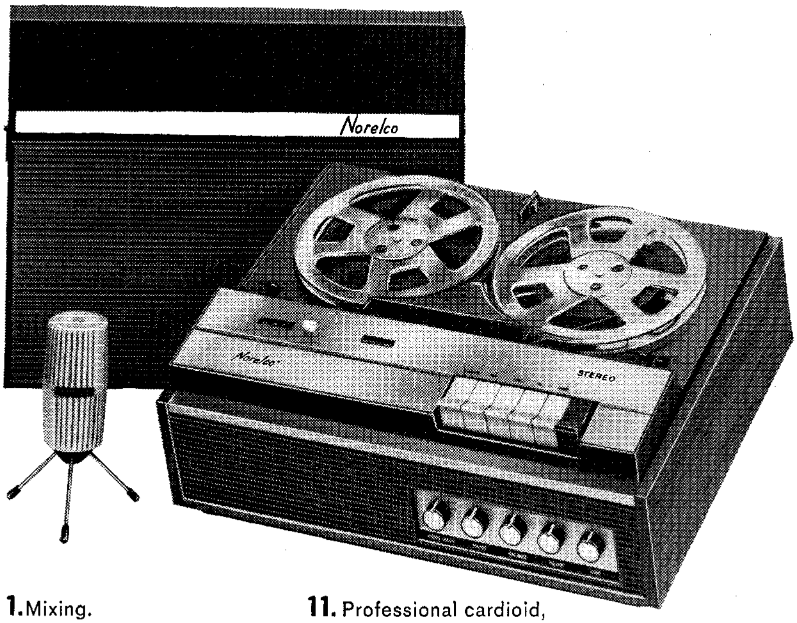

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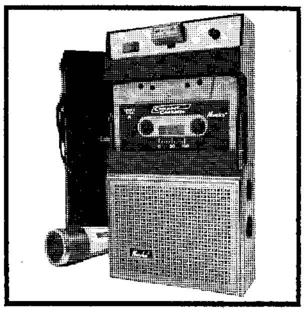

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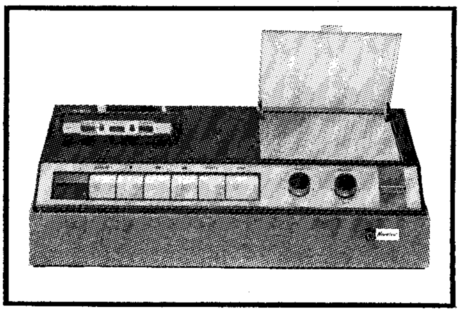

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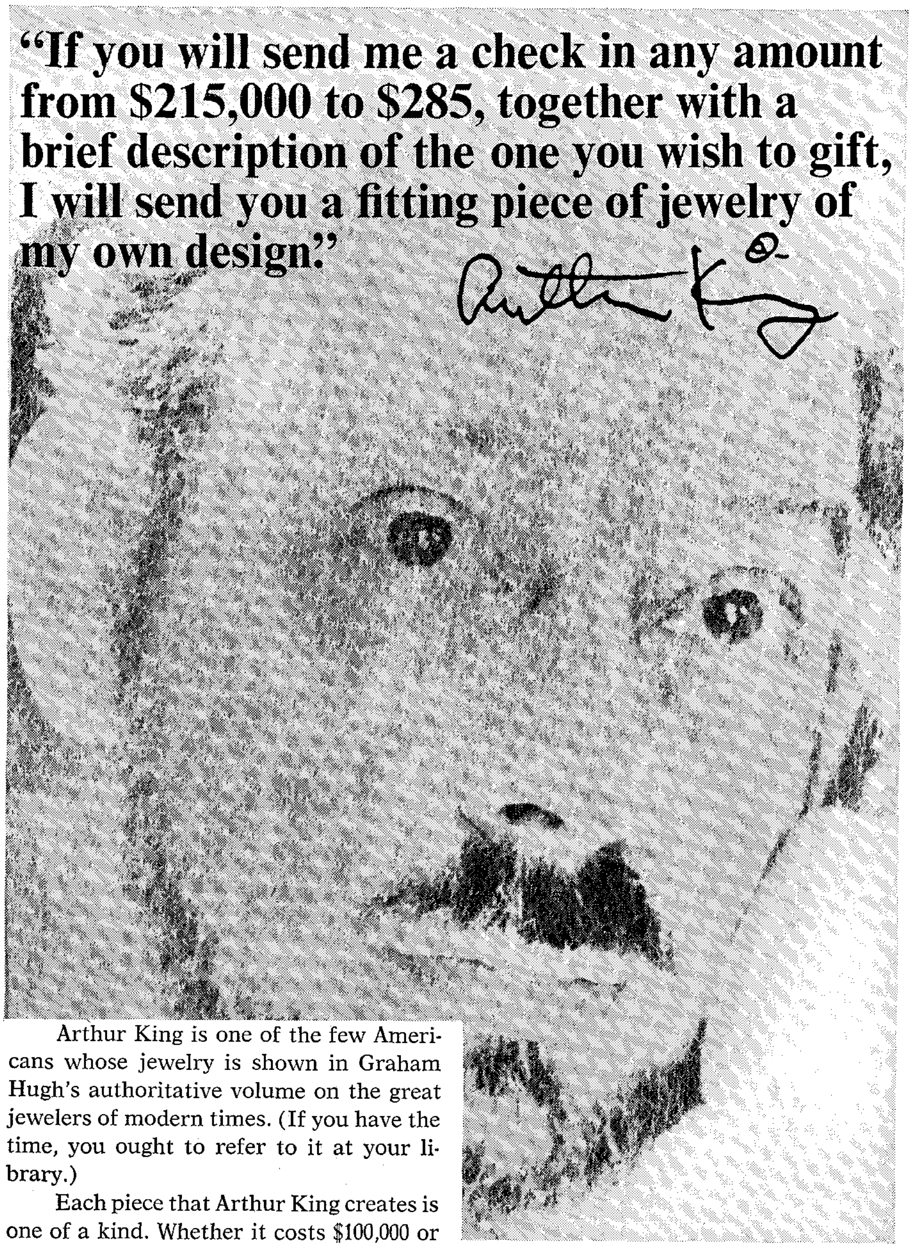

Arthur King is one of the few Americans whose jewelry is shown in Graham Hugh's authoritative volume on the great jewelers of modern times. (If you have the time, you ought to refer to it at your library.)

Each piece that Arthur King creates is one of a kind. Whether it costs $100,000 or $500, it is important to him as an artist. He signs his name to every piece. If he doesn't feel that a piece is right, he smashes it.

"Very few jewels can be considered works of art," says Arthur King. "Look at the British Crown Jewels. They are all just glitter. The motivating force seems to be the status of the stone. How expensive it is."

To Arthur King, the stone is only half the jewel. The conventional jeweler will put the same setting on a $15,000 diamond as on a $1500 one. The very same. If you took a hundred of these settings and piled them in a heap, the jeweler probably could not pick his out.

"I start with the stone," says Arthur King. "The stone tells me what to do." A handful of gold does not make a piece of jewelry. It is the concept. As the artist, Arthur King gives life to the gold. He creates a design inspired by the stone and born for it alone. It is not only a piece of jewelry, it is a work of art.

"We are literally forced to wear the same clothes," says Arthur King. "Forced to drive the same auto. To wear the same dress. Why shouldn't the most expensive thing we wear have imagination? Why wear a $50,000 necklace that you can buy an imitation of for $50?"

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Every piece of jewelry that Arthur King designs, he designs for himself.

One day, a woman came into his shop and said, "Mr. King, you make such beautiful things, I would like you to make me a butterfly." Mr. King did not care to make butterflies. "But I am the one who will wear it," said the lady. "If you had a book of Robert Frost's poems in your home," said Mr. King, "would you say the poems are yours or Mr. Frost's? Even though you wear the jewelry, it will still have my name on it. And I will not do anything that represents me falsely."

New York and London are the great clearing houses for precious gems. Knowing Arthur King's eye for the unusual, cutters are likely to show him the most extraordinary stones first. The other day, they brought a cinnamon colored 41-carat pear-shaped diamond to his attention. Very exotic.

Arthur King probably has the world's largest collection of American fresh water pearls. They haven't fished for them since the early 1900's. "Pearls as pure as thy own fair neck," said Whittier. These are the pearls that have ornamented French and Russian crown jewels.

Arthur King has a great sensitivity to pearls. "To me," he says, "pearls have tone. They have warmth. They can be worn with everything. To me, a pearl represents romance. A great pearl will have the same beauty a thousand years from now."

He recently bought a collection of golden Burmese pearls. How do they differ? They are huge in size. Marvelous color. Very golden and very mysterious.

Arthur King is a genius with rings. "What is a ring?" he says. "Is it a lump of gold with a hole in it and a stone on top? It is not a piece of sculpture. It has to be worn. It cannot be too fragile. It cannot have tendrils and tentacles that will rip your clothes. It has to feel wonderful on the finger, and above all, be a symbol of magic, almost primitive magic."

Does intuition play a part in the art of a jeweler? Not in diamonds. They must be cut according to an involved optical formula. There is no intuition in optics. "In Asia," says Arthur King, "they are very bad cutters. They cut for weight. They don't care what it looks like, as long as it is heavy. They cut for carats but don't get the brilliance."

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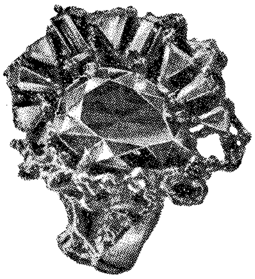
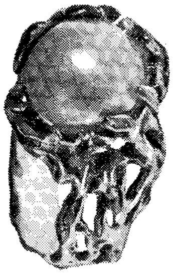
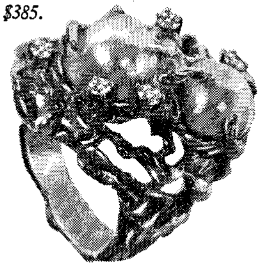


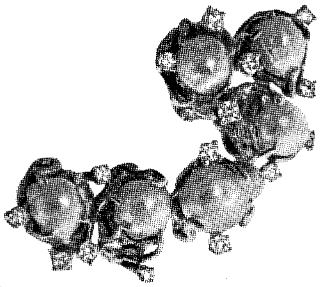
Ring, 18kt white gold, 9.80 carats copper colored diamond, green and white baguettes, $17,000.



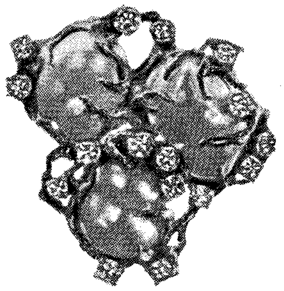
Ring, 18kt yellow gold, baroque south sea pearl $385.



Ring, 18kt yellow gold, 2 baroque pearls, diamonds, $485, without diamonds, $285.



Brooch, 18kt yellow gold, baroque pearls, diamonds, $950.



Brooch, 18kt yellow gold, 3 south sea pearls, diamonds, $1,895.

Arthur King

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ing even to let them help her with the dishes. There are two sopranos, however—and only two—with whom her relations are somewhat ruffled. One is Joan Sutherland, who, of course, can claim to be a rival for the title of "world's greatest soprano," though she is a totally different kind of singer and doesn't appear in the roles that Miss Nilsson plays. The other is Renata Tebaldi—and the ruffled feelings in this case are apparently due to a misunderstanding. Once, when Miss Tebaldi was singing in "Tosca," Miss Nilsson stood in the wings admiringly, thinking that she was, so to speak, cheering the other great soprano on. But Miss Tebaldi, seeing her there, came to the conclusion that Miss Nilsson was gloating over some shortcoming or other. Ever since, Miss Tebaldi has maintained that Miss Nilsson has "*il malocchio*," or the evil eye, and solemnly crosses herself whenever Miss Nilsson is around. Miss Nilsson herself is neither religious nor superstitious. Swedish friends of hers explain that few people in Sweden are really religious, though the Swedes are nominally Lutherans. They blame this lack of religion on the religious instruction in Swedish schools. "We start with the Old Testament and we go very slowly and methodically," one of them recently remarked. "By the time we reach the New Testament, it is too late." But Miss Nilsson has a casual interest in astrology, mainly derived from her discovery that she is Taurus and has a lot of the characteristics that go with that sign. "Many great singers have been Taurus," she said the other day. "We have our feet planted on the ground. We have thick necks and loud voices, and we are clever about money. I don't take it all very seriously, but sometimes I think there is something to it."

Miss Nilsson may be clever about money, but the people around her have often wondered what she does with the large amounts of it that she makes. Even she admits that spending money is a problem for one who leads such a restless existence. She is an avid shopper in whatever city she happens to be in, but her purchases are usually limited to portable objects, such as jewelry and clothes. She has, however, a consuming passion for Persian rugs, which she has wrapped up and sent to Paris, where she has a large collection of them. Some people maintain that she sings in Vienna mainly because that city has one of the most famous auction houses in the world—the Dorotheum. Miss Nilsson admits that she never goes to Vienna without visiting the place, and that she

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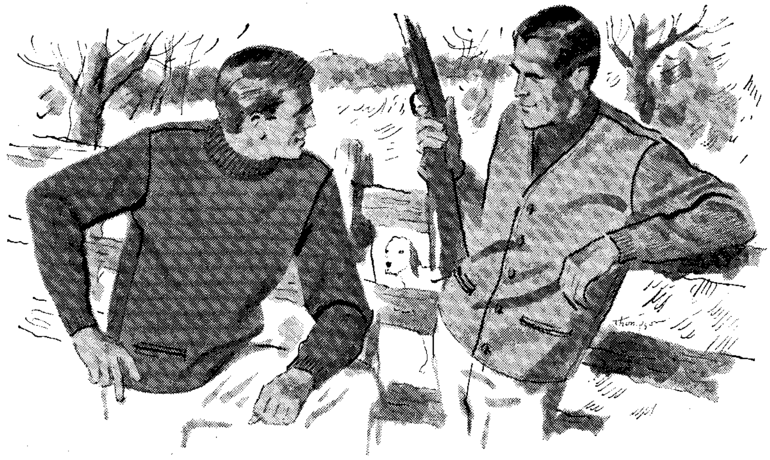
was once late for a performance of "Salome" at the Vienna Opera because she spent too long at the Dorotheum bidding on a very special Persian rug. She got it, but because she was in a hurry she offered a very high bid to discourage all the competition, and she feels that she paid too much. Such pressures of time and events are all part of the life of a jet-propelled working soprano. As another instance, Miss Nilsson recalls a stay in Buenos Aires during the revolution against the Perón dictatorship. "They were shooting all over," she says. "My husband was with me that trip, and we stayed in the hotel eating ham sandwiches and playing cards. I had all our suitcases packed, but we couldn't get out, because the elevators didn't work and the bellboys were all out in the revolution. I was very scared. After it was over, there were effigies of Perón hanging from all the trees, and the people were shouting, 'Viva Libertad! Viva Wagner! Viva Nilsson!' "

Because of her restless mode of life, Miss Nilsson is a great connoisseur of hotels, and she has ironclad tastes. From Vienna she wrote her New York friend last year, "I cannot stand this hotel anymore. My room has read walls, read carpet, and cristal lamps. I feel like something between the Marschallin and a 'Bordell-frau.' I see read wherever I go. I get headaches from the color." The hotels she favors are always quiet ones. "I can't stand lively hotels," she says. "People are always giving parties and leaving the door open. I have to sleep." Among her favorite hotels are the Hassler in Rome, the Huntington in San Francisco, the Franklin Park in Washington, the Continental in Milan, and the Grand in Paris. When she is by herself, which is a good deal of the time, Miss Nilsson reads, writes letters, or does crossword puzzles in Swedish. She generally sticks to her hotel room in her leisure hours, often cooking her own meals. She is in touch with her husband in Stockholm by telephone nearly every day. On those rare occasions when she is "at home," in Västra Karup, she goes swimming or horseback riding, and she is a great walker wherever she is. She hates cold weather, and sometimes flies to Florida for a weekend while she is working at the Metropolitan. But most of the time, as she said recently, "when I don't sing, I eat or sleep," adding, "I cannot think of anything I would like more than being a singer."

Yet she is not always so sanguine. Her Elektra, which will be unveiled



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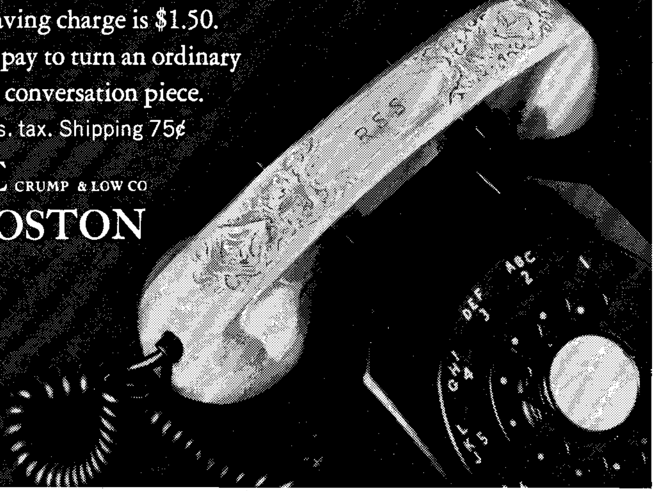

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here this week, is causing her a certain amount of concern. In the first place, she considers it the most difficult role she has ever sung. "If it is uncut, it has about fifteen hundred measures, and you have to sing loud all the time," she says. "I'm not sure it's good for my voice. Isolde has seventeen hundred and fifty measures, but you can relax part of the time. Elektra never relaxes. Isolde is not difficult, if you have comfortable shoes." As is her custom with a new role, she has sung Elektra in Stockholm and then in Vienna before appearing in it in New York. This is a precautionary procedure. She doesn't want to bring anything to the Metropolitan until she is sure it is polished to perfection. As she explained it the other day, "If you make a big success in New York, it goes all over; if you make a big flop, it goes all over, too." Prior to her Stockholm "Elektra," she wrote her New York friend, "*Finalmente* a sign that I am still alive. You have no idea how busy I have been. I have even cutted my hair myself, because I never found time for a hairdresser. When I came home at Easter . . . I only knew one scene from 'Elektra' by heart. Then I was almost working 20 hours a day to keep up with the stage director, because I did not want to show him how little I knew. After 3 days he caught me in the last duet, which I had to sing with the score in my hand. Well, despite of all the work it has been a marvellous time, and I have enjoyed it very much." Then, from Bayreuth: "I have got a lot of pain in my neck and shoulders. Probably from driving cars. It hurts very much. I was at the hospital in Sweden and got an injection in my left shoulder and it helped a great lot. But now I have got it in my right, and with pain in my head. Ah boy! Why do I have such a profession, where nobody cares about my lovely shoulders, only about my voice. . . . Regarding what that man writes about my Elektra in Stockholm, I am glad that he raved so, but what does he think the dance should be like? As soon as some Americans see it is a dance, they think it should be something sexy. Elektra was *no* dancer—not like Salome—and she is at the end of her life. She feels the rhythms and she is lifting her legs in the Greek style. That you can see on all paintings, vases, etc., but she has no force and no knowledges to make a *beautiful* dance. It should be in a more grotesque way. Well I know those people who want everything sexy; they do not even know what that word means, *poveri!* I was once complimented on the sexy draperies in my apartment. Well, I'll try, of

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course, to change it so the Yankees will like it, too, when I come to New York."

Recently, an interviewer asked Miss Nilsson, "If you had six months of complete freedom, with no singing schedule whatever, what would you do?" Miss Nilsson seemed taken aback for a moment. Obviously, the idea had never occurred to her before. She thought over the question earnestly and then replied, "I would like to travel. There are so many things to see." In response to a look of incredulity, she quickly added, "You do not understand. There are many cities in the world where I have seen only the airport, the inside of my hotel room, the inside of a taxi, and the inside of the opera house. Sometime I am going to go sightseeing, like other people."

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND WHERE JUSTICE REIGNS

[*From the London Times*]

When a woman described by the prosecution as a "devoted and loving wife" was charged at Cardiff yesterday with murdering her husband, the defence successfully submitted that there was no case to answer.

Mrs. Florence May Buck, aged 49, of Taff Terrace, Grangetown, Cardiff, was discharged.

The prosecution alleged that when Mrs. Buck was carving meat, her husband, Hedley James Buck, aged 42, a channel pilot, helped himself to vegetables and she objected and stabbed him.

In an alleged statement Mrs. Buck said: "He kept taking the cabbage and I told him to stop it or else I would do him.

"He took the veg again and I told him there would be none left for the daughter-in-law, so I stuck the carving knife in him, but I was only playing."

She had added: "I did not stab my husband intentionally. I worshipped every hair of his head."

The Magistrate said that it would be a waste of time and public money to send the case any further.

•

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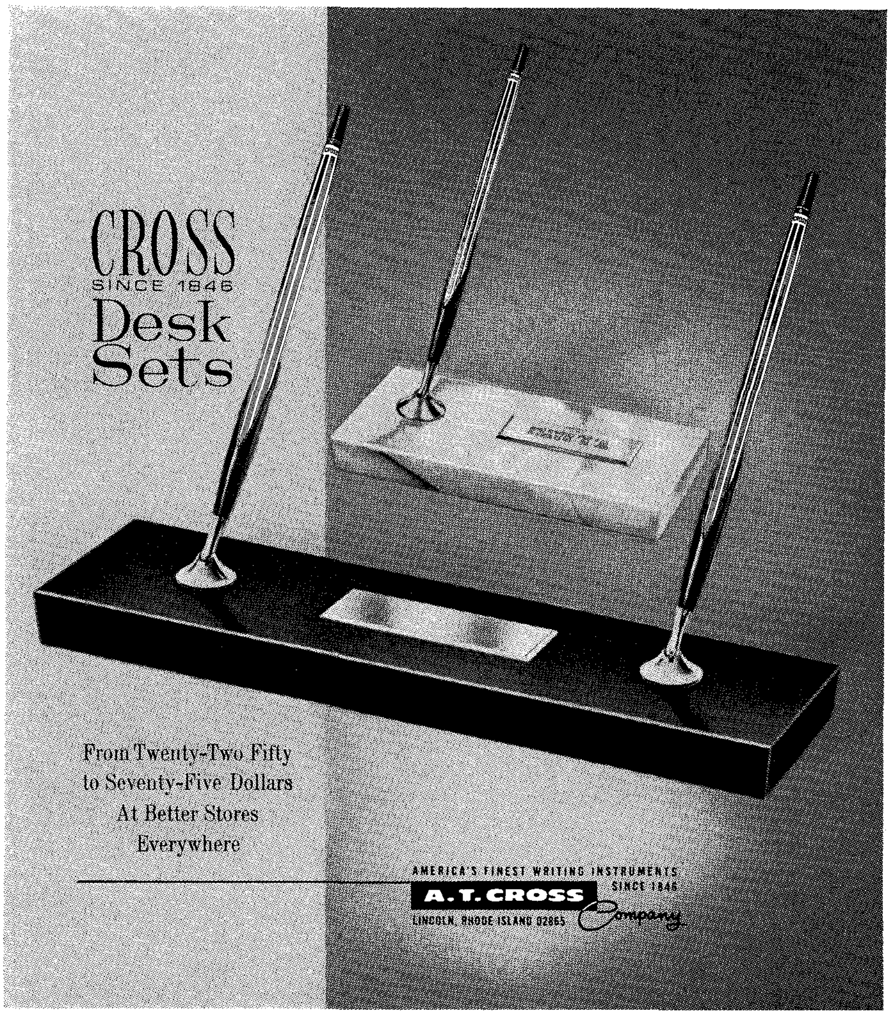

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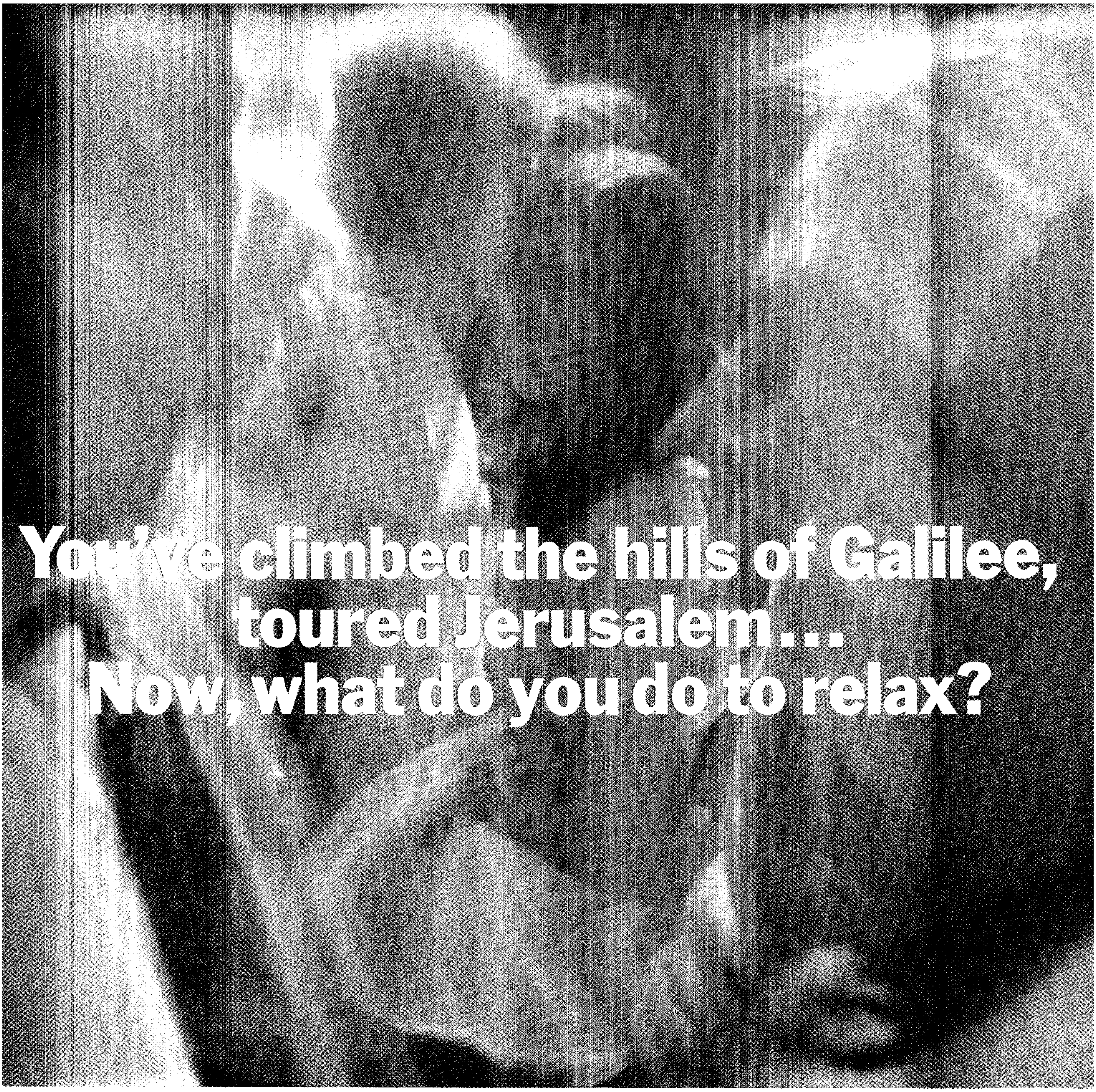
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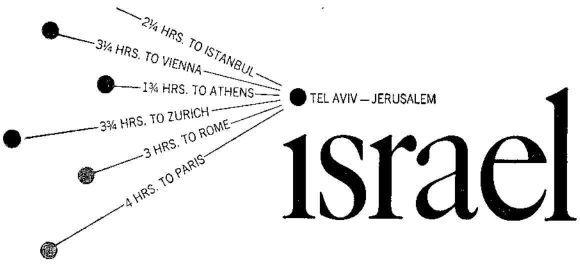
You go scuba diving in the Red Sea where red and black coral formations and Indo-Pacific varieties of fish and fauna will take your breath away.

You hold on to the seat of a jeep riding through the canyons of the desert, or the saddle of a horse racing through the grain-filled valleys of the Galilee.

You can go to the ancient Roman baths in Tiberias and steep in the hot water until you feel the stiffness and the tiredness drained from your body. (There you can relax.)

And you can go to an Israeli home for coffee and brandy and you will find the Israelis charming and engaging and the conversation stimulating and you will return to your hotel a lot later than you intended.

And when you return home from your vacation, you can tell everyone how relaxing it all was.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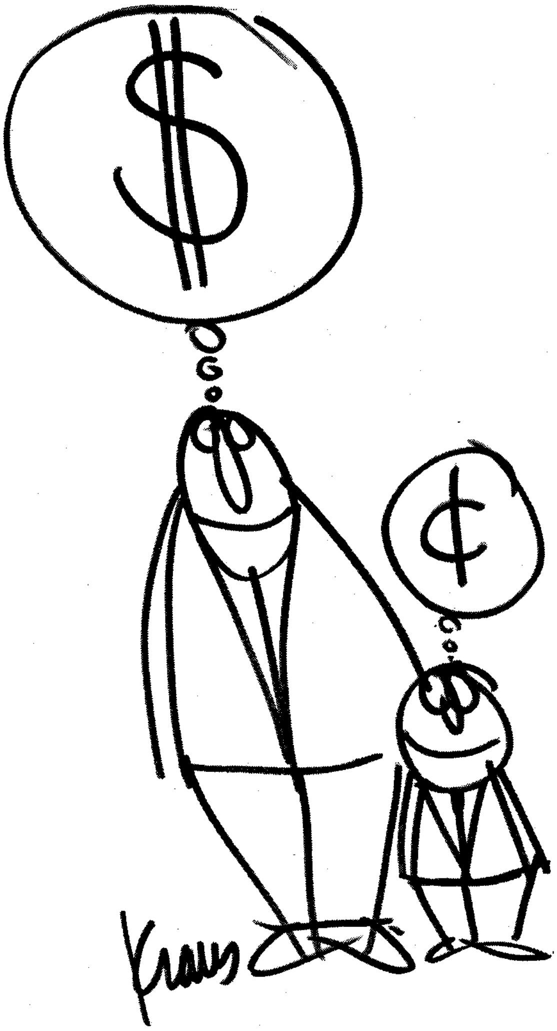
THE THEATRE

THREE IN ONE

THE Mike Nichols touch, which is becoming almost as celebrated in the theatre as the Lubitsch touch used to be in the movies, is quite evident in "The Apple Tree," at the Sam S. Shubert, and it is a good thing that the touch is so very light, since the stuff of this musical is most fragile. The entertainment is composed of three brief and disparate plays deriving from short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. Putting its best foot forward, "The Apple Tree" starts out with "The Diary of Adam and Eve," the Twain portion of the divertissement. In this episode, in an Eden designed with ingenious simplicity by Tony Walton, we come upon Alan Alda and Barbara Harris, who represent the earth's first couple, and Larry Blyden, who represents the earth's most notorious snake. Mr. Alda, as an Adam who goes about in brown slacks and enjoys such uncomplicated activities as bathing under a waterfall, building a rudimentary dwelling, and rapping melons to test their responses, is full of innocent congeniality, and when he invents the world's first joke and anticipates a crack of Oscar Wilde's by several millennia, his delight in his ingenuity is highly infectious. As Eve, on the other hand, Miss Harris, who looks luscious even in a yellow Mother Hubbard, is a girl who likes to call a cow a cow, and not, as Adam does, a four-prong white squirter, and who has a tendency, even in Paradise, to think up improvements on things as they are. With her streak of perversity, she is easily taken in on the apple deal by the sweet-talking serpent, a crisp figure in a dinner jacket as portrayed by Mr. Blyden. After the fall, of course, "The Diary" becomes a bit sombre, but Mr. Alda and Miss Harris manage the variations in mood with dexterity, and at its end the piece generates a lot of poignancy.

The music for "The Apple Tree," by Jerry Bock, and the lyrics, by Sheldon Harnick (the team, with some help from Jerome Coopersmith, is also responsible for the libretto), are apt enough, if not particularly outstanding, but Miss Harris makes them sound remarkable. She is similarly deft in altering her style to suit her widely varying roles in the three plays. Whereas in "The Diary of Adam and Eve" she is an endearing earth mother, she comes on pretty concupiscently in "The Lady or the Tiger?," the Stockton segment of the musical, and frantically in "Passionella," the Feiffer segment, which concludes the doings. "The Lady or the Tiger?" is a takeoff on one of those large, preposterous operettas that used to carry us off to never-never lands where everything and everybody was so colorful that it was hard to get back to a world of brownstones and Rogers Peet. There is obviously no burning necessity to satirize this sort of thing *post hoc*, but in describing the shenanigans that take place in a semi-barbaric kingdom when a princess (Miss Harris) falls in love with a commoner (Mr. Alda), the episode is sporadically funny. A couple of lively songs accompany the action in this one, and there are a couple more in "Passionella." The latter is all about a female chimney sweep who wants to be a movie star and has her wish granted by a fairy godfather. Miss Harris makes a spectacular transformation from sooty sweeper to cinema queen, but when she has finally assumed the manner and incredible contours of a kind of Jayne Mansfield, she finds that the realization of her dreams means nothing because a big man in the rock-'n'-roll and Hell's Angels world (Mr. Alda) accuses her of being out of touch with reality. "Passionella" incorporates a wide-screen display (the work of Richard Williams) of the heroine at work and play, and the damnedest racket and weirdest lighting that I've encountered since "Hellzapoppin."

IT was an odd lot that populated the recently demised "We Have Always Lived in the Castle," at the Ethel Barrymore. For instance, there was a girl (Shirley Knight) as sweet and lovely and gentle as anyone you ever met, and yet only six years earlier she had been accused of sprinkling a lethal dose of arsenic on the blackberries she was serving at a family dinner. This was the end of her mother, her father, her brother, and her aunt. Subsequently, she was acquitted, went off her rocker, and then came around so nicely that at the play's outset she seemed in fairly good shape, all things considered. As her companions in a large old Vermont mansion this young lady had her fifteen-year-old sister, who was peculiarly fascinated with fungi (edible and inedible); her dotty uncle, who scooted about in an electrically propelled wheelchair; and a small colored boy, an adopted child of the family, who was fascinated by the fifteen-year-old's description of the relationship between mushrooms and demonology. In Hugh Wheeler's adaptation of the novel by Shirley Jackson, the characters may have been eerie, but the play seldom put them to any effective use, and the element of suspense so necessary in enterprises of this kind was almost totally lacking. As the new-day Lizzie Borden, Shirley Knight gave a capable performance, but the others in



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the cast, which was directed by Garson Kanin, didn't seem equally well adjusted to their tasks.

—John McCarten

OFF BROADWAY

Yeh!

IT was no surprise to learn, two days after the opening of "Eh?" at the Circle in the Square, that Alan Arkin was its director, under the pseudonym Roger Short. The show, a lovely piece of British nonsense by Henry Livings, is actually a skit—more pointed than just a spoof but not quite satire—expanded to two acts. Since its components are sight gags and silly sound effects, plus droll characters and lines, sequitur and non-, it could have been expanded to ten acts for all of me. As performed in a setting by Rouben Ter-Arutunian and with lights by Jules Fisher, every idea comes to full bloom. "Eh?," to take a shortcut, is like "Modern Times" brought up to modern times, when the workingman is no longer the victim of a mechanical, impersonal system but of an overprotective, even intrusive one. The victim in this case is a puckish fellow named Valentine Brose, who takes a job pushing buttons and reading pressure gauges in the boiler room of a factory in the North of England, and who, by the time Act II rolls around, has moved into the place with his spunky, knockabout little bride and a wooden crate in which he is attempting to grow hallucinogenic mushrooms. Brose is an independent soul but no quirkier than the people he runs into at work. The boss is as benign and omnipresent as a permissive nanny, whether he is upright or, for no discernible reason, standing on his head. There is an overeager personnel worker named Mrs. Murray, who subjects Brose to a spate of social-worker-*cum*-Freudian patter. There is a parson, always in and out of the boiler room, who, in passionate sermon form, sets forth his doubts on the existence of God. There is a touchy, worshipful Indian named Aly, recently demoted to sweeper. The monkeyshines are constant. Lights mysteriously flash on and off. Strange mechanical noises abound. From time to time, a cooing voice comes over a loudspeaker ("Last call from the Sunday-night shift. Welcome to friendly Monday"). The lines are as wild and funny as the business.

Mr. Livings, in collaboration with Mr. Arkin and his company, hits just the right note of foolishness throughout to comment on a situation that itself is

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essentially foolish rather than wicked. A list of the actors is an honor roll. They are Dustin Hoffman (Brose), Alexandra Berlin (Bride), Dana Elcar (Boss), Joseph Maher (Parson), Carl Gabler (Aly), and Elizabeth Wilson (Mrs. Murray). All except Mr. Maher are American, yet they seemed to have no trouble with British speech. The Midlands accent they use, by the way, is becoming more familiar over here than Brooklynese, which is all right with me.

THE innocent fellow who, through some simple weakness like greed, is sucked into a tough, cynical way of life and, by a series of lucky coincidences, somehow springs all the traps is a familiar figure in comedy. He is not the butt of the joke, especially if he is a quick study of ruses and sharp practice; he comes out considerably better off, and almost as pure as he was when he went in. It is the smarties who outsmart themselves, the takers who get taken. "The Butter and Egg Man," which George S. Kaufman wrote in 1925 and which is now on view in revival at the Cherry Lane, is a very funny comedy about the triumph of an innocent. He is a gentle, stagestruck young fellow from Chillicothe named Peter Jones, who would like to parlay an investment of twenty thousand dollars, which is almost his total fortune, into fifty thousand, and the way of life he is sucked into is show business—but show business as it was back in the twenties, making "The Butter and Egg Man" a double treat, nostalgic as well as comic. Many of the jokes are inside ones, but they are never snide or exclusive, and since they are Mr. Kaufman's, it need hardly be said that every non-poisonous arrow hits its mark.

The curtain rises on the tacky office of a pair of shoestring producers named Lehman and McClure ("Lehmac Productions") who are trying to figure out how to raise the eight or ten thousand dollars they need to launch on Broadway a play they already have in rehearsal. (*There's* a nostalgic-inside joke.) Lehman is an expansive fellow in a loud suit. Mac is quiet and stony-faced. Pretty soon, Lehman's wife, Fanny, enters. An ex-juggler from vaudeville, she is a smart, sardonic woman, whose considerable assets are safely salted away. (The role is the kind I always think of as a good Jean Dixon part, although Lucille Webster played it originally. Vicki Cummings plays it here almost to perfection.) Fanny has just come from rehearsal,

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TOLEDO, COMMODORE PERRY—NOV. 4, 5
DETROIT, SHERATON CADILLAC—NOV. 7, 8, 9
CINCINNATI, NETHERLAND HILTON—NOV. 10, 11
CHICAGO, FRANK BROTHERS—NOV. 12, 14, 15

where she has insulted the leading lady, and she makes clear to her husband what she thinks of the entire project. The comedy takes off from her entrance. Mac shepherds in our young hero, and Lehman, sitting on the edge of his desk, outlines the plot of the frightful script quicker than the ear can catch, and cons the poor fellow into an investment. There is a post-mortem session in a hotel room in Syracuse after the tryout opening, in which Fanny is at her best:

FANNY: Are you going to put anything in that five-minute spot where Marvin couldn't think of the next line?

PETER: Oh yes. I noticed that.

FANNY: Because if she's going to wait like that every night I figure it'd be a great spot for a specialty. I could come on with the clubs . . .

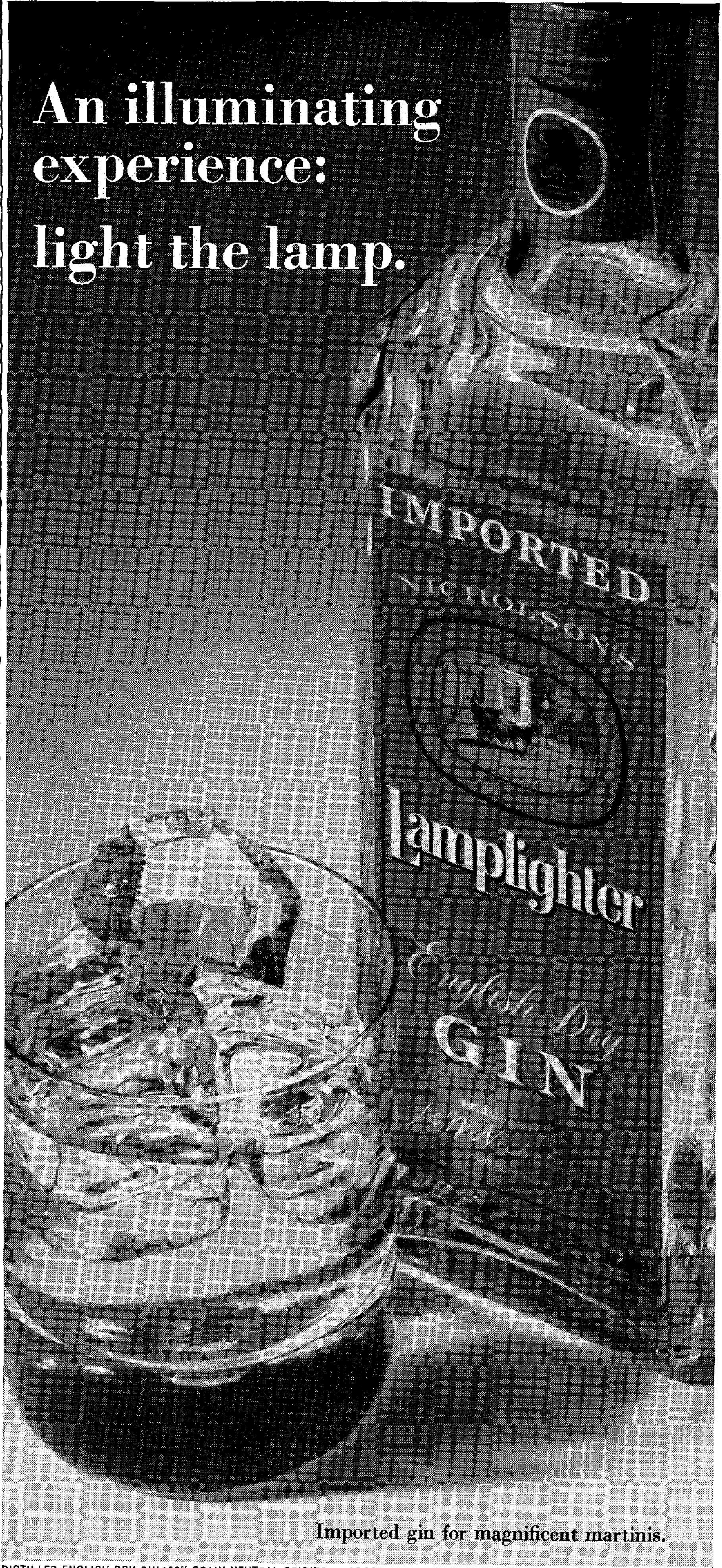
Up until the last few minutes of the second act, the comedy has built and built, but from that point on, when Peter is seen dealing out some of the tricks he has learned from his shyster confederates, things should have been much funnier than they were. Young David Christmas, who is making his New York début as Peter, is just right for the part, but when the time comes for the worm to turn, he doesn't quite take hold, or perhaps the script doesn't. Tyne Daly, another débutante, did very well and looked very well as the Lehmac partners' spunky, pretty secretary, whom Peter falls in love with. Philip Burns and Tom Aldredge are funny, in an appropriately broad kind of way, as Lehman and McClure. The producers had the good sense to engage as director Burt Shevelove, an old and capable hand at comedy (he is co-author of "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" and of the screenplay for "The Wrong Box"), who had the sense to realize that when you revive an old play, you don't break faith with the playwright (dead or alive) by kidding it or distorting it in any way to demonstrate anything whatever. —EDITH OLIVER

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Santa Barbara* (*Calif.*) *News-Press*]

> SUSPICIOUS CLOUD—A patrol car was set to investigate after a Hope Ranch woman seeing a swirling and very suspicious-looking cloud near her home. The investigating officer found no suspicious-looking cloud.



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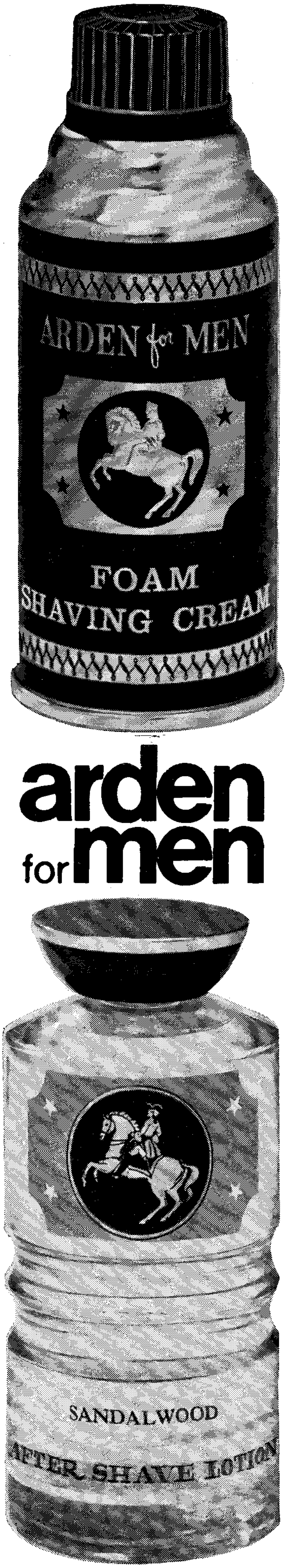

FOOTBALL

Finishes by Garrison

OCCASIONALLY, there turns up at the Latin Quarter a squadron of wandering Arabs or Japanese who hurl themselves and one another and dishes and teacups through the air with wholly unlikely precision. They have spent lifetimes at this sort of thing, and their work shows it. It is not to be expected that the young men of Harvard and Dartmouth, to whom football is (as it should be in many other places of learning) just an avocation, would be quite as skillful at the same thing. But there it was, up in Boston over last weekend—pitchouts that became forward passes, laterals that became pitchouts, laterals that went from one man to another and back to the original owner, even a man catching a punt and then tossing the ball all the way across the field to a teammate who was *not* in a traffic jam. Because of all the foot-and-arm work involved, not until a hundred seconds before time ran out was it decided that Harvard was to beat, 19–14, a Dartmouth team as adept as can be. To do this, Harvard had to catch Dartmouth from behind, overcoming not only the opposition but itself; Harvard, no longer a proper Bostonian, didn't always stick to the same old punt on fourth down and the same old kick for the point after touchdown, and these free-form decisions went expensively against it. But no matter. Both teams were in full force (though Dartmouth's Klungness and McLeod did have to retire during the match), and should stay so; neither of them, it is almost safe to say, will have much trouble with anything it comes up against this fall. I oppose the notion of the Play of the Week, but here it is: Zimmerman, the Harvard quarterback, pitches out to Gatto, and then gallops downfield to where Gatto is to throw him a pass; a Dartmouth man slams into Zimmerman (this customarily entails a penalty), whereupon Gatto takes off on an impromptu run that nets him thirty-three yards. Likewise impromptu, one must assume, was Zimmerman's stunt of getting another throw to Gatto by caroming it off the hands of a Dartmouth performer. And something must be said about Beard, the Dartmouth quarterback, who, after cutting loose on end runs, throws pitchouts over his shoulder without even looking

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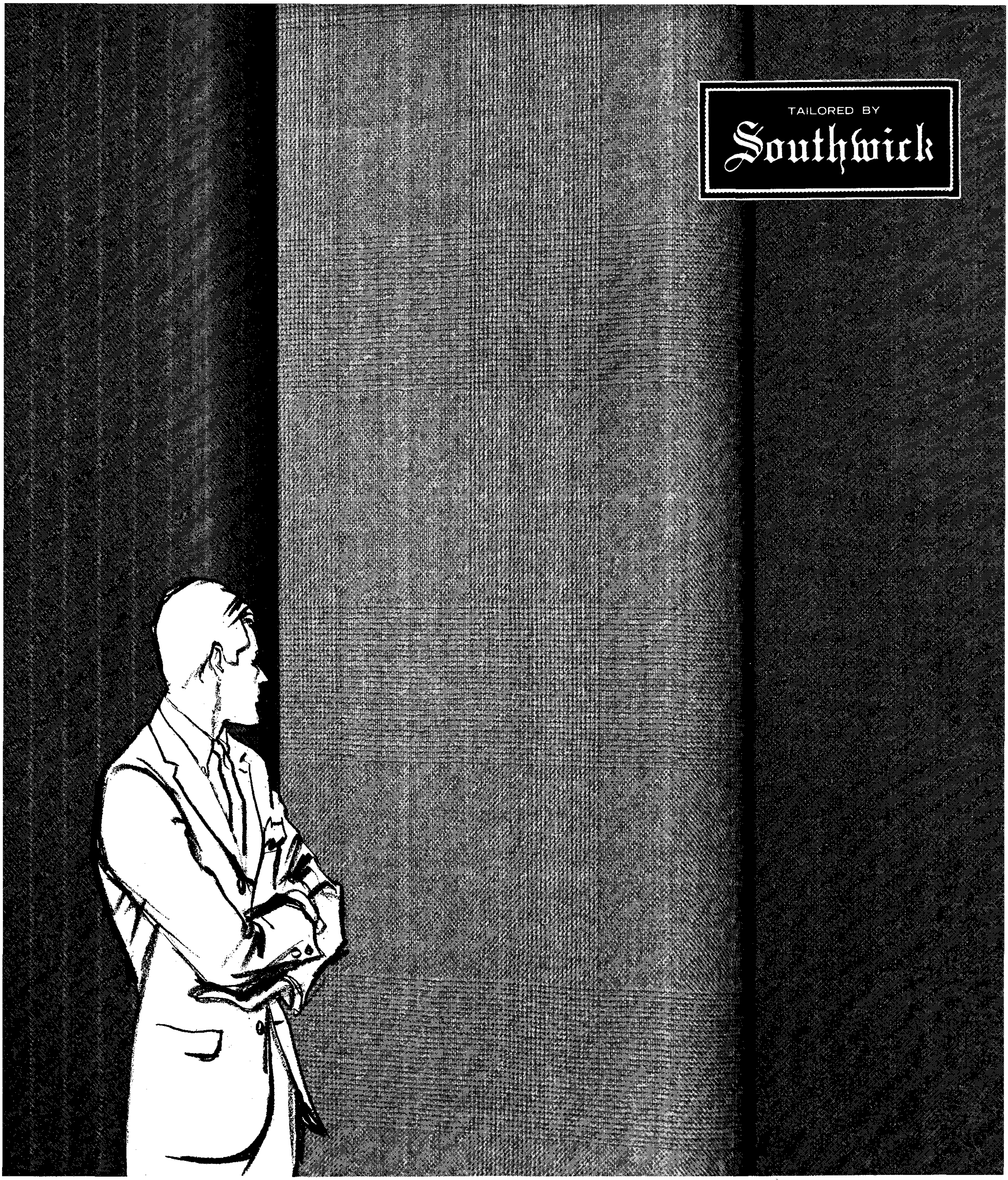

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BY GRIECO BROTHERS

to see whether his loyal following is there to make the catch. (It rarely is late.)

Columbia, like Dartmouth, had a ball game in hand right down to the last minute—right down to the last fourteen seconds, really—only to discover that thirty-four points (a prodigious count for Columbia in its present state) was not enough to beat Rutgers, whose final touchdown made the score 37–34. Among the happy winners was Mitchell, who the week before had had such a difficult outing against Army; against Columbia, he added two touchdowns to his swelling nest egg. Yale lost, 16–14, to Cornell, but only because it twice missed out, in the final seconds, on tries for field goals. Beating Cornell at its home is a task—one that Yale should have accomplished, though, for Cornell, under new management, is still reorganizing. It may be that the air of Cornell's altiplano is too thin for lowlanders (witness the problems of the pre-Olympic visitors in Mexico City). Colgate, which seemed to have only one runner (Burton) against Princeton, had several against Brown, and Colgate, even less interested in forward passing than it was against Princeton, ran up a count of 48–7. Neither of the two Colgate passes worked; only a computer could figure out how long it has been since any other team went through an afternoon without gaining a yard by air. Pittsburgh might as well have stayed on the ground, too, for three of its passes went into Army arms (Navy got five Pittsburgh passes the week before), and Army put these presents to excellent use—Army 28, Pittsburgh 0. Pittsburgh is not what it was thirty years ago, when Marshall Goldberg was lugging the ball for it; it is now down where Carnegie Tech was when it decided to "deëmphasize" football. (The Marshall Goldberg who is a second-string back for Harvard, and whose moment of fame was a touchdown against Columbia earlier this season, is no kin; he is just the son of a man who admired the original Goldberg.)

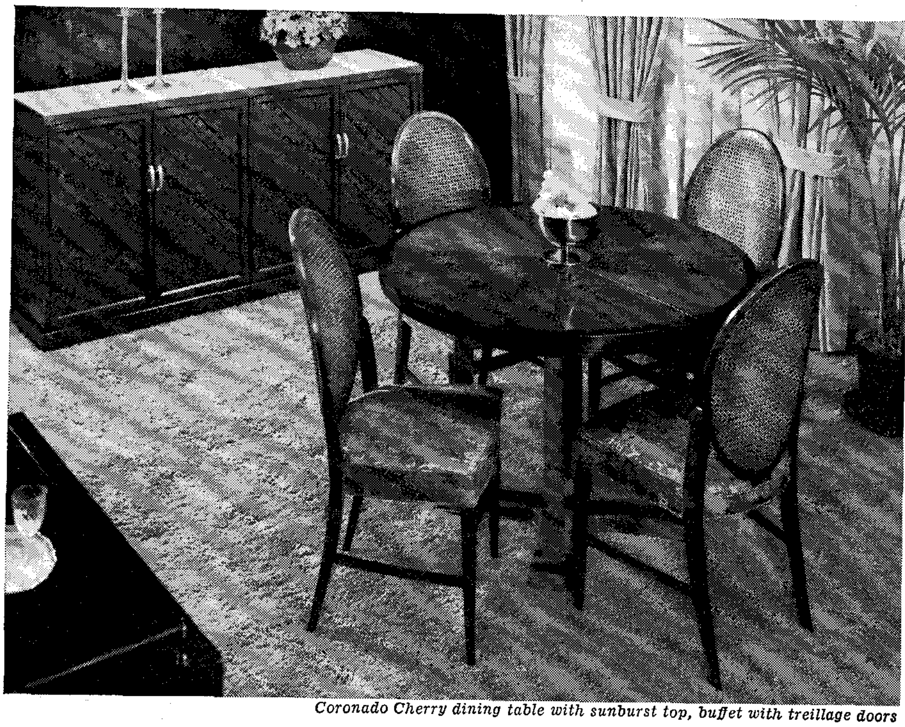
At West Point, the public-address system said, "Will Colonel Abbott report to the hospital emergency ward after the game?" —J. W. L.

•

Japan on $5 a Day
(Sex & Sociology)

—*Book-adv. sticker on a subway candy machine.*

Does that include breakfast?



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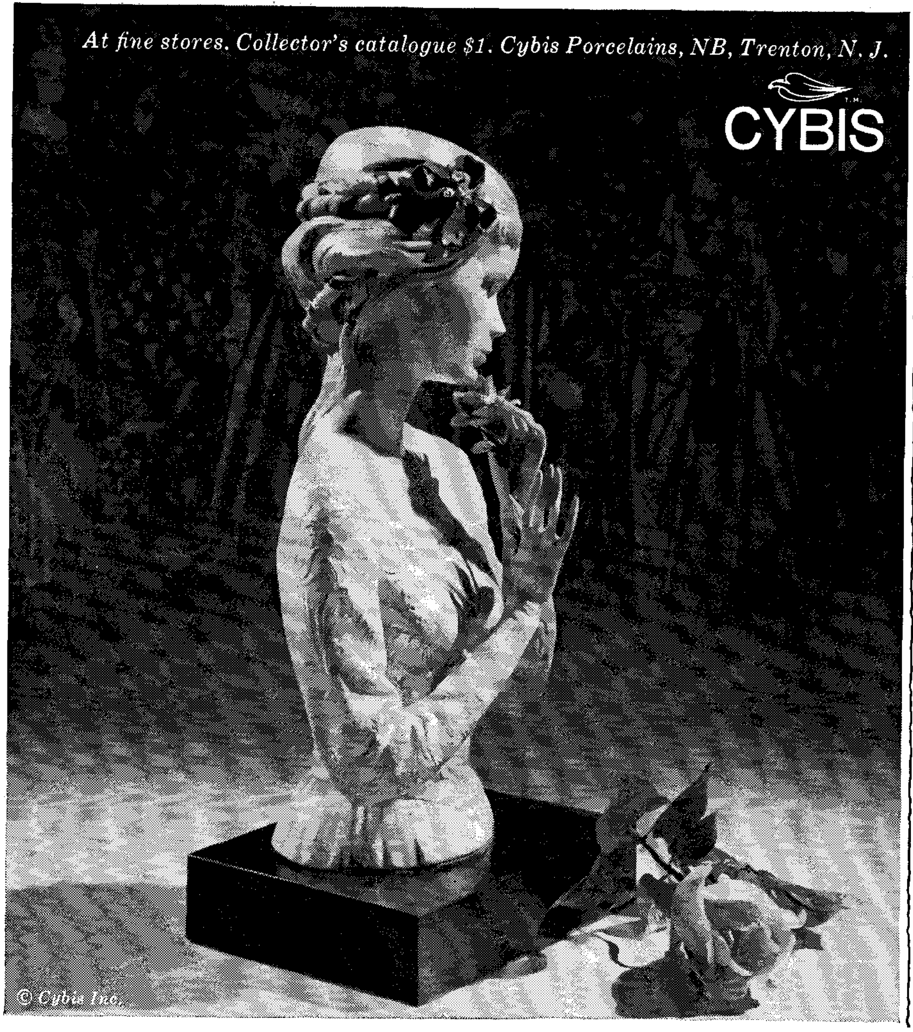

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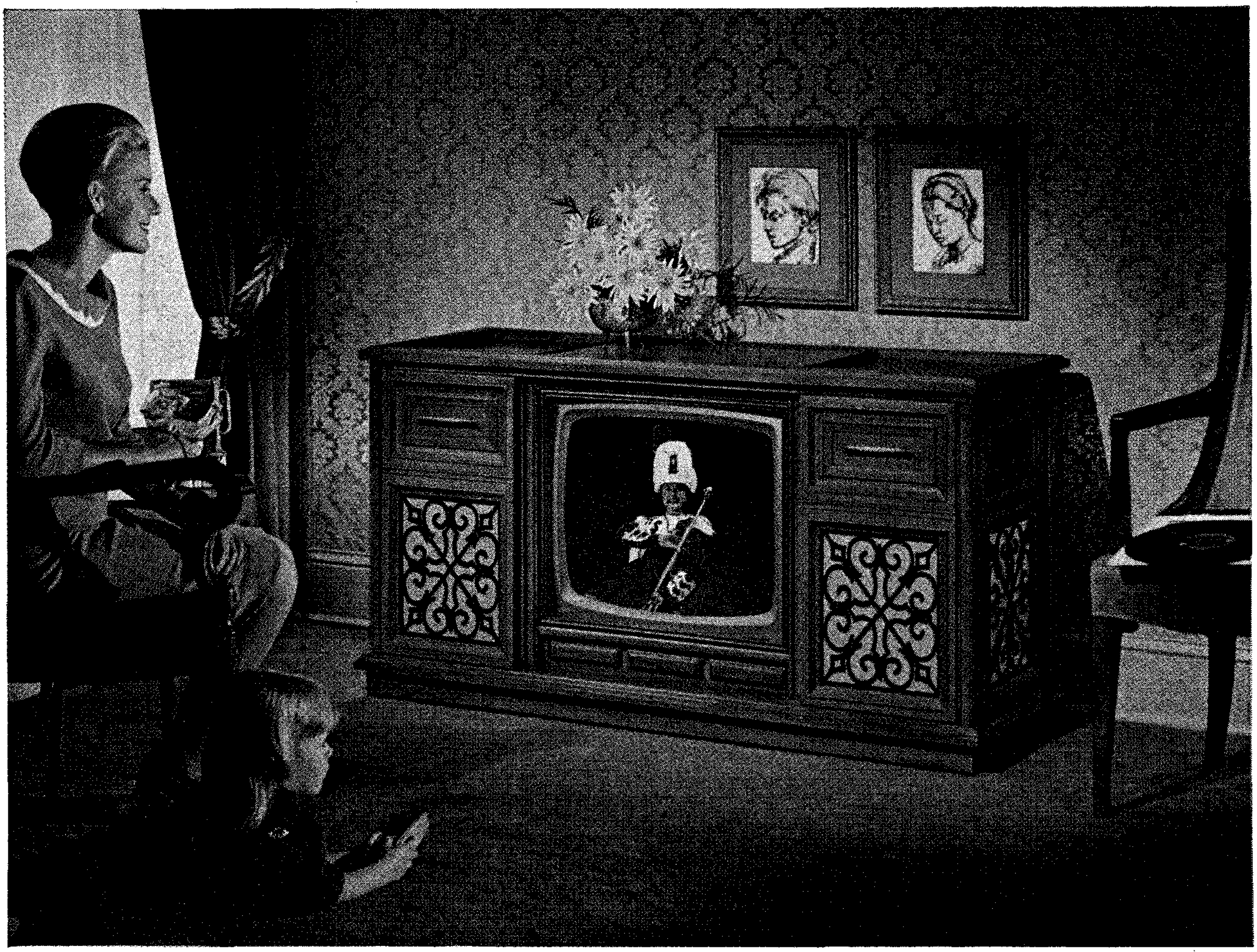

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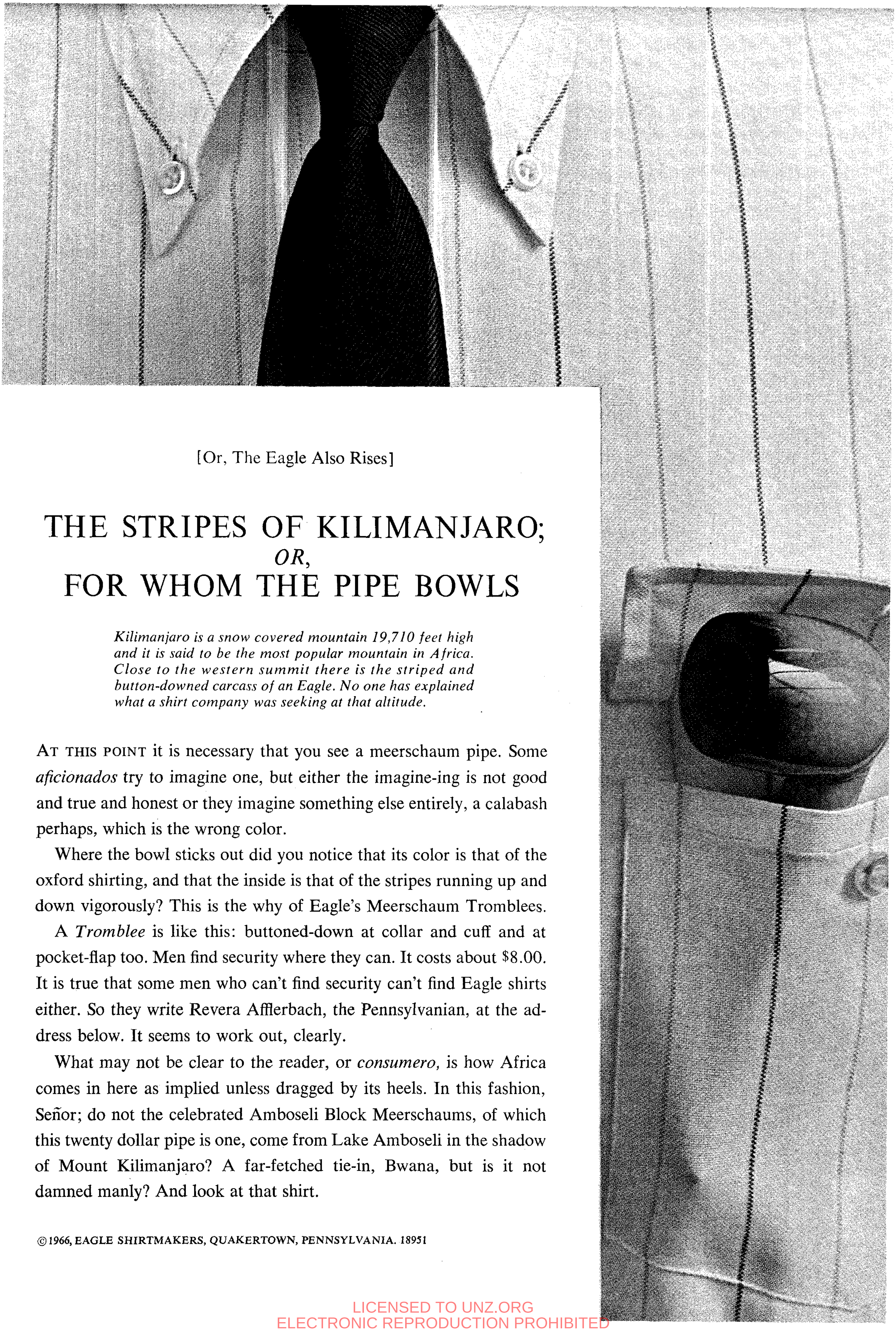

[Or, The Eagle Also Rises]

THE STRIPES OF KILIMANJARO;
OR,
FOR WHOM THE PIPE BOWLS

Kilimanjaro is a snow covered mountain 19,710 feet high and it is said to be the most popular mountain in Africa. Close to the western summit there is the striped and button-downed carcass of an Eagle. No one has explained what a shirt company was seeking at that altitude.

AT THIS POINT it is necessary that you see a meerschaum pipe. Some *aficionados* try to imagine one, but either the imagine-ing is not good and true and honest or they imagine something else entirely, a calabash perhaps, which is the wrong color.

Where the bowl sticks out did you notice that its color is that of the oxford shirting, and that the inside is that of the stripes running up and down vigorously? This is the why of Eagle's Meerschaum Tromblees.

A *Tromblee* is like this: buttoned-down at collar and cuff and at pocket-flap too. Men find security where they can. It costs about $8.00. It is true that some men who can't find security can't find Eagle shirts either. So they write Revera Afflerbach, the Pennsylvanian, at the address below. It seems to work out, clearly.

What may not be clear to the reader, or *consumero,* is how Africa comes in here as implied unless dragged by its heels. In this fashion, Señor; do not the celebrated Amboseli Block Meerschaums, of which this twenty dollar pipe is one, come from Lake Amboseli in the shadow of Mount Kilimanjaro? A far-fetched tie-in, Bwana, but is it not damned manly? And look at that shirt.

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ANNALS OF LAW

THE LEWIS AND CLARK CASE

AT one point in his famous survey of the American political character, Alexis de Tocqueville observed that Americans made no effort to collect or preserve their historical records. "The only historical remains in the United States are the newspapers," he wrote. "If a number be *wanting*, the chain of time is broken and the present is severed from the past." De Tocqueville thought this a clear reflection of the popular frame of mind, for in America "no one cares for what occurred before his time: no methodical system is pursued, no archives are formed, and no documents are brought together when it would be very easy to do so. Where they exist, little store is set upon them. I have among my papers several original public documents which were given to me in the public offices in answer to some of my inquiries. In America society seems to live from hand to mouth, like an army in the field."

Although de Tocqueville's observation no longer holds true, it was certainly accurate in 1835, when he wrote it, and it continued to be accurate for a long time afterward. In fact, until the National Archives was established in Washington nearly a hundred years later, in 1934, the various departments of the government did such a haphazard job of storing their records that vast quantities of documents deteriorated in damp cellars throughout the capital, or perished in fires, or simply disappeared because no one could remember where they had been stored. Even in the Library of Congress, according to Fred Shelley, one of its staff members, manuscripts and other papers were subject to "neglect, default, and inattention" throughout the nineteenth century. Fortunately, at nearly every period of history there have been a few private individuals dedicated to preserving the chain of time. Government archivists readily concede that a great many of the "historical remains" that exist today in this country have come down to us through the efforts of private collectors and bibliophiles. What appears less fortunate is that lately the interests of private collectors and the interests of government archivists have come into conflict, and in a manner that makes the future disposition of our historical records almost as uncertain as it was in de Tocqueville's time, although for wholly different reasons.

The origin of this conflict was a prolonged litigation involving some recently discovered field notes of the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1804-06. The case's central issue, whose reverberations are still sounding throughout the worlds of book collecting and historical scholarship, was the United States government's claim to sixty-seven pieces of paper—most of them in the handwriting of William Clark—on the ground that they had been created by a federal employee in the course of his official duties, and that all such documents, including rough notes, belonged rightfully to the federal government. This issue had never come up before, and its appearance caused considerable uneasiness among collectors, dealers, librarians, and other private custodians of such material; indeed, although the National Archives has gone out of its way to reassure private collectors and others that it has no intention of disturbing historical collections that are well cared for and made available to scholars, a lot of mutual suspicion and hostility still exist as a result of the case. The intensity of feeling that it evoked, in fact, is perhaps the clearest possible indication of how much the public attitude toward historical remains has changed since the time of de Tocqueville.

THE discovery of the Clark notes followed, up to a certain point, the classic pattern for such historical windfalls. One day in January, 1953, while Mrs. Vaclav Vytlacil (the wife of the well-known American artist) was closing down the old Victorian house in St. Paul, Minnesota, that her mother had lived in for more than half a century until her death the month before, she came across in the attic a massive roll-top desk that had once belonged to her mother's father, General John Henry Hammond. Hammond, who died in St. Paul in 1890, had been a man of considerable eminence. He had fought with great distinction in several major battles of the Civil War, during which he had served on the staff of General Sherman. After the war, he had gone West and engaged in a number of activities, among them the Indian Serv-

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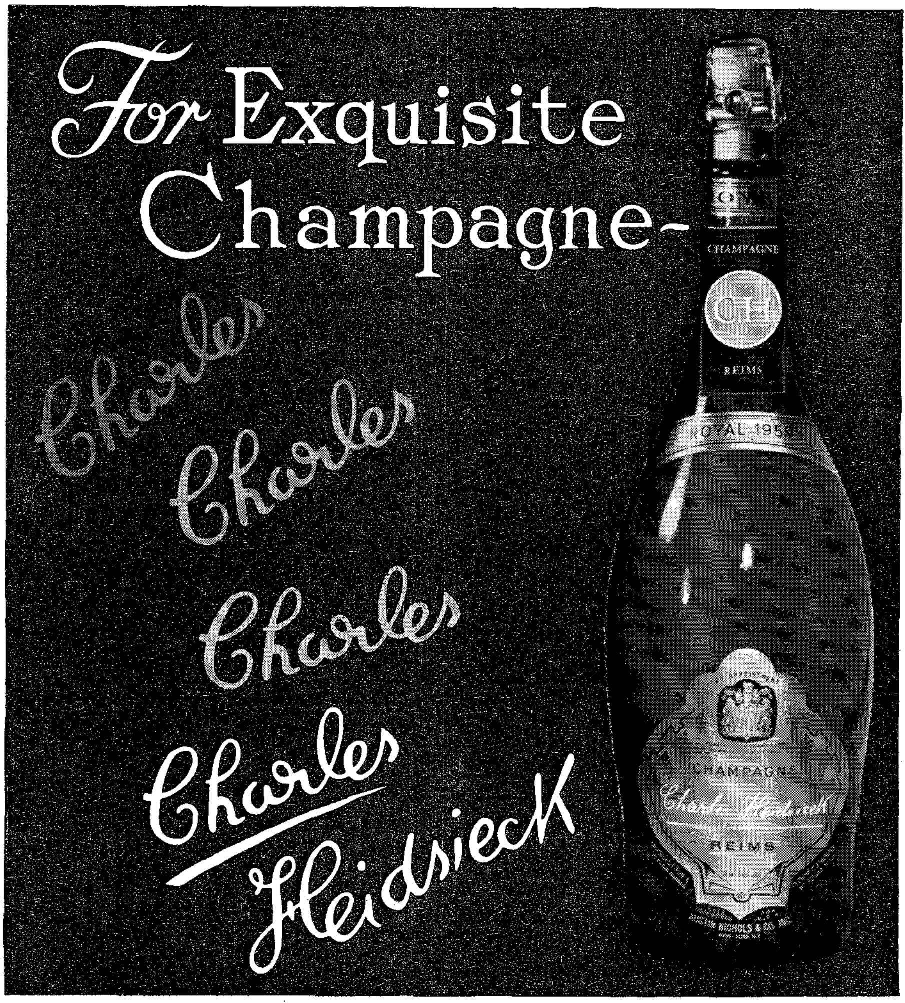

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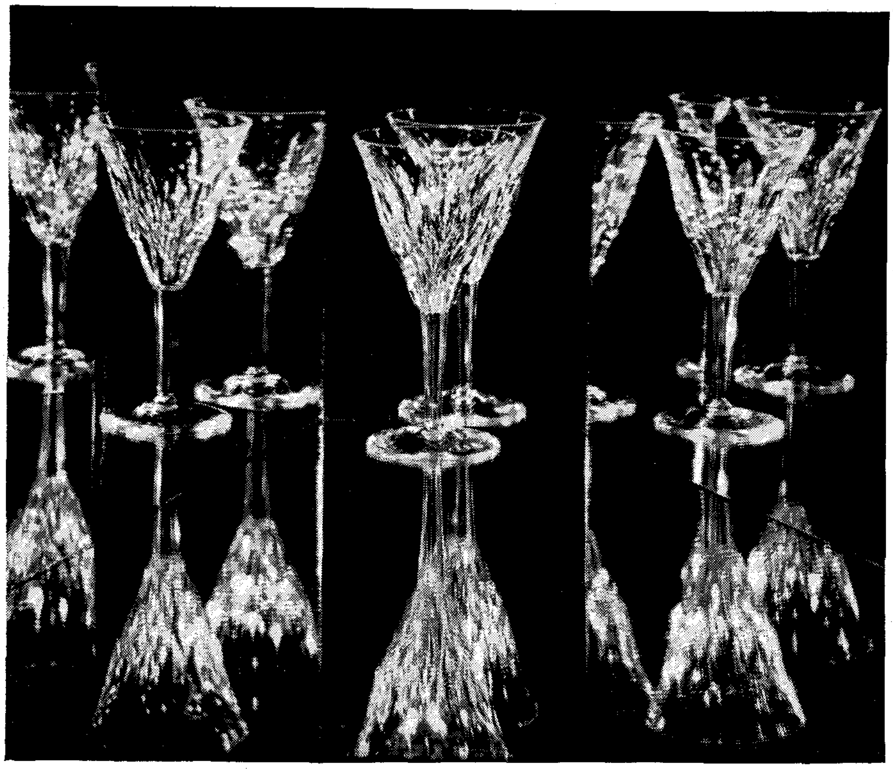
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ice—he was apparently the personal representative of Carl Schurz, President Hayes' Secretary of the Interior, who was then trying to reform the somewhat corrupt administration of Indian affairs. "I knew about that desk of Grandfather's," Mrs. Vytlacil said not long ago. "I remember that on rainy days Mother used to send us children up there to get out one of Grandfather's ledgers and copy a page—he had very beautiful handwriting. Mother had often said, too, that there might be valuable papers in that desk, and that someday she really ought to get the Historical Society people in to look at them. So, anyway, when I got around to the attic and saw the desk, I went right down and called the Minnesota Historical Society. I was put on to their curator of manuscripts, who said she would like very much to come over and look at the papers."

The curator came over the next day. After a brief examination of the desk by flashlight in the unheated attic, she said that the papers looked as though they might be very interesting, and asked permission to take them back to the Society's offices, where she could examine them in detail. Mrs. Vytlacil agreed to this, and on January 7, 1953, the papers were packed up and removed. Mrs. Vytlacil returned to her home in Sparkill, New York, a few days later without having had any further word from the Historical Society.

The next development was singular indeed. Two months later, on March 19th, a front-page story in the St. Paul *Dispatch* announced that the Minnesota Historical Society had acquired "a priceless collection of papers . . . recovered from a St. Paul attic." The story—which was accompanied by photographs of the house and the attic, a photostat of one of the Clark notes, and portraits of General Hammond, William Clark, and Meriwether Lewis—identified the documents as "long-missing papers covering the first 1,600 miles of the famed Lewis and Clark expedition," and, quoting an undisclosed source, called them "the greatest discovery of its kind in decades." The notes were on sixty-seven separate pieces of paper, ranging in size from three-inch scraps to one sheet about thirty inches long. Most of them were in Clark's handwriting, but a few bore insertions in another hand, which was later determined to be that of Lewis.

No one could explain how the Clark papers happened to be in General Hammond's desk, and although several theories have since been advanced, it now

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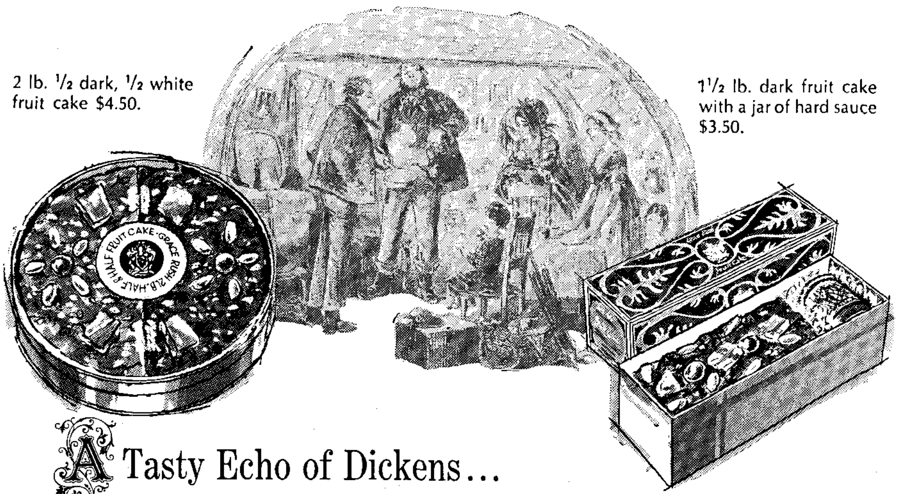
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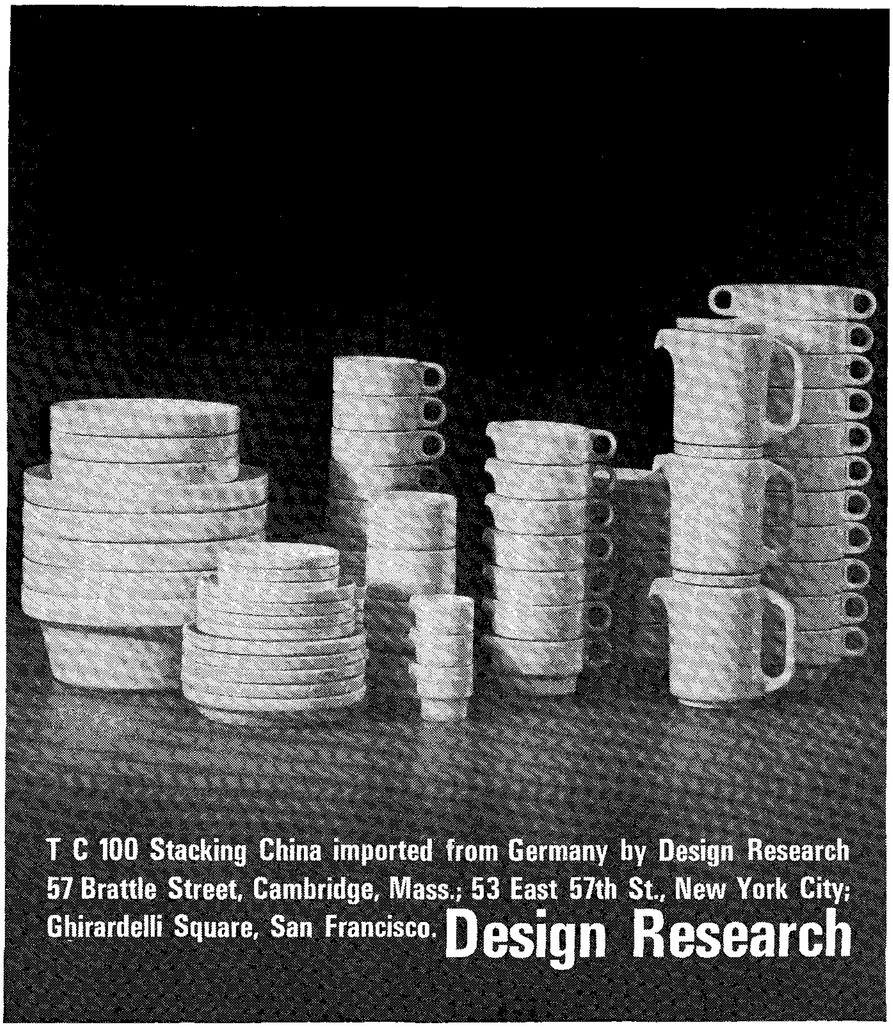

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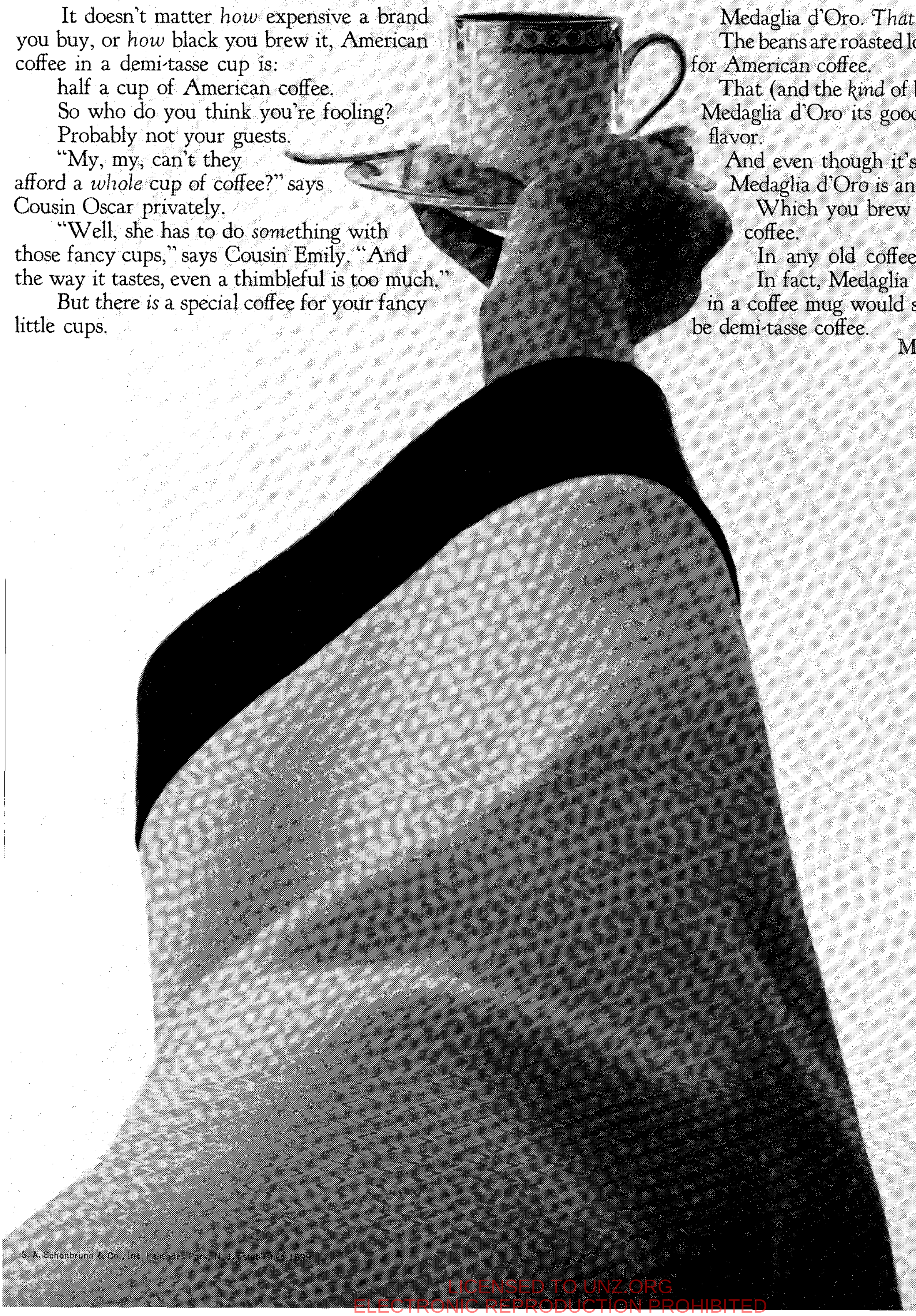
appears likely that no one ever will. The family, Mrs. Vytlacil has said, was astonished to learn from the *Dispatch* that such papers existed, and even more astonished to find that they were now the property of the Minnesota Historical Society. A legal problem immediately arose. On the same day that the story broke in the papers, the First Trust Company of St. Paul, as executor of the estate of Sophia Vernon Hammond Foster (Mrs. Vytlacil's mother), had drawn up a formal list of the household effects and belongings of the estate, preparatory to a final distribution of the property under Mrs. Foster's will. The Clark papers, of course, did not appear on this list. Confronted by the sudden appearance of a possible asset whose value appeared to be considerable—newspapers across the country were estimating the commercial value of the Clark notes at upward of twenty thousand dollars—the First Trust Company felt itself legally obligated "to gather into the estate whatever assets might lawfully belong to it." David W. Raudenbush, the attorney for the bank, accordingly wrote a letter warning the Minnesota Historical Society to regard itself merely as custodian of the Clark notes until the question of their ownership was resolved. As Raudenbush explained to one of the Hammond heirs at the time, this question could probably be settled by a "simple little action" to clear title to the papers. This action was instituted by Raudenbush in the State District Court of Ramsey County, Minnesota, on September 30th. Mrs. Vytlacil, her sister, and her brother had previously agreed to relinquish any claims they might have to the papers in favor of their aunts—the two surviving children of General Hammond. Among the several possible claimants to the papers that Raudenbush listed, therefore, were Margaret Van S. H. Starr and Harriet K. Hammond, the late Sophia Foster's two sisters. Others were John Doe and Mary Roe, those familiar legal question marks, who in this case represented the unknown surviving heirs of William Clark; the Minnesota Historical Society, which, with or without warrant, had gone to the expense of authenticating the papers and was, after all, in possession of them; and, to the surprise of everyone, the United States of America. Raudenbush had included this last party at interest because of a letter of instructions to Lewis written by President Thomas Jefferson and dated June 20, 1803. It read, in part:

> Your observations are to be taken with great pains & accuracy, to be entered

American coffee in your demi-tasse cups isn't demi-tasse coffee.



It doesn't matter *how* expensive a brand you buy, or *how* black you brew it, American coffee in a demi-tasse cup is:

half a cup of American coffee.

So who do you think you're fooling?

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The beans are roasted longer than the beans for American coffee.

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distinctly & intelligibly for others as well as yourself.... Several copies of these as well as of your other notes should be made at leisure times, & put into the care of the most trust-worthy of your attendants, to guard, by multiplying them, against the accidental losses to which they will be exposed. A further guard would be that one of these copies be on the paper of the birch, as less liable to injury from damp than common paper....

On re-entering the U.S. and reaching a place of safety... repair yourself with your papers to the seat of government.

WHAT the *Guide Michelin* calls "*un peu d'histoire*" may be in order here. In June, 1803, when Jefferson sent this letter of instructions to Lewis, the western boundary of the United States lay along the Mississippi River; news of the purchase of the vast territory of Louisiana, stretching from the Mississippi all the way to the Continental Divide, in the Rocky Mountains, reached Washington only later in the month. One of the immediate effects of the news was to change the nature of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Until then, this first transcontinental crossing had been planned as a kind of semi-clandestine intelligence mission, across the territory of a foreign and not altogether friendly power (France), and, once past the Continental Divide, into an area to which France, Spain, and England had all laid tentative claim. With Louisiana in American hands, though, Lewis and Clark could go quite openly about the business of empire—mapping the land with a view to settlement, commerce, and military defense; informing the Indians that the Great Father now lived in Washington; and learning everything possible about this new acquisition, which Napoleon, on selling it, had said would "consolidate forever the power of the United States." Every scrap of information they could pick up would be of incalculable value.

A formal ceremony transferring Louisiana from France to the United States took place in the frontier village of St. Louis on March 9, 1804, with Meriwether Lewis on hand as a highly interested observer. He and Clark had spent that winter a few miles north of St. Louis, training and outfitting their little band of volunteers at a base camp on the Dubois River, near the confluence of the Mississippi and the Missouri. Until the discovery of the Clark notes in General Hammond's desk, not very much was known about this preliminary stage of the expedition. The first batch of these notes, covering daily activities at Camp Dubois from December 13, 1803, through May 14, 1804,

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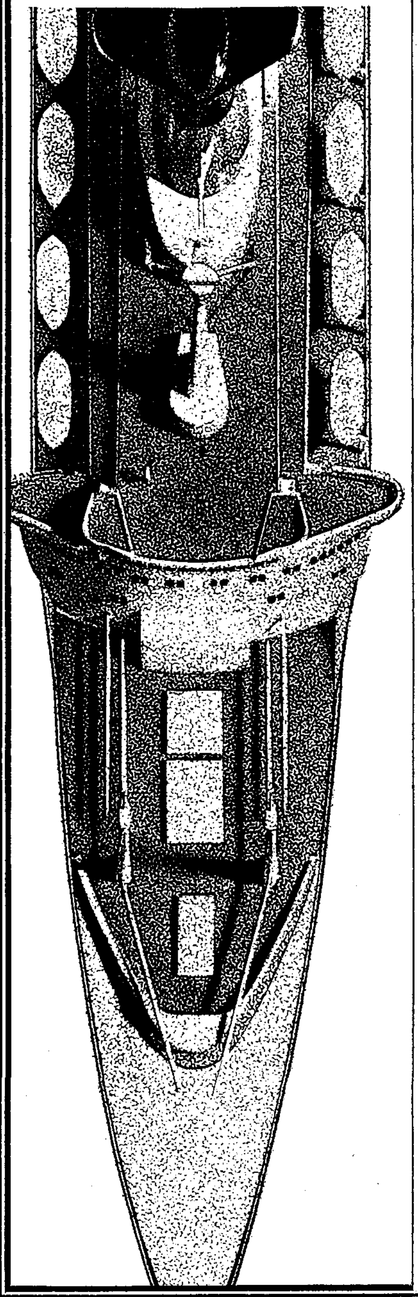
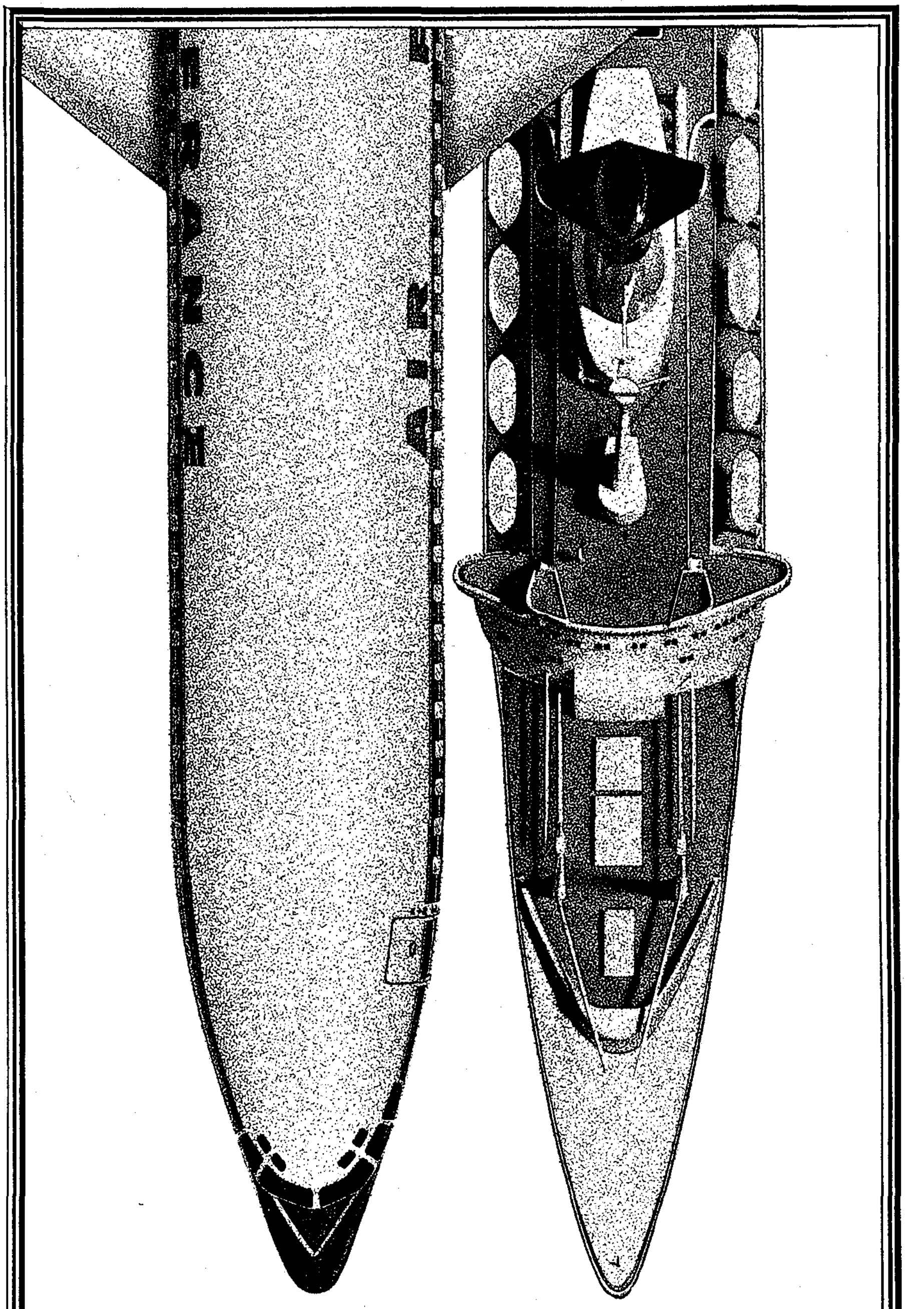


when the expedition's three boats started up the Missouri on the initial leg of the journey, are virtually the only records of this period ever found. Once the expedition was under way, though, the notes cease to be a unique record. From May 14th on, Lewis and Clark did everything possible to carry out Jefferson's instructions. Not only did they both keep journals, which together cover every single day the expedition was out—largely a double record, although there are several periods when only one of them was writing—but they also encouraged the more literate of their men to keep journals of their own, and seven did so. The reason for all this duplication of effort was obvious: the constant dangers to which the expedition was exposed on a journey that was mostly by river made the survival of any single item a matter of considerable uncertainty; the more journals there were, the better chance there would be of saving vital information.

All in all, as one historian has pointed out, this was "the writingest crew" in the chronicles of exploration. Scholars fail to agree about the methods of journal-keeping that were used—whether, for example, Clark used slates on which to jot down the daily mileage upriver or took rough notes in ink on board the keelboat. What is certain is that the two captains took copious field notes of all kinds, which they later transcribed into bound notebook journals. With the exception of Clark's so-called "elkskin" field book, now owned by the Missouri Historical Society, only isolated examples of the rough notes of the expedition had ever been found—until the Clark papers turned up in St. Paul in 1953. Most historians had believed that the captains, after copying their notes into the notebook journals, simply threw the originals away.

The bulk of the Lewis and Clark material that has survived is in the library of the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia. Thanks largely to the efforts of Jefferson, who spent several years agitating tirelessly for the recovery of Lewis and Clark documents that had become almost hopelessly scattered, the A.P.S. has preserved the following records: eleven notebooks bound in red morocco (six by Lewis and five by Clark), in which the captains transcribed the daily log from April 7, 1805, when the expedition left Fort Mandan, near present-day Bismarck, North Dakota, on the second leg of the western journey, until September 23, 1806, when it returned safely to St. Louis (these notebooks are so neat and unweathered



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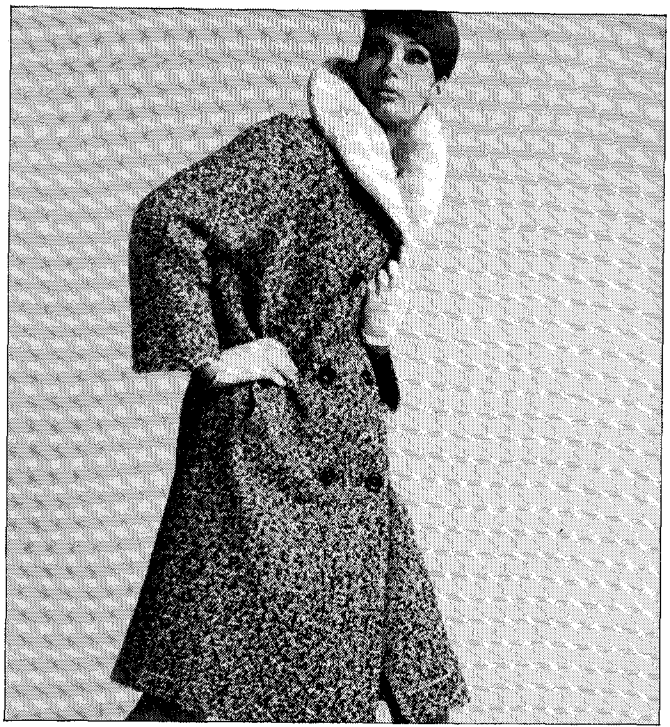

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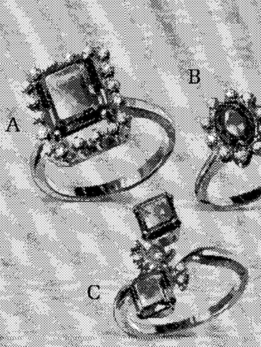

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that some scholars insist they were *not* carried on the expedition at all but were written up immediately following the return); three other notebook journals, one bound in brown leather, and the other two of them known as the "marble-backed" notebooks, in which Clark kept the daily log for the first leg of the journey, from Camp Dubois to Fort Mandan (these are notebooks that Clark sent back to Jefferson from Fort Mandan in the spring of 1805, and without any doubt his rough source for them was the field notes lately discovered in St. Paul); two more red morocco notebooks, containing scientific data, one by Clark and one by Lewis; two more marbled-paper notebooks, these containing natural-history notes and jointly authored; twelve parcels of "loose sheets," containing observations on the Indian tribes and notes on various other matters that do not appear in the daily journals; and, finally, the journal of Sergeant John Ordway, which was lost for many years and rediscovered only in 1913. Lewis and Clark had bought this journal from Ordway after their return, thinking that it would be useful as additional source material for the narrative account of the expedition that Lewis planned to write—but never got around to writing. The narrative that did finally appear, in 1814, was prepared by Nicholas Biddle with the cooperation of Clark and was entitled "History of the Expedition Under the Command of Captains Lewis and Clark."

The Lewis and Clark notebook journals and other records gathered dust in the vaults of the A.P.S. for the next seventy-five years, ignored and all but forgotten by everyone. Then, in 1892, the historian Elliott Coues, who was preparing a new edition of the Biddle narrative, learned by chance of their existence. Although his book was by that time in galleys, he managed to squeeze in a few excerpts from the red morocco notebooks, and these caught the attention of a new generation of historians, for whom original source materials held considerably greater appeal. One of them, Reuben Gold Thwaites, headed straight for Philadelphia and spent the next several years editing and annotating the notebooks for publication. Thwaites' edition of "Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition" came out in eight volumes in 1904-05, exactly a hundred years after the explorers had set out up the Missouri. It included also the journals of Sergeant Charles Floyd and Private Joseph Whitehouse, which Thwaites'

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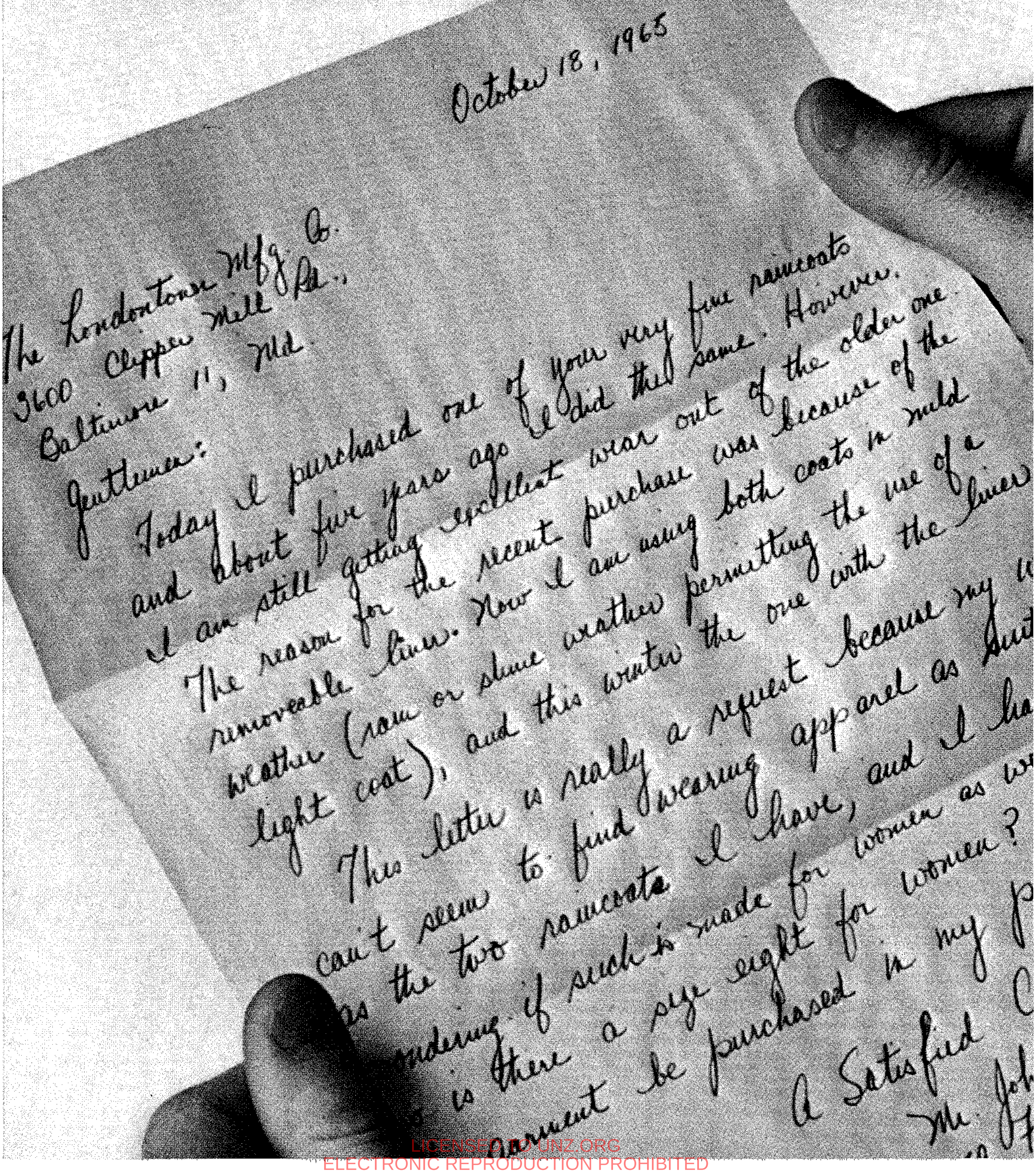

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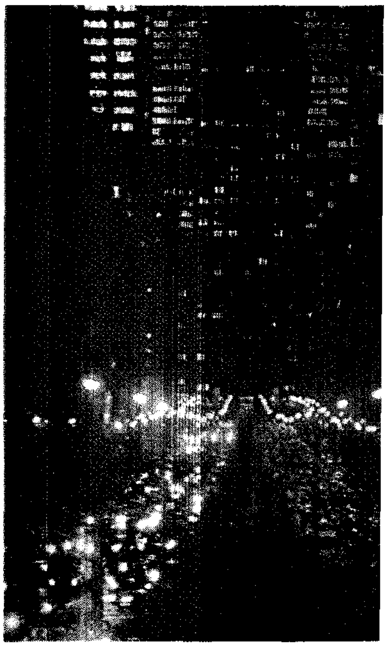

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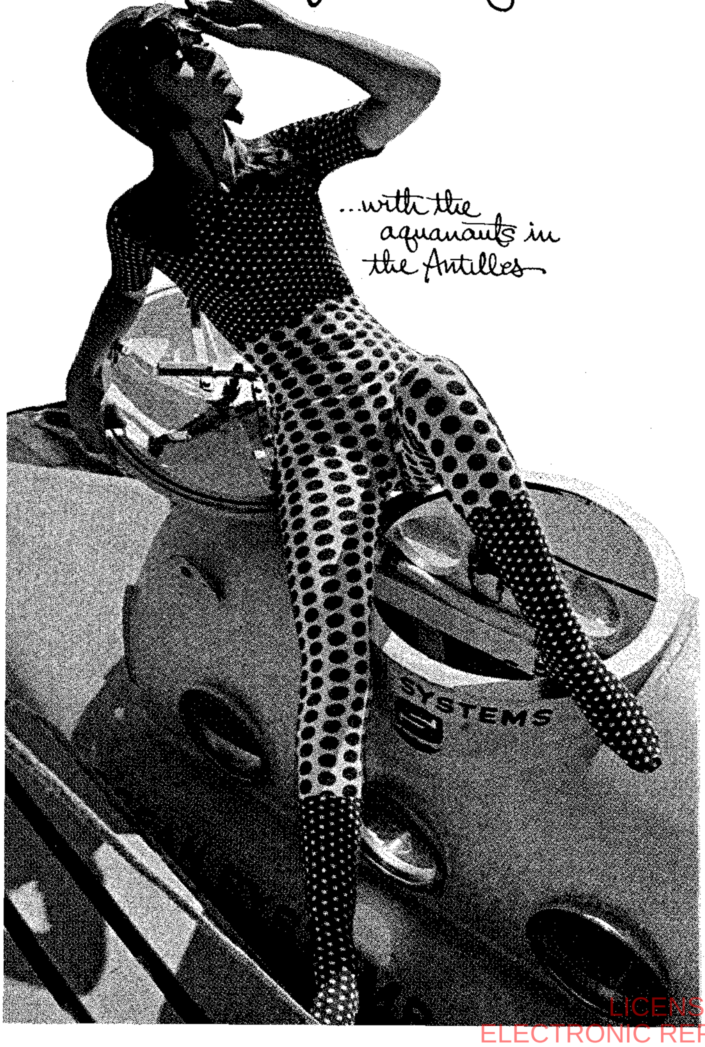

...with the aquanauts in the Antilles

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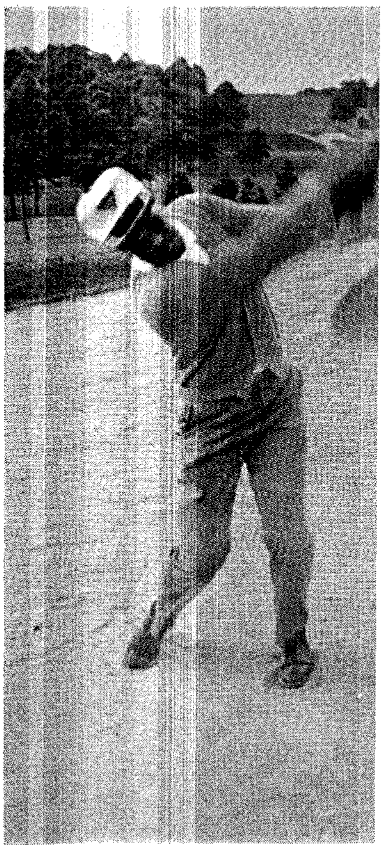

...with smooth swingers

publisher (Dodd, Mead) had acquired from private sources. Ordway's journal had disappeared by this time, as had the journals of three other members of the expedition. The only journal to be published prior to Thwaites' collection was that of Sergeant Patrick Gass, which appeared in 1807—long before Biddle's narrative—heavily and wretchedly edited by a schoolmaster named David McKeehan.

Since 1900, a few Lewis and Clark items have found their way into historical-society libraries and other collections. Thwaites himself discovered, quite by accident, a sizable cache of documents in the possession of Clark's granddaughter Julia Clark Voorhis, and his great-granddaughter Eleanor Glasgow Voorhis, whom he visited at her home, in New York, while he was editing the journals. This so-called Clark-Voorhis Collection included four more of the morocco-bound notebook journals (largely duplicating those in Philadelphia), the "elkskin" field book (believed by some Western Americana experts to be the only surviving notebook actually carried on the expedition after it left Fort Mandan), letters and other papers, and fifty-five rough maps, for the most part drawn by Clark himself during the expedition. The maps are now part of the Coe Collection in the Collection of Western Americana at Yale; the rest of the Clark-Voorhis documents were willed to the Missouri Historical Society by Julia Clark Voorhis. Some years later, in 1913, the long-missing Ordway journal was found among the papers of Nicholas Biddle, and also a much earlier journal, which Lewis had begun when he set out down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh in the summer of 1803 to join Clark and recruit the expedition. Except for a few stray letters, no important Lewis and Clark material had been found after 1916, and historians had long since given up hope of coming across any of the rough field notes of the expedition. It was therefore entirely accurate to describe the discovery of the Clark papers in General Hammond's desk in St. Paul as "the greatest of its kind in decades."

WHEN Raudenbush listed every possible claimant to the Clark papers, he apparently had no intention other than fulfilling his role as attorney for the executor as conscientiously as possible. Some students of the case believe that his inclusion of the federal government was decidedly overconscientious, but, in any event, once the government had been named and Jeffer-

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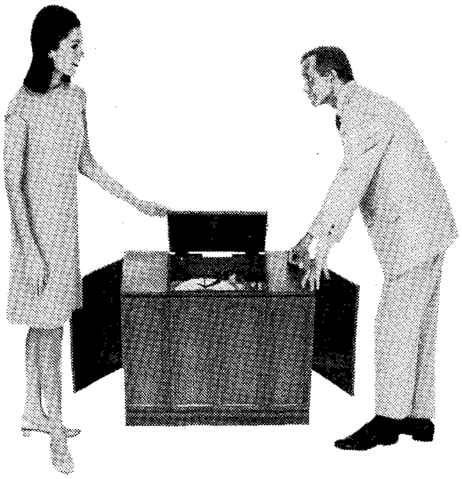
son's letter cited, the "simple little action" became a highly complicated chain of events. The government did assert its title to the Clark papers, basing its claim specifically on Jefferson's letter of instructions, and the case was removed from the Ramsey County Court to the Federal District Court in Minneapolis for trial. (As for the second ownership dispute—between the Minnesota Historical Society and the Hammond heirs—that would evaporate entirely if the government proved its case.)

For a while, it looked as though the government claim would not even be contested. Like most private citizens, the various descendants of General Hammond had an understandable reluctance to appear opposite the might of the United States of America in a federal court, and the Minnesota Historical Society, which was in actual possession of the papers, was lying low. There was one descendant, though, whose reluctance was outweighed by a profound sense of family pride and an equally profound belief in the property rights of individual citizens. Louis Starr, a partner in the New York financial firm of Laidlaw & Co., had never known General Hammond, his grandfather, but when the Minnesota Historical Society announced its acquisition of the papers, he had been sufficiently irritated to "hotfoot it out to St. Paul," as he described it, and hire a lawyer to represent his mother, Margaret Van S. H. Starr and her sister, Miss Harriet Hammond. When the government intervened, Starr flew out to St. Paul again to deal with the new situation. Every one of the law firms he approached advised him not to contest the government's claim; it would cost too much, they all said, and he didn't stand a chance of winning. Starr returned to New York discouraged but by no means reconciled. "I just felt that neither the government nor the Minnesota Historical Society had a right to come in and take away my grandfather's papers, and I wanted to do something about it," he said.

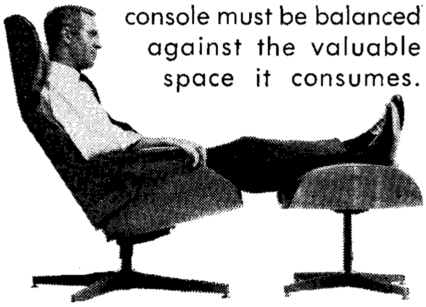
What he did was to go to work on a friend of his, Donald F. Hyde, a partner in a highly respected New York law firm and a fellow-commuter to the city. Starr lives in Far Hills, New Jersey, and Hyde, until his death last February at the age of fifty-six, lived nearby in North Branch. "We often rode across together on the ferry from Hoboken, and I kept talking to Don about the case and asking if he didn't think we should do something," Starr recalls. "He just wasn't interested

The Considerate Console.



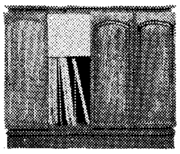
The new KLH* Model Twenty-Five is not like most consoles.

To start with, it is relatively small. About as long as the distance from your chin to your outstretched hand, and not much taller than a three-year-old. The Twenty-Five will fit gracefully into any room and any decor. It won't take up the better part of a wall, or crowd a comfortable chair into an uncomfortable corner. Its compact design makes particular sense for the small apartment where the furniture value of a console must be balanced against the valuable space it consumes.

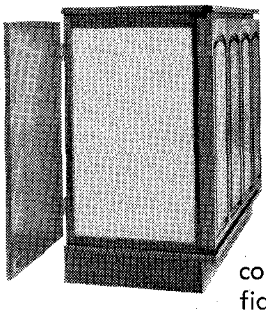


The Twenty-Five is different in another way, too. It is a high-performance instrument; its sound is more spacious than that of far larger consoles.

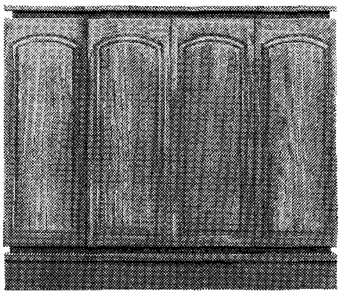
One reason for the excellent stereo effect from the Model Twenty-Five is the "outboard" placement of its speakers at the sides of the cabinet. The sound from the speakers reflects off the opened side doors of the cabinet and provides an increased sensation of stereo depth and separation.



The speakers themselves are in completely sealed acoustic-suspension enclosures. (This design is used only in the most sophisticated component high fidelity systems; rarely in consoles.) And their response is specifically tailored to their "outboard" placement in the Twenty-Five.



The Model Twenty-Five will play monaural and stereo records and monaural and stereo FM broadcasts. It also has input and output jacks so that you can connect a tape recorder or other sound equipment.



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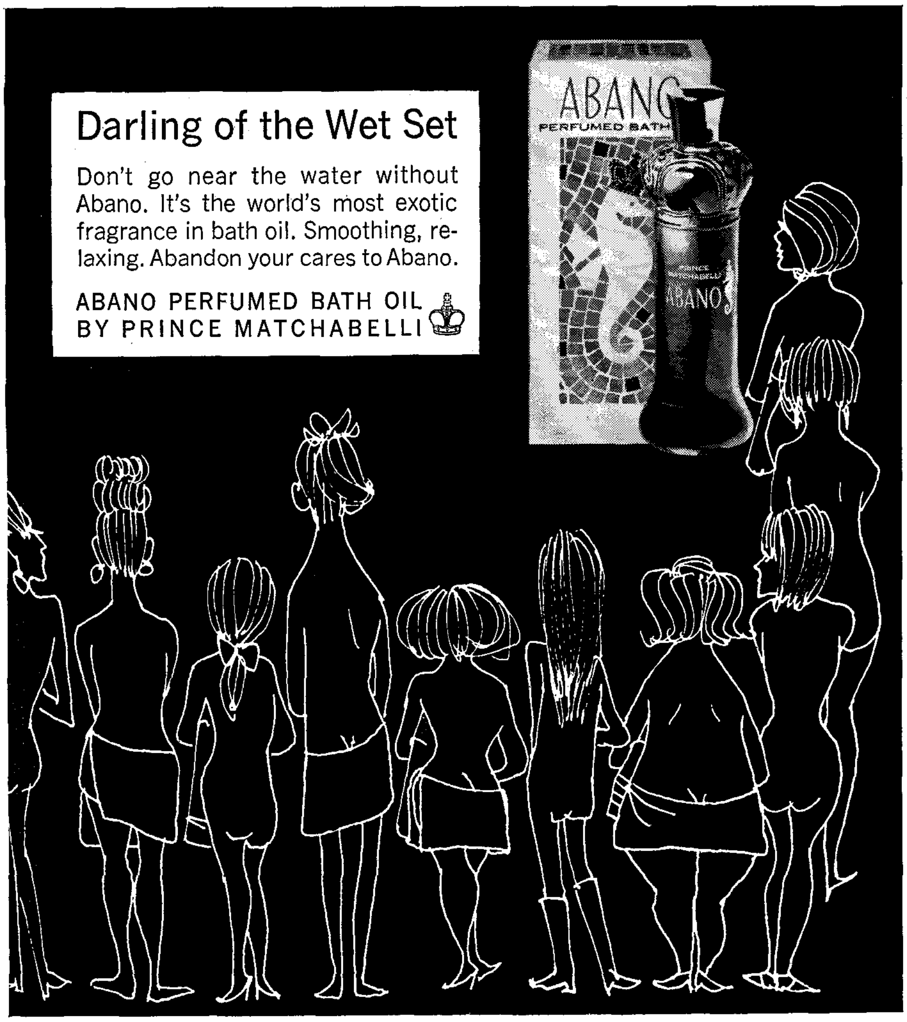

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at all. He couldn't believe that the government was really serious about claiming the papers. This went on for about three months, I guess. Then one morning, just the day before he was to leave on a trip to Europe, I brought it up again, and to my absolute surprise Don said, 'All right, let's do something. We'll represent you.' "

Hyde's decision seemed remarkably quixotic. To prepare and argue a case against the government, and particularly a case as complex as this one promised to be, would require a great deal of time and effort. Since Louis Starr's own resources were relatively modest, most of the time and effort would have to be contributed voluntarily by a number of people, including Hyde and whatever witnesses he could persuade to testify for his client. The deciding factor was Hyde's personal interest in the field of books and book collecting. Over the years, he had spent a great deal of time on the boards of various book societies and libraries (including the Morgan Library and the New York Public Library; his widow has just been elected a trustee of the former), and the Hyde collection of Samuel Johnson is considered the finest in existence. As a bookman, Hyde had begun to see the government's claim in the Lewis and Clark case as a threat to all great American historical collections, public or private. The first thing to be done, he felt, was to find out just how serious the threat was. Before leaving for Europe, he asked another partner in the firm to go to Washington and discuss the case with officials in the Justice Department. The partner went down and talked with J. Lee Rankin, who was then the Assistant Attorney General. When Hyde returned to New York and heard his colleague's report, he decided that the threat was a great deal more serious than anyone had suspected.

Largely on the basis of the partner's talk with Rankin, Hyde and his associates drew up a summary of the facts and issues in the case, pinpointing the danger as they saw it. "We are of the opinion that the pending case is not an isolated one but is an initial move in a plan to assemble in the National Archives all original data and documents which the National Archives Establishment may deem of value and interest and which were compiled or prepared by federal officials of all ranks while in the employ of the United States of America," they stated. Noting that, with certain exceptions, the statute of limitations does not run against the government, the memoran-

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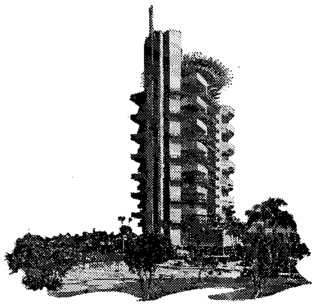

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dum added that "no matter how long a document may have been in the possession of a collector, whether a hundred years or more, Archives may still claim title to it in the courts if ownership of the papers was originally in the government and was not thereafter legally transferred by it." According to Hyde and his associates, once the government had entered the Lewis and Clark case, it was determined to establish its ownership principle once and for all, and, they felt, was prepared to carry the case to the Supreme Court. "The implications and ramifications of this lawsuit are so widespread," the memo concluded, "that we feel that a committee of those interested should be organized forthwith to resist the claim of the United States."

This statement was sent to a large number of collectors, curators of university libraries, and officials of historical societies. Most of them agreed that the principle involved was extremely important, but very few wanted to associate themselves in any direct way with the lawsuit. "They just didn't think we had a chance of winning," Hyde explained. Nonetheless, when the Manuscript Society, an international organization of manuscript collectors, upon Hyde's prompting, took the initiative and set up a Manuscript Emergency Committee whose primary function was to alert the book world to the implications of the case, the directors of the Yale, Harvard, and Princeton libraries, the Morgan Library, the New York Public Library, the New-York Historical Society, and the American Philosophical Society were sufficiently impressed by the danger to lend their moral support. One university library—Yale's—was willing to go further. Since it included among the treasures of its Western Americana Collection—the finest in the country—the fifty-five original maps drawn by Clark, it had good reason to be particularly concerned about the case. These maps—rough sketches preceding the large map of the Western Territory that Clark submitted to the War Department on his return—had remained in the possession of the Clark family until the death, in 1922, of Julia Clark Voorhis, who willed them to her attorney; the attorney left them to his wife when he died, and his wife offered them for sale. Although the Library of Congress made a firm offer for them at the time, the Old Print Shop in New York bid higher and acquired the maps, which it then sold to the firm of Edward Eberstadt & Sons, dealers in Western Americana. Eberstadt, in turn, sold them to William Robertson Coe, the collector, who in 1951 presented all fifty-five maps to Yale. (To give some idea of the relative value of Lewis and Clark materials in the field of Western Americana, Lindley Eberstadt likes to recall that when he showed the maps to Mr. Coe and quoted him the price, Coe immediately summoned his secretary and had her make out a check for five thousand dollars *more* than the price Eberstadt had asked.) Obviously, if the government succeeded in laying claim to the Clark field notes that had turned up in St. Paul, it could also lay claim to the Clark maps at Yale—and a great many other documents as well. Consequently, the Yale University Library not only supported the forming of a Manuscript Emergency Committee but more or less donated its highly respected Curator of Manuscripts, Robert Metzdorf, to help get the Committee started. "The Committee's function was to make a whoop and a holler," Metzdorf said recently, "and it certainly got the news around to the people in the field, I'll say that. I think the government was just flabbergasted to find that there was so much opposition—they'd really expected to win the case by default."

Whatever the government may have expected, the charge that the National Archives was plotting to upset libraries and other collections distressed the Archives staff no end. Dr. Robert H. Bahmer, then Assistant Archivist of the United States (and now Archivist *in propria persona*), addressed himself to this charge in a speech to the Society of American Archivists on October 11, 1955. By recommending government intervention in this case, Bahmer said, the Archives had "acted in what we believe to be the best interests of scholarship and according to the soundest principles of the archival profession." The newly discovered Clark notes had been exposed for many years to "almost every hazard known to archivists," he went on, and they were now threatened with the further hazard of "dispersal or fragmentation" if they remained in private hands. "We do not believe that historical scholarship would be served by permitting the Clark papers to remain in private hands. These documents belong to the nation," Bahmer concluded. In a subsequent interview, he explained that his office had really had no choice but to recommend intervention. "There's a clause in the Federal Property Act of 1949 that has always puzzled me a little," he said. "It states that the Archivist 'shall notify

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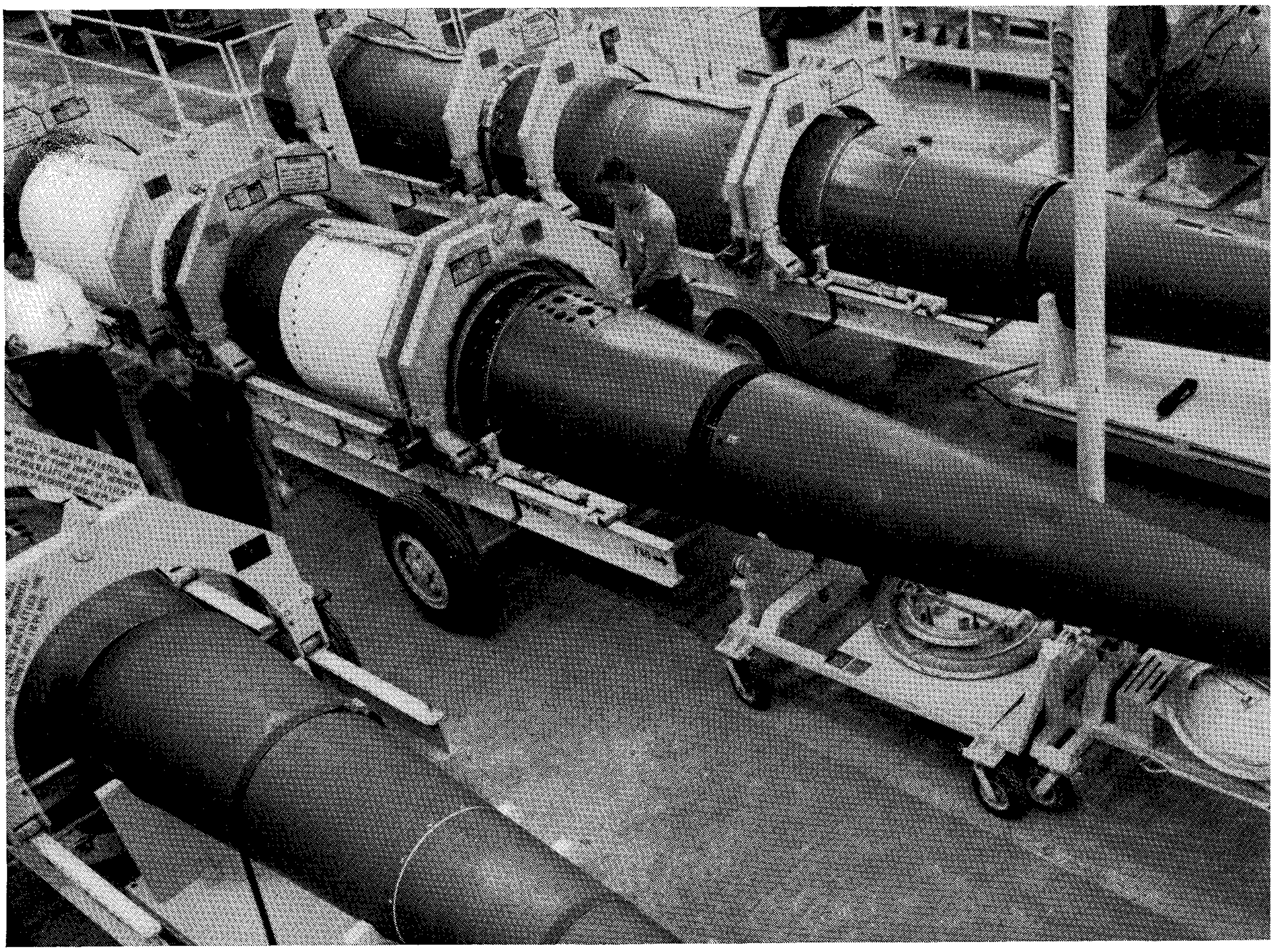

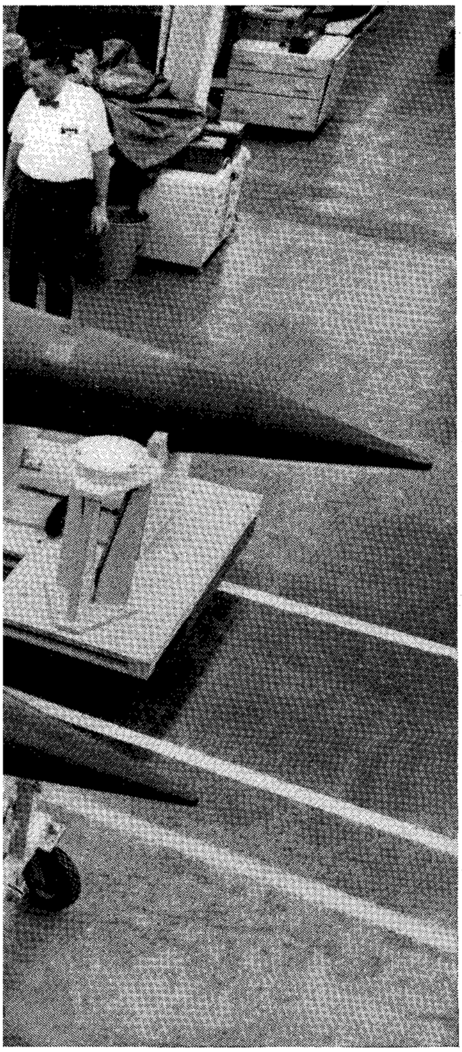

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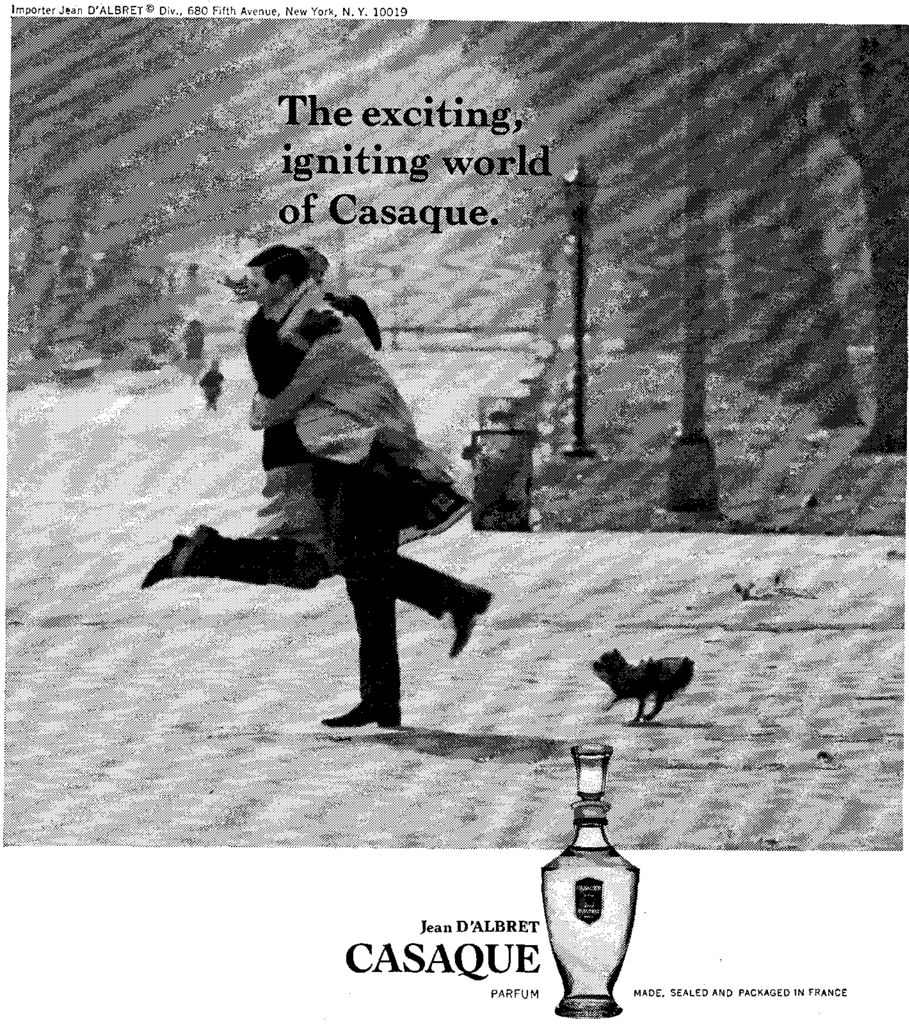
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the head of any federal agency of any actual, impending, or threatened unlawful removal . . . of records in the custody of such agency that shall come to his attention, and assist the head of such agency in initiating action through the Attorney General for the recovery of such records.' Now, ordinarily we tend to overlook this clause when documents appear on the market, even if we know that they were once in federal files. It's almost impossible to pin down just when a piece of paper left the files, for one thing. The Archives has more than two billion documents, and archivists don't work like librarians, with a card for each item on file; they can only list records in groups or series. In this particular case, though, since the legal action to settle the title named the government specifically, we just couldn't ignore our responsibility."

Bahmer and two of his associates at the Archives put in more than six months of arduous research in preparation for the trial. "We had no idea what we were getting into," he said afterward. "As historians, we thought the documentation on the Lewis and Clark expedition had been pretty well worked over by Coues, Thwaites, and a number of more recent scholars. We had assumed that it would be fairly easy to do the necessary research for our own background purposes. But, as it developed, all the questions that mattered—of who wrote what, and when, and which journal was sent where—had been of no interest to previous historians. It turned into a frightful job of going through endless files, never being sure that what we were looking for would ever turn up." Their research paid some unexpected dividends, however. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Chief Archivist in charge of the Natural Resources Records Branch (no relation of the famous jurist), went to Philadelphia to comb through the files of the American Philosophical Society, and while he was there he dropped in at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania one day and found, to everyone's amazement, a batch of letters written by Jefferson to Lewis in 1803, when Lewis was in St. Louis getting the expedition ready.

The case for the Hammond interests was, if anything, even more complicated. In the absence of funds to hire researchers, Donald Hyde enlisted the full-time services of his wife, Mary, who has a Ph.D. in English from Columbia. Mrs. Hyde took an office at the firm and worked there every day for several months. Hyde had requested permission to examine the Clark notes,

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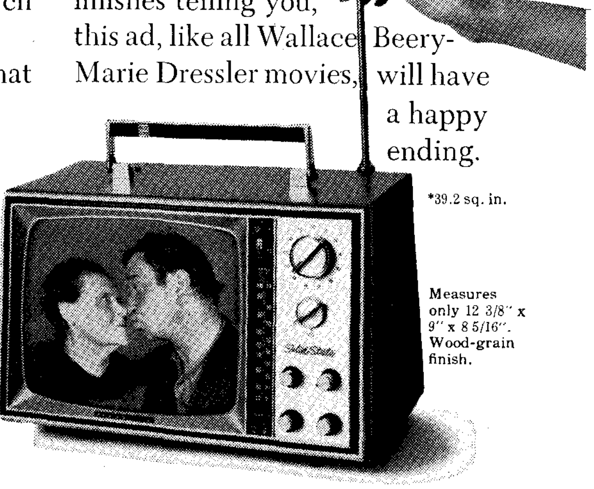

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and the Minnesota Historical Society had sent him photostatic copies that were considerably reduced in size—a fact he only learned later, when he saw the originals in St. Paul. As a result, Mrs. Hyde was obliged to work with photographs in which the tortuous, nearly illegible penmanship of William Clark—one of history's most bizarre spellers—was reduced to about one-fourth its original size. Hyde and another of his associates at the firm—Dermot Stanley—dropped virtually all outside work to concentrate on the case. One of their first discoveries was that there was no precedent for the case in either American or English law. "With no precedent, we found ourselves deeply involved in history, reading Jefferson's papers and tracking down all the sources of this thing," Hyde said. Up at Yale, Metzdorf was busy digging into past archival practice and accumulating examples of the government's neglect of its own records. He also devoted some close study to the photostatic copies of the Clark notes. "It was funny," he said afterward. "None of us was at all expert in the field of Americana in general, or Lewis and Clark in particular. My field is really eighteenth- and nineteenth-century literature, Mary Hyde's is Shakespeare, and Don's is the English eighteenth century." Still, searching through the notes with an expert's eye, Metzdorf began to put together a number of clues that led him to a specific theory regarding their nature.

THE Lewis and Clark case came to trial in Minneapolis on December 13, 1955. It lasted four days, and, aside from one somewhat acrimonious session, the proceedings often suggested an extraordinarily alert graduate seminar in history—an effect that was heightened by the fact that when the government's chief witness, Ernest S. Osgood, professor of history at the University of Minnesota, was on the stand, he could discern three of his former students in the government's camp: Clifford Janes, the government attorney; Miss Lucile Kane, a well-known historical author and scholar in the employ of the Minnesota Historical Society; and Dr. Robert Bahmer, the Assistant Archivist. It was Osgood who had authenticated the Clark notes for the Minnesota Historical Society, and his intimate knowledge of the documents sometimes made him sound as though he had been present on the expedition. "In some cases, Clark wrote the notes on a piece of paper which had been originally used to en-

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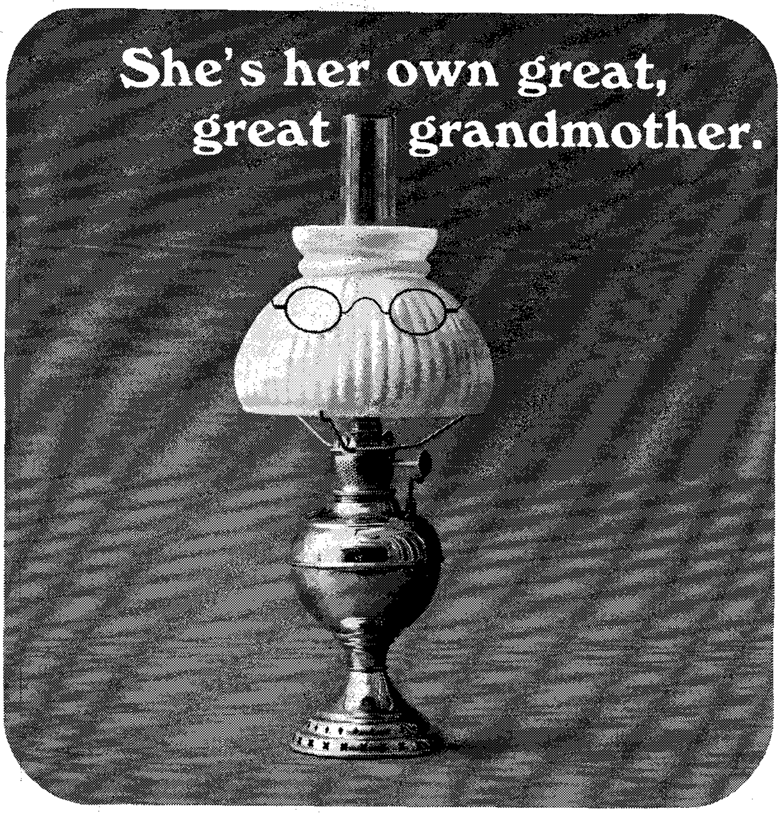

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Dr. Leakey and The Dawn of Man
National Geographic Special on anthropologist, Dr. Louis Leakey, and his search for man's ancestors.
Saturday, Nov. 5 (7:30-8:30 P.M.)

Elections '66
Preview of the races and issues.
Sunday, Nov. 6 (1-1:30 P.M.)

Campaign and the Candidates
An analysis of the races for the Senate and House of Representatives.
Sunday, Nov. 6 (3:30-4:30 P.M.)

Alice Through The Looking Glass
Musical based on Lewis Carroll's fantasy with Jimmy Durante, others.
Sunday, Nov. 6 (7:30-9 P.M.)

Campaign '66
Spotlighting what the viewer should look for in the election returns.
Sunday, Nov. 6 (10:30-11 P.M.)

Election Coverage
Tuesday, Nov. 8

Clown Alley
Red Skelton in a special which runs the gamut of jesters.
Wednesday, Nov. 9 (10-11 P.M.)

The People Trap
Stage 67: Drama set in the population-choked United States of 2067.
Wednesday, Nov. 9 (10-11 P.M.)

Barefoot in Athens
Peter Ustinov stars in a play about Socrates.
Friday, Nov. 11 (9:30-11 P.M.)

Back To Budapest
The big changes in Hungary since 1956.
Sunday, Nov. 13 (6:30-7:30 P.M.)

Inside Red China
Everyday life in Mao's China.
Tuesday, Nov. 22 (10-11 P.M.)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts
Leonard Bernstein conducts.
Wednesday, Nov. 23 (7:30-8:30 P.M.)

Noon Wine
Jason Robards, Jr. and Olivia de Havilland star in Katherine Ann Porter's story.
Wednesday, Nov. 23 (10-11 P.M.)

The Ballad of Smokey The Bear
Animated musical on the 21-year-old symbol of forest fire prevention.
Thursday, Nov. 24 (7:30-8:30 P.M.)

It's A Dog's World
A look at all types of man's best friend.
Friday, Nov. 25 (7:30-8:30 P.M.)

The Legacy of Rome
The heritage of the Eternal City.
Friday, Nov. 25 (10-11 P.M.)

Pearl Harbor
Frank McGee reports on U.S. moves to prevent another Pearl Harbor.
Sunday, Nov. 27 (6:30-7:30 P.M.)

Randolph Churchill
A portrait of Winston Churchill's early years presented by his son.
Tuesday, Nov. 29 (10-10:30 P.M.)

The Life and Legend of Marilyn Monroe
Stage 67's film essay about the woman, the actress, the symbol.
Wednesday, Nov. 30 (10-11 P.M.)

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Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Directions/Bullwinkle*/Camera Three/ Discovery '67*/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/The Eternal Light/Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom*/College Bowl*/ The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color*

Note: this is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (New York Time), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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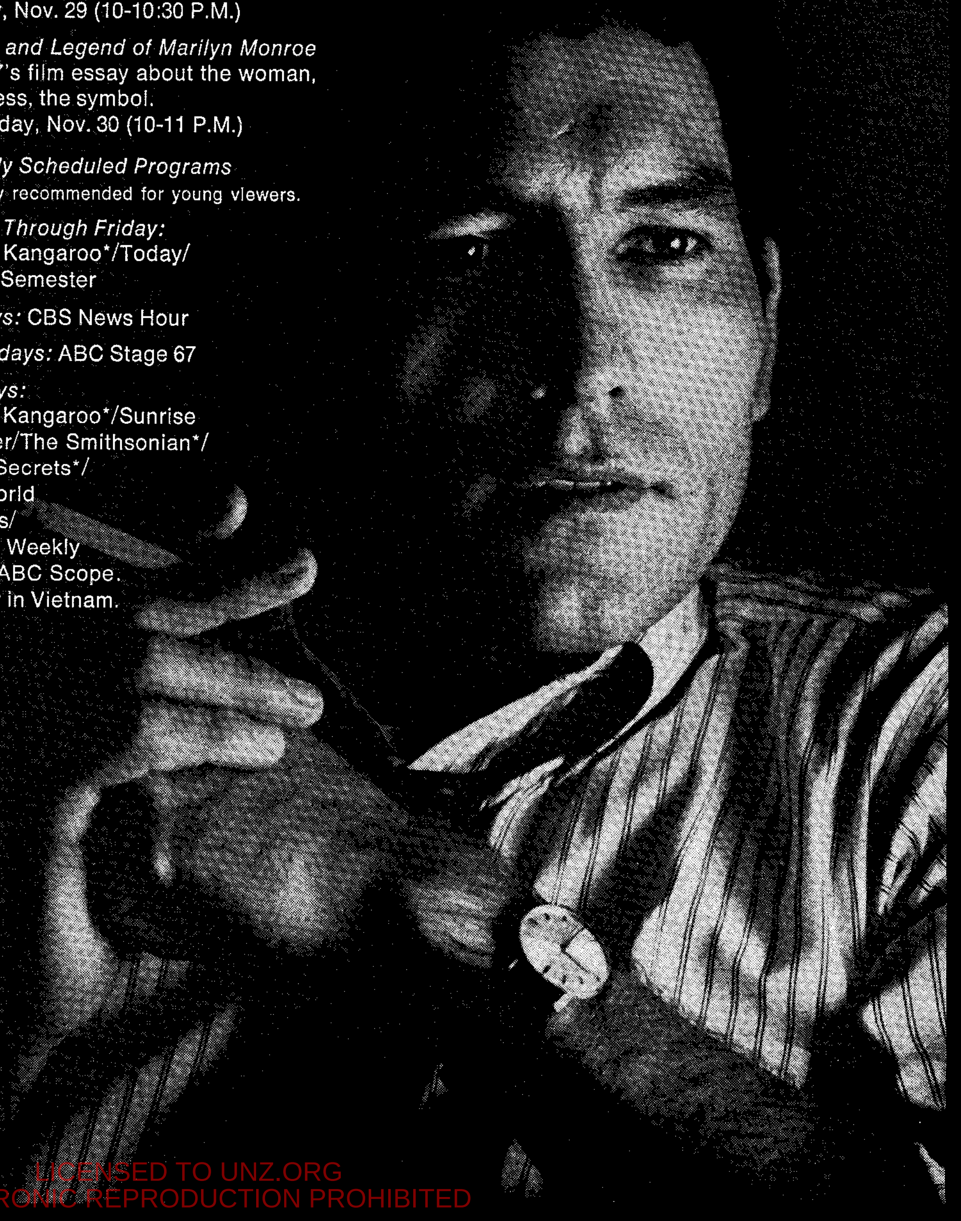

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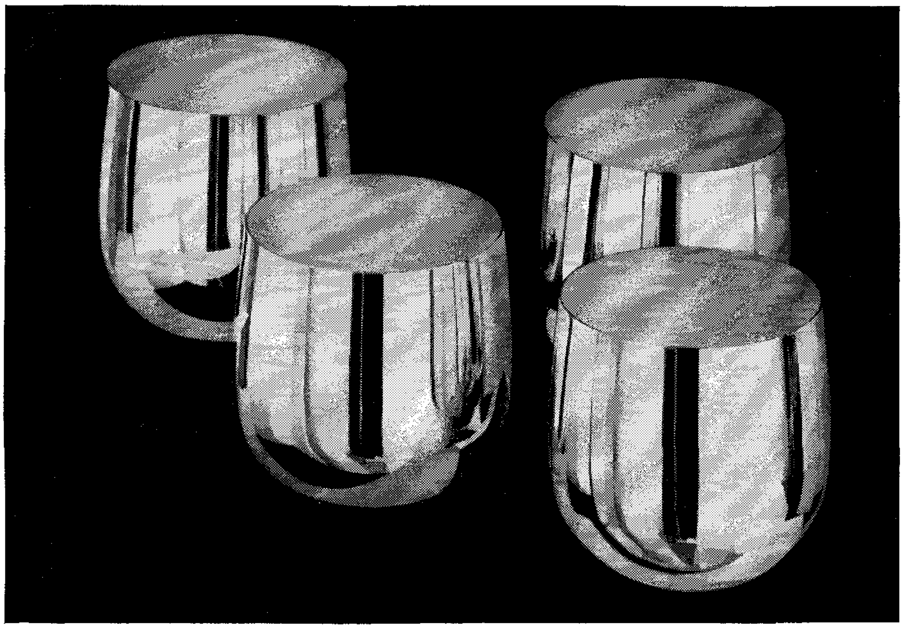

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close a letter," he explained to the court. "In those days, of course, there were no envelopes, so when you wrote a letter you took another sheet of paper and folded it over and put a red seal on it and you addressed it on the outside. Paper was short, and he saved all those, and he began to use them as he went up the river, writing right across the address on one side of the sheet of paper. . . . I am certain that many of these notes were made on the deck of the keelboat as the keelboat was proceeding up the river. In one place, he notes that his notes blew overboard, and he was rewriting these notes from memory. In recording the courses and distances . . . he crossed out and added and underwrote, and all that sort of thing. Clark was a clumsy man, and in another case he spilled all his ink over the notes. . . . I think he used a quill pen, and I think I can identify when he stopped to sharpen his quill pen, but up to that point sometimes the writing was very difficult."

Another factor that added to the seminar atmosphere was the quiet, attentive personality of the white-haired presiding judge, Gunnar H. Nordbye. His experience could hardly have furnished him with many guideposts for this case. Instead of dealing with more or less contemporary facts, to be proved or disproved by testimony, the lawyers on both sides had to contend almost exclusively with documents that were a hundred and fifty years old and were written by men whose eighteenth-century syntax and diction often left their meaning decidedly unclear. In addition to the Clark notes themselves, which were received only *in camera* (a copyright protection insisted upon by Hyde), a total of eighty-three exhibits was offered in evidence—seventy of them by the government—and, as Hyde reflected later, "almost every one of them turned out to be a two-edged sword." At times, in fact, it almost seemed as though Clark, Lewis, and even Jefferson had gone out of their way to confuse the court.

From the outset, the government based its case squarely on Jefferson's 1803 letter of instructions to Lewis. Clifford Janes, the young Assistant United States Attorney who argued the government's case, returned again and again to this letter with Professor Osgood and subsequent witnesses, drawing attention to Jefferson's request that Lewis make "several copies" of his notes and observations, and that upon his return he should repair with his papers to "the seat of government." The Clark notes, Janes insisted, were made in direct response to Jefferson's instructions as to what should be observed and recorded. Much of the information they contained—distances travelled each day, notes on the soil, flora, fauna, and weather of the country they passed through—was admittedly a duplication of similar material in the Lewis and Clark journals as published by Thwaites. But, Janes pointed out, some of the notes—those covering the winter of 1803-04, prior to the start of the expedition—constituted the only record in existence; the journals in Philadelphia contained no more than a few scattered references to this period of training and preparation at the Dubois River camp. Janes' argument was that the *res*—as the notes in litigation were referred to at the trial—should be considered the missing link in a continuous journal that had been started by Lewis when he set out down the Ohio River to join Clark in the summer of 1803, that had been taken over by Clark (with a few Lewis entries) during the winter of 1803–04, when they were getting the expedition outfitted and ready (this was the *res*), and that had then been kept by both captains, sometimes alternately but more often in duplicate versions, throughout the long voyage up the Missouri, over the Rockies, down to the Pacific, and then back across the continent in 1806.

Dermot Stanley argued the case for the Hammond interests. Although neither Hyde nor Stanley considered himself an expert trial lawyer, they had agreed that Stanley could present the case the most effectively. Stanley lost no time in getting the government's star witness, Professor Osgood, to admit that Jefferson's instructions did not apply to the period when the expedition was at the Dubois River camp. "As your movements while within the limits of the United States will be better directed by occasional communications . . . they will not be noticed here," this part of the Jefferson letter read. The orders applied only to "your proceedings after your departure from the United States"—that is, after the expedition had set forth up the Missouri River into the Louisiana Territory, which in June, 1803, when Jefferson wrote the letter, was not yet the United States.

Stanley's main effort, in any case, was to show that the Clark notes were rough, unofficial jottings that neither Clark nor Lewis (nor, by implication, Jefferson) had ever considered anything other than Clark's private property. In this connection, he produced a letter that Lewis had written to Jefferson on April 7, 1805, just before the

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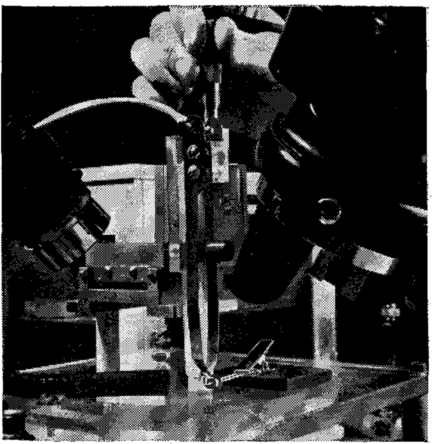

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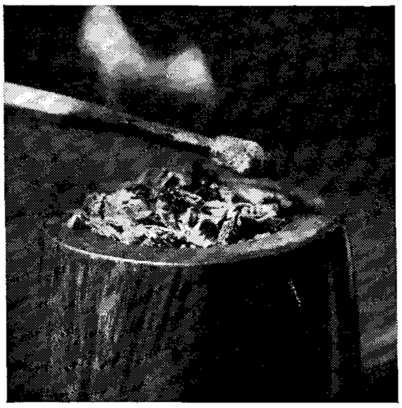

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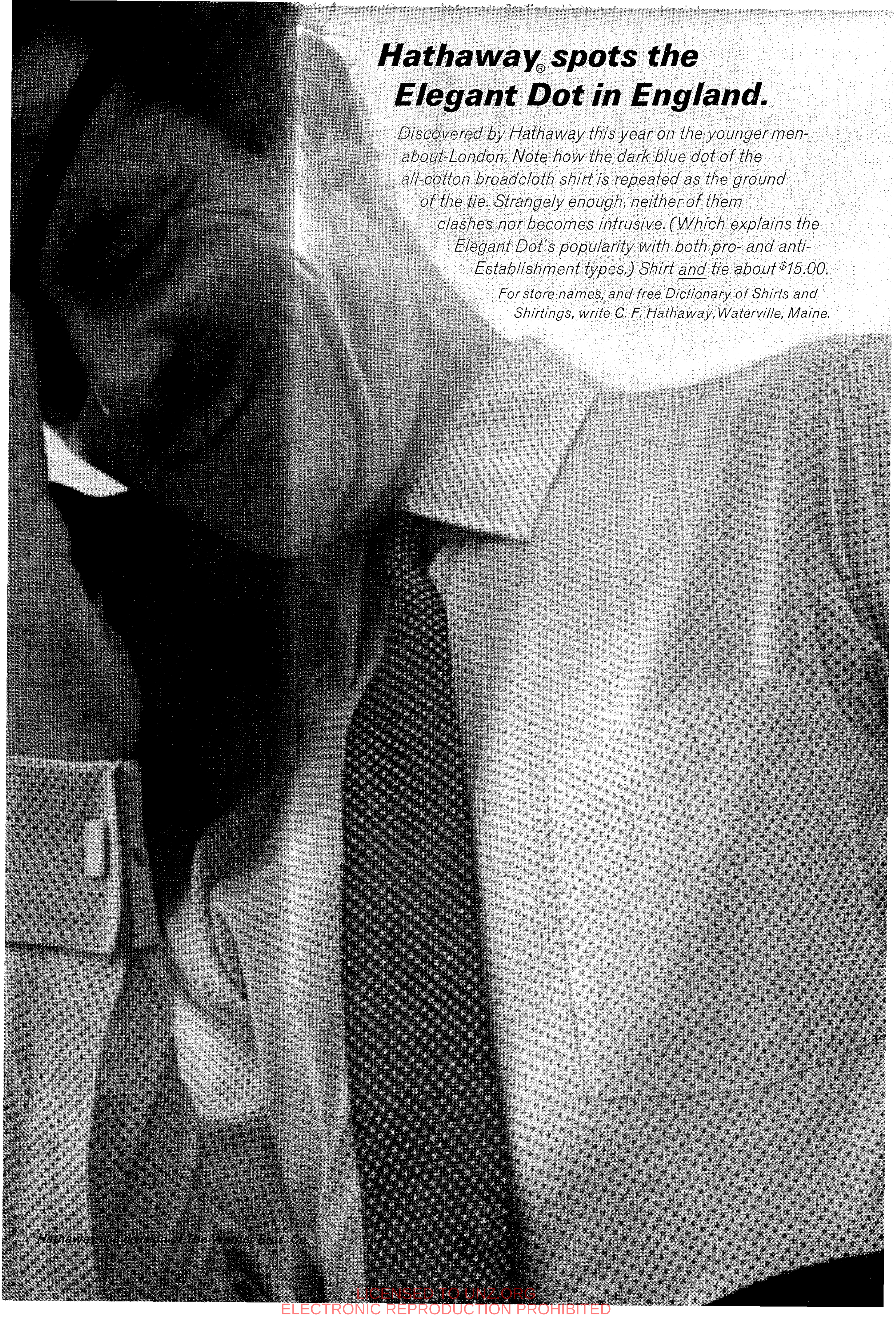
expedition left its first winter quarters, at Fort Mandan, sixteen hundred miles up the Missouri, in what is now North Dakota. From Fort Mandan on, there would be no opportunity to send letters back until the expedition returned the following year. In his letter, Lewis apologized to Jefferson for not having prepared a clean copy of the expedition's notes and observations, saying, "You will also receive herewith inclosed a part of Capt. Clark's private journal, the other part you will find inclosed in a seperate tin box. This journal is in it's original state, and of course incorrect, but it will serve to give you the daily detales of our progress, and transactions. Capt. Clark dose not wish this journal exposed in it's present state, but has no objection, that one or more copies of it be made by some confidential person under your direction, correcting it's grammatical errors &c. . . . In this state there is no objection to your submitting them to the perusal of the heads of the departments, or such others as you may think proper."

This letter proved to be a great stumbling block for both sides. On the one hand, it suggested that both Lewis and Clark considered some of their written records private—so private that they could presume to instruct the President of the United States regarding their use. But what did Lewis mean by the word "private"? Did he mean "personal and confidential," or was he merely implying that Clark did not want his material handed around indiscriminately until the spelling and punctuation had been cleaned up? Furthermore, if this private journal could serve to inform the President about the "daily detales" of the expedition's progress, did this not imply that it conformed to Jefferson's specific instructions, thereby strengthening the government's claim? And why would Clark's "private," or personal, journal contain insertions in the hand of Meriwether Lewis, as an F.B.I. handwriting analyst had testified that the Clark notes did? There was, however, a further uncertainty. Lewis could have been referring here not to the rough notes of the *res* but to Clark's notebook journals covering the trip from Camp Dubois to Fort Mandan—the "marble-backed journals"—which were almost certainly sent back from Fort Mandan and are now in the library of the American Philosophical Society. Although these notebook journals appear to have been written up by Clark on the basis of the rough notes of the *res*, they are not nearly as "finished" in appearance as the red morocco notebooks that were written up later,



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My decorator tried to talk me into a flowered sofa for as long as I can remember and now that it's here I'm ecstatic! Of course, I *did* have some doubts.

Between the time I picked it out and the time it arrived I was sure I'd made a mistake.

Would it be wrong with the antiques?

Were the flowers just a bit too flowery?

And what about David's collection of horse paintings? How would that print look along side of *them?*

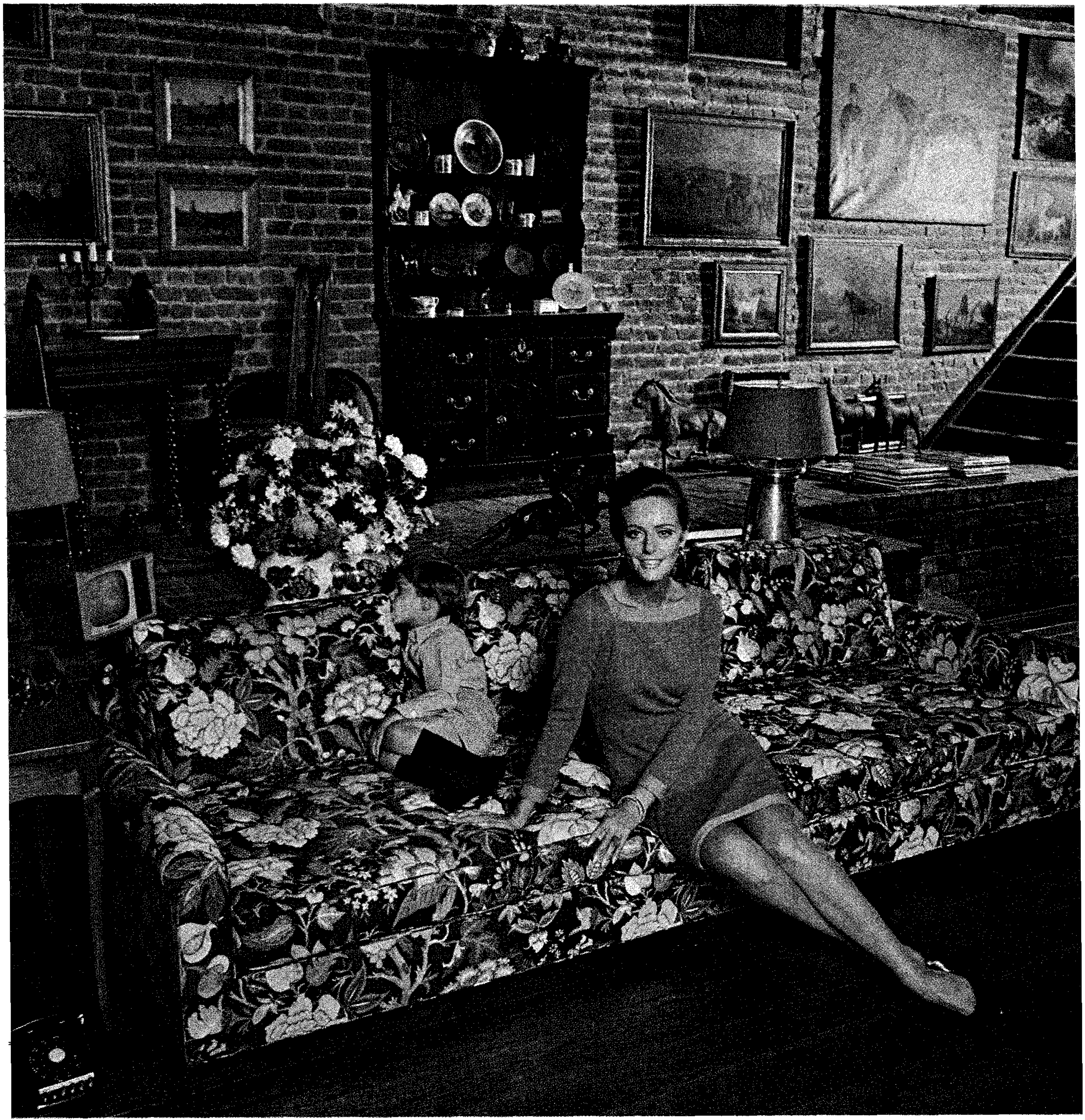
Well, as you can see, everything turned out just beautifully.

The proportions are absolutely perfect.

The print lights up the room.

And it's *so* comfortable.

I think I'll have Susan, and Tish over for tea tomorrow. I can't wait to see their faces when they see my new Dunbar sofa.



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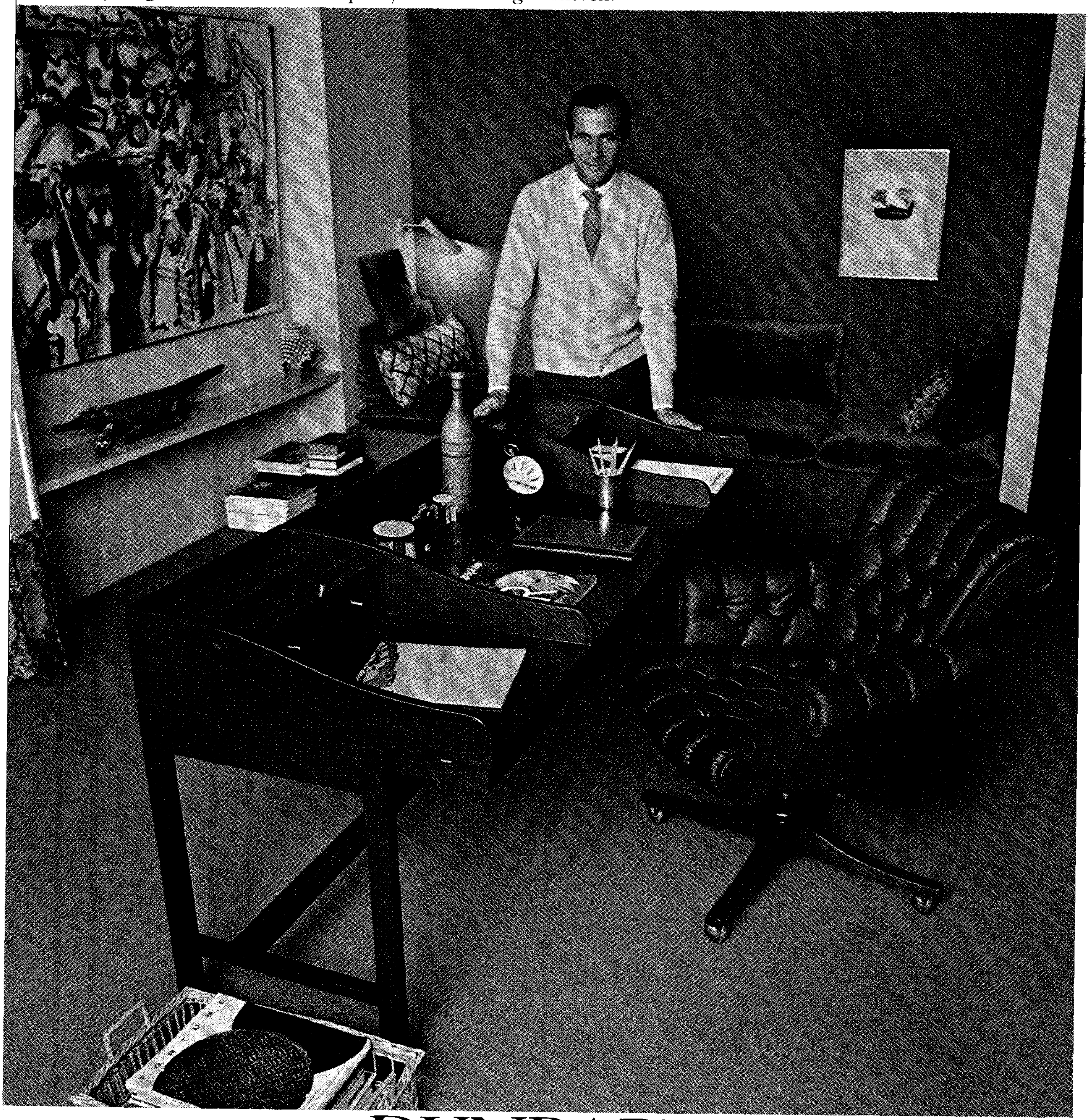
Imagine me getting so wrapped up in a piece of furniture. I'm so sold on Dunbar when the decorator asked me to come see the tufted chair, I told her to order it, sight unseen.



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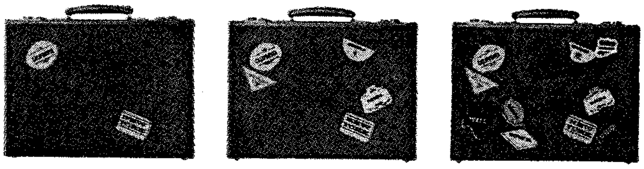
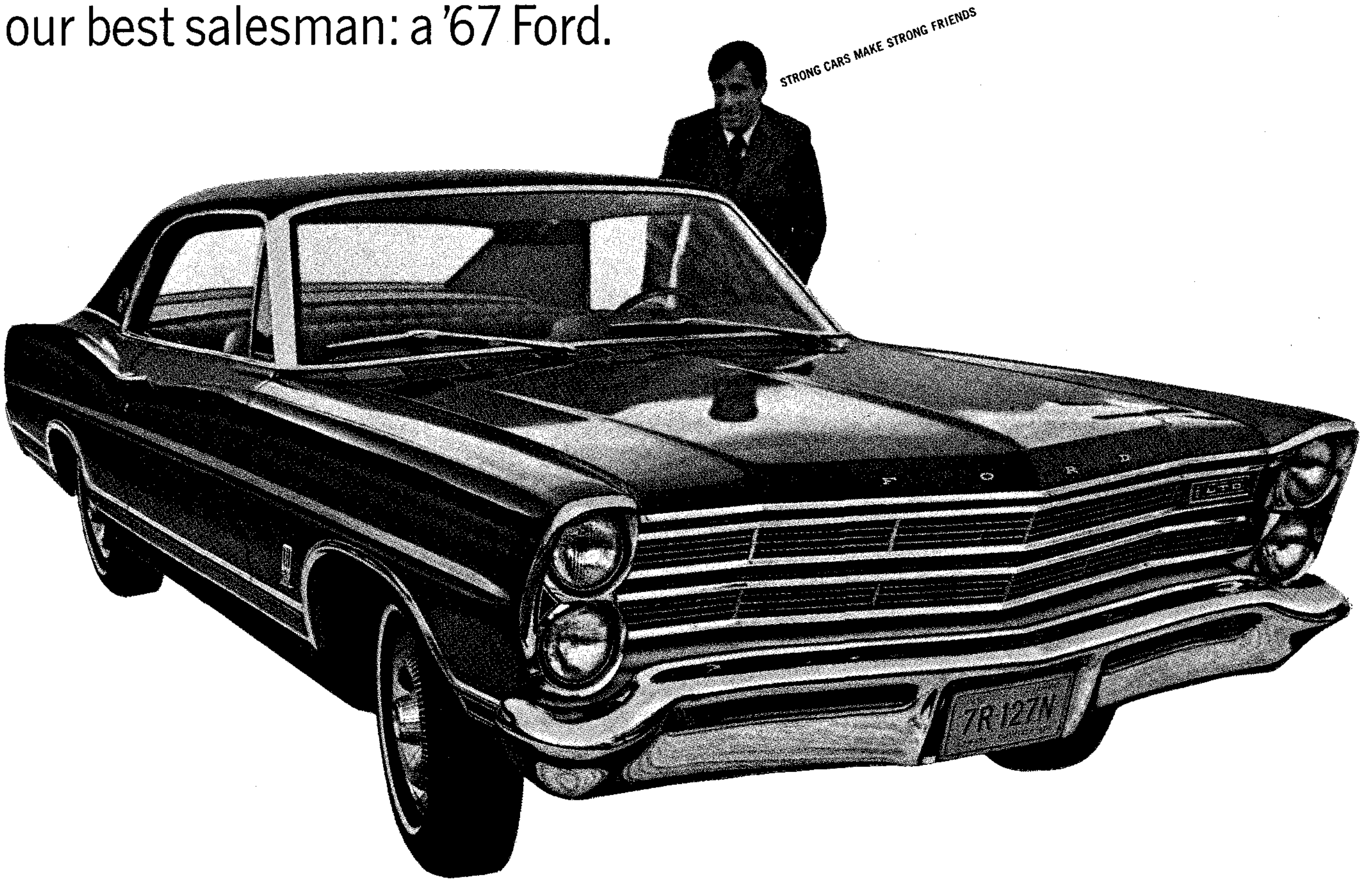


He rolled up 90,000 miles of selling. And ended up sold—on Fords. He just came back for a '67. It's a trend. Ford owners are buying Fords again in record-breaking numbers. That's because their Fords stayed strong, quiet and out of trouble. The '67 Ford is the strongest, quietest yet. And it's full of new ideas, like an option that locks all doors automatically when you reach 8 mph. Come meet our best salesman: a '67 Ford.



New ideas from Ford for '67: ☐ All Ford automatic transmissions are now SelectShift, can be used automatically or manually, according to the driving situation. ☐ Front power disc brakes available on all models. Run cooler. Resist fading. ☐ Convenience control panel option has lights to warn when fuel's low, door's ajar. One switch locks all doors. ☐ Stereo Tape/Radio system comes as an integrated unit, smartly styled into instrument panel. ☐ Magic Doorgate for wagons (standard) swings out like a door for people, down like a tailgate for cargo. ☐ Ford Motor Company Lifeguard-Design safety features are standard on all 1967 Fords.

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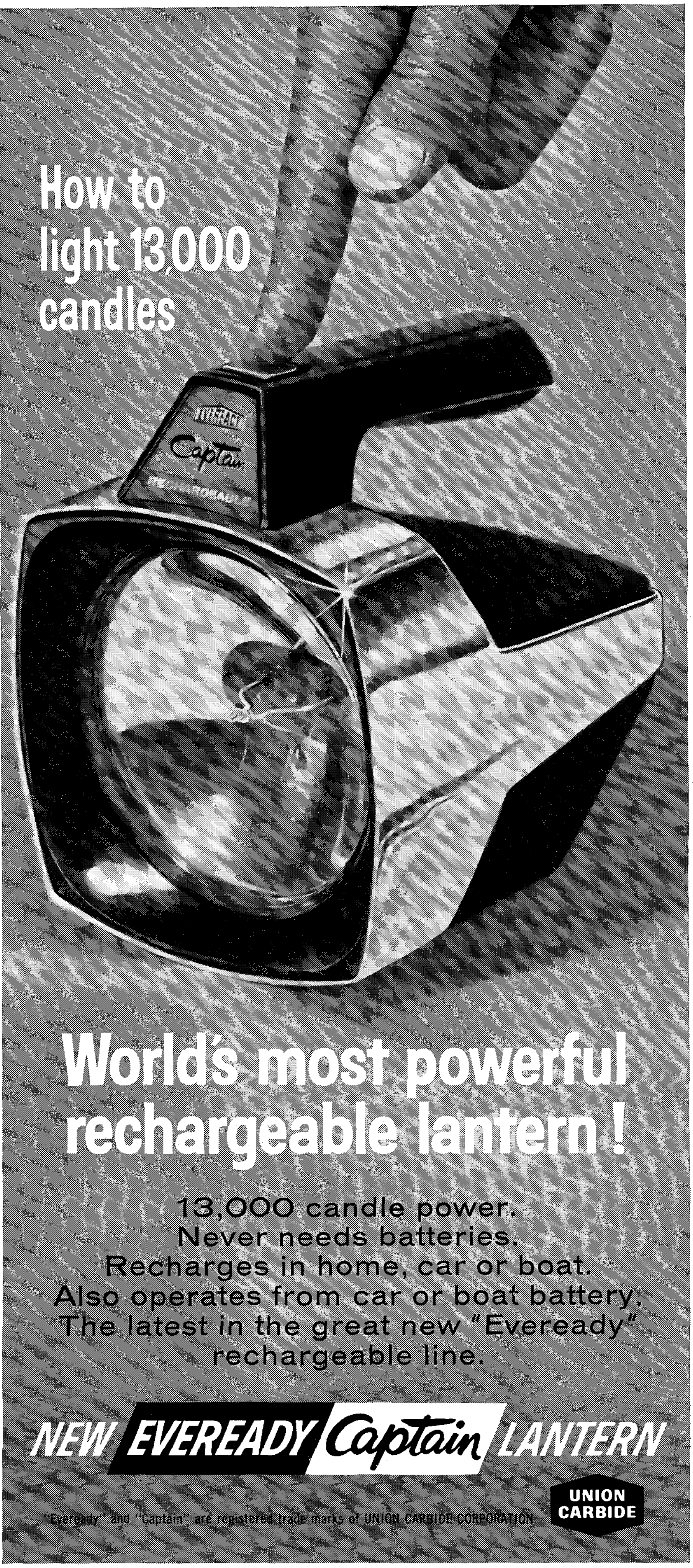
and they could credibly be described as a journal "in it's original state." The question of just what materials Lewis was referring to in his letter remained throughout the trial one of those historical puzzles that defy the legal process.

Stanley fared somewhat better when he elicited testimony to show that the journals of other members of the expedition were unquestionably considered private property. Seven men besides Lewis and Clark kept journals, and all of these were retained, lost, or disposed of profitably by their authors. And moreover, as Stanley pointed out several times, Clark (actually, Lewis and Clark shared the cost) bought Sergeant John Ordway's journal for three hundred dollars, in two installments, in 1807 and 1809, to help in the preparation of the official narrative of the expedition, which finally appeared, after many delays, in 1814.

The story of the struggle to publish this official narrative became one of the fascinating sidelights of the trial. It was related mainly by Dr. Bahmer, the Assistant Archivist. Bahmer described how Lewis—obviously the better qualified of the two men for the job of editing and publishing their joint account—was prevented from doing so by the demands of a political career for which his qualifications were much less evident. After the expedition's triumphal return in 1806, Lewis was appointed Governor of the Louisiana Territory. (Clark, promoted to general, was placed in command of the military defense of this huge area, and was also made Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Central Plains area.) Lewis had little talent for politics. He made enemies, got into financial difficulties, and began drinking heavily. When he committed suicide (or was murdered—history is still uncertain which it was) in October, 1809, he was on his way to Washington to try to redeem his reputation. Apparently, he had also been planning to do something about publication of the narrative, for he had with him two trunks filled with his own and Clark's journals. The job of preparing the narrative now fell to Clark. Realizing that he had no ability for it, he turned over most of the papers of the expedition, including the Ordway journal, to a young littérateur named Nicholas Biddle, of the well-known Philadelphia Biddles, who spent the next four years editing the vast stock of material and trying to get it published. Since the government had no printing office of its own, Biddle



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had to depend on commercial printers. The first firm he tried—C. & A. Conrad, of Philadelphia—went bankrupt. The War of 1812 and other difficulties intervened to delay publication by a second firm—Bradford & Inskeep—but the two-volume history finally appeared in 1814, in an edition of two thousand copies. Its success was not exactly overwhelming. The net profits of the enterprise came to $154.10, of which neither Clark nor Biddle apparently received a cent. Two years later, in 1816, Clark wrote plaintively to Jefferson that he had not even "been so fortunate as to precure a single volume as yet."

In all this time, the original records of the expedition had become widely scattered. Jefferson, now a private citizen but still keenly interested in everything that had to do with the expedition, undertook to reassemble them before it was too late. He wrote to Biddle, to Clark, and to a number of others, requesting the return of the Lewis and Clark materials, and on April 26, 1816, he wrote a long letter to José Corrêa da Serra, a scientist and a member of the American Philosophical Society (of which Jefferson himself was an active member), listing and describing these materials as well as he could remember them—journals, notes, Indian vocabularies, scientific data of all kinds. As read into the record by Dr. Bahmer, this letter concluded:

> These constitute the whole. They are the property of the government, the fruits of the expedition undertaken at such expense of money and risk of valuable lives. They contain exactly the whole of the information which it was our object to obtain for the benefit of our own country and of the world. But we were willing to give to Lewis and Clark whatever pecuniary benefits might be derived from the publication, and therefore left the papers in their hands.... But the death of Capt. Lewis, the distance and occupations of General Clark, and the bankruptcy of their bookseller, have retarded the publication, and rendered necessary that the government should attend to the reclamation & security of their papers. Their recovery is now become an imperious duty.

Jefferson wrote that the "safest deposit" for the papers would be with the American Philosophical Society—there being no archival facilities in Washington—but he seemed to leave no doubt that they would continue to belong to the government. "As to any claims of individuals to these papers," he added, in the same letter, "it is to be observed that, as being the property of the public, we are certain neither Lewis nor Clark would undertake to convey away the

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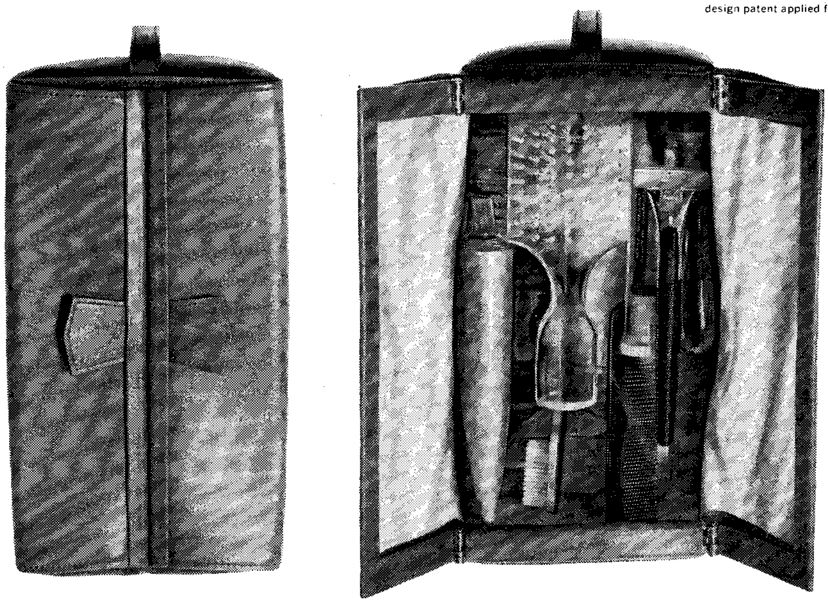

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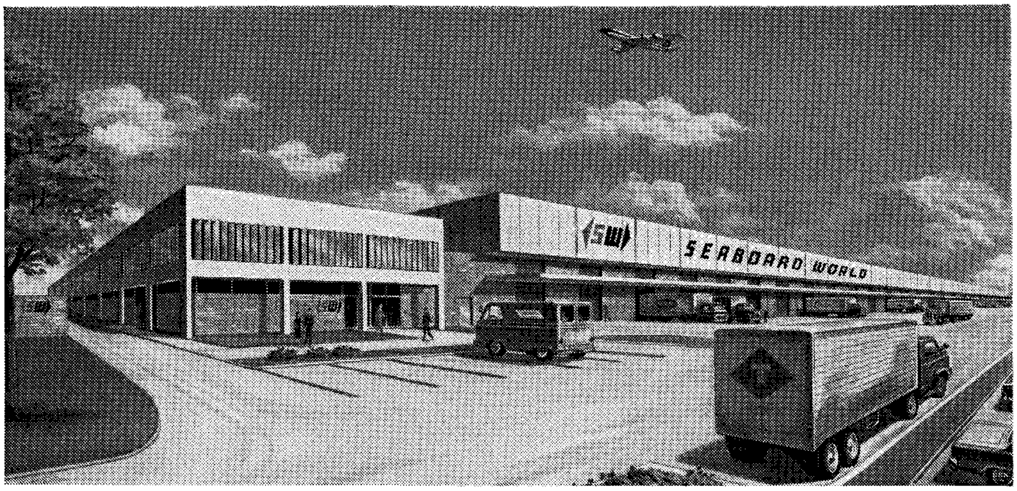

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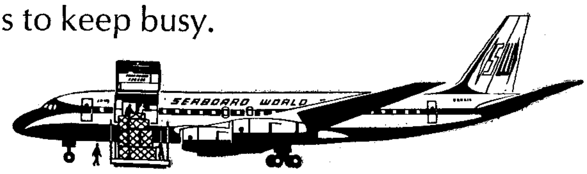

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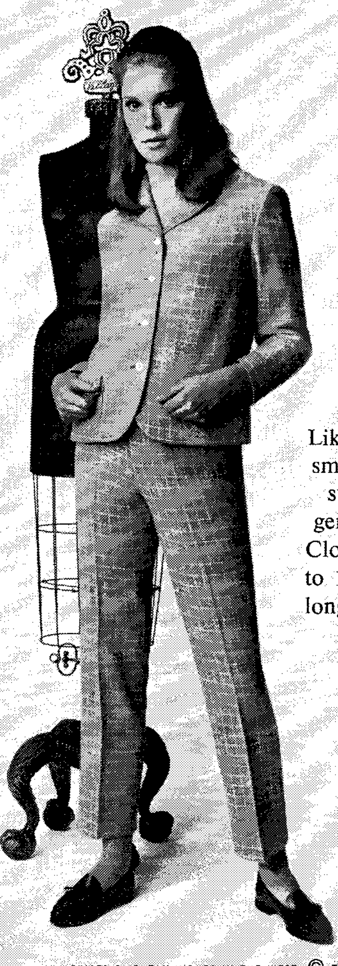

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right to them, and that they could not convey them had they been capable of intending it."

This was obviously a crucial statement for the government's case, and Mr. Janes made good use of it. But, as usual, there were ambiguities. In response to Jefferson's efforts, eighteen notebook journals of the expedition were recovered and deposited in the A.P.S., together with twelve parcels of "loose sheets." On the other hand, as Stanley was able to demonstrate, neither Biddle nor Clark returned *all* the Lewis and Clark material in his possession. In 1913, the Ordway journal and the first journal that Lewis kept on his trip down the Ohio River were discovered among the Biddle family papers by a descendant of Nicholas Biddle. More to the point, Clark retained in his own possession no fewer than five of *his* original journals, nearly all the maps he had made during the trip, and a large number of miscellaneous documents. It was these papers that, having come down through the Clark family, were offered for sale as the Clark-Voorhis Collection, the maps going eventually to Yale, and the journals to the library of the Missouri Historical Society. Why didn't Clark deliver these to Jefferson in 1816? Stanley put this question to Mr. Charles van Ravenswaay, then director of the Missouri Historical Society (and now president of Old Sturbridge Village, in Massachusetts), and received the following reply:

> I feel that Clark kept in his possession all of the original documents relating to the expedition which were duplicated in the material already in the possession of Jefferson and the Philosophical Society, and that he interpreted the President's order to mean that he was not now to send any duplicate material because all the material which we know of that Clark did retain is, for the most part, duplicate material.

Here, it seemed, was a pivotal issue. When Jefferson referred to the Lewis and Clark papers as "the property of the government" and "the fruits of the expedition," did he mean to include rough notes that were later duplicated in a more finished form? The government contended that he did, because he had specifically ordered Lewis to make his observations in several copies. The Hammond lawyers maintained that he did not, his interest being focussed not on the physical documents as such but on the information they contained. Having touched upon this significant question, the trial then veered off in a new and unexpected direction.

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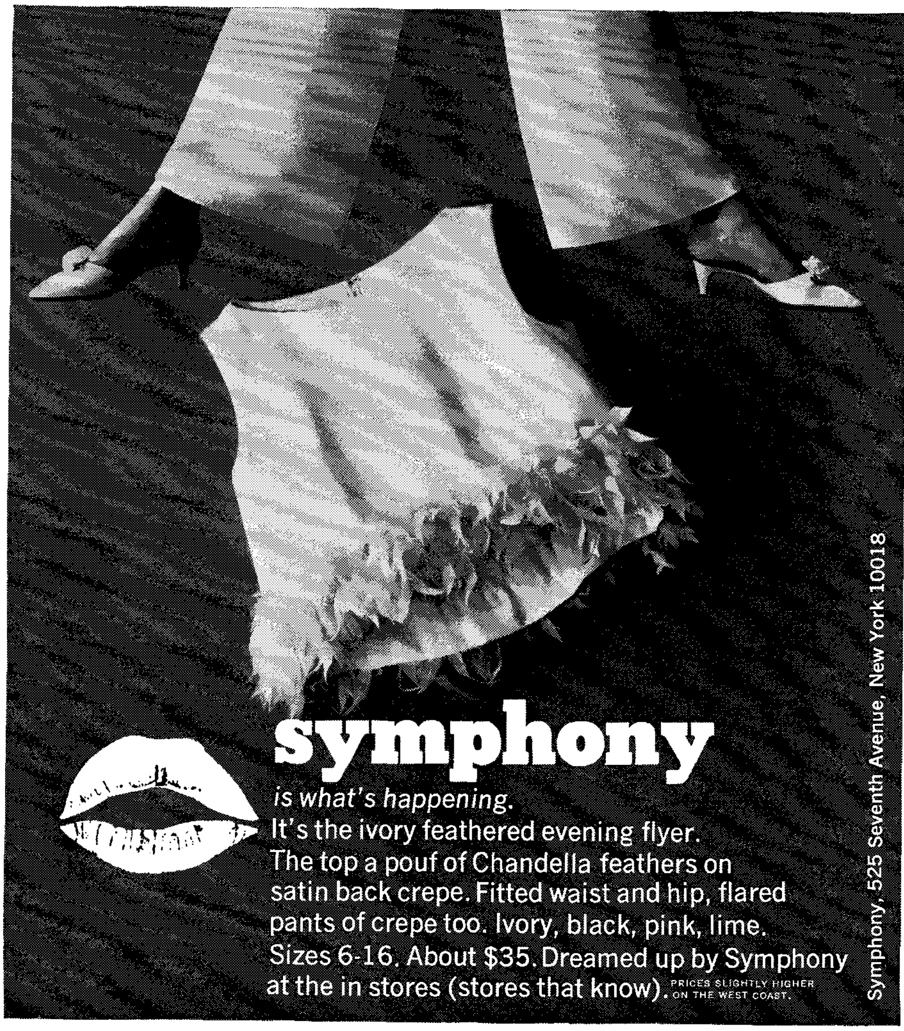
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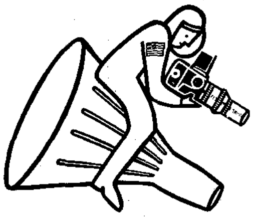
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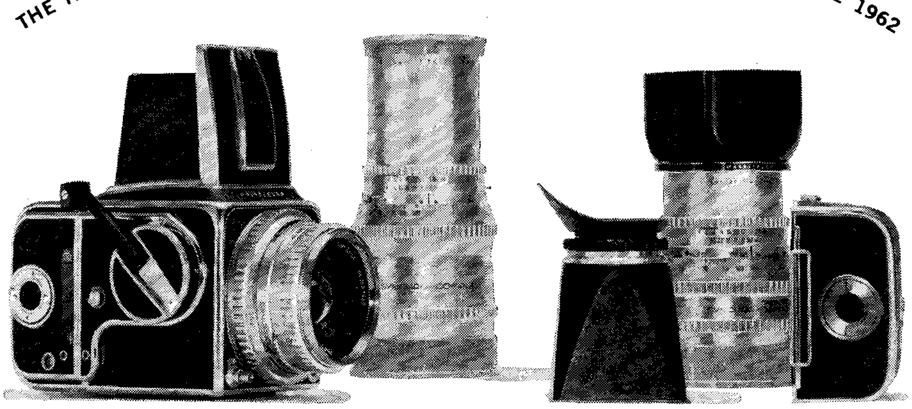
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dell Holmes, of the Archives staff, Janes developed the government's own solution to the mystery of how Hammond had come into possession of the Clark papers. Holmes traced Clark's career as a Superintendent of Indian Affairs, a post that he held from 1807 until the end of his life, including the period when he served as Territorial Governor of Missouri. After Clark's death, in 1838, the office of the St. Louis, or Central, Superintendency was moved three times—"St. Louis was farther and farther from the Indian agencies as the country settled up," Holmes explained. From 1869 until its abolition in 1878, the office was situated in Lawrence, Kansas. In 1878, when it was decided to close down this superintendency, the order was carried out by John Henry Hammond, who was then serving as head of the Dakota, or Northern, Superintendency. Hammond went to Lawrence, packed up the books, papers, and other records, itemized them scrupulously, and shipped them to Washington. Among these papers, Holmes testified, were some very early maps of the Indian country of the upper Missouri—two of them maps that Lewis and Clark carried with them on the expedition. This indicated, according to Janes, that some Lewis and Clark records had remained with the superintendency since Clark's time, and that Hammond had had "a very close connection" with those records.

This came as something of a bombshell. Raudenbush, the First Trust Company attorney, posed an immediate objection: If the government's inference was that the Clark notes in dispute had been among the records of the superintendency at Lawrence, "and were, shall we say, set aside from the records by General Hammond," then the inference was "speculative, conjectural, no foundation laid, and also irrelevant."

"The inference, I think, is quite clear that General Hammond must have come into possession of these documents at the Central Superintendency," Janes replied.

Needless to say, this theory infuriated Louis Starr. It came as a complete surprise to Hyde and Stanley, who sought to bar it as merely speculative and therefore inadmissible as evidence. Holmes conceded under cross-examination that no specific evidence existed to show that the Clark notes or the maps had ever been at the Lawrence office. Judge Nordbye ruled that the evidence could be received, but he added, "Whether the government will be sustained in all of its positions with reference to it is another matter." At this point, the government rested its case.

The government case had taken three days; the case for the Hammonds took only one. A procession of expert witnesses in the rare-book field testified as to the large number of federal documents that had been preserved solely through the action of private collectors; Paul M. Angle, the director of the Chicago Historical Society, described, for example, how the original procès-verbal transferring the Province of Louisiana from Spain to France in 1803, and a similar document transferring it from France to the United States a month later, had been acquired by his society's library from the estate of a German-born Chicago candy manufacturer named Charles F. Gunther. Under Stanley's cross-examination, Dr. Bahmer conceded that every President since Washington had taken all his papers—public and private—away with him when he left office, and Stanley made it clear that a great many ambassadors and other federal officials have always done the same. Having established these precedents, Stanley called his manuscript expert, Robert Metzdorf.

In his study of the Clark notes, Metzdorf said from the stand, he had observed certain things proving that "this was in [Clark's] mind in the nature of a private diary." To demonstrate this theory to the court, it would be necessary to refer directly to the notes, and since these were being held *in camera*, public proceedings were adjourned while Metzdorf, Bahmer, Holmes, and counsel went into Judge Nordbye's chambers to consult them in private. Speaking with professional assurance, Metzdorf showed how one of the notes had been folded to make a packet for the others, and pointed out that this packet had then been addressed on the outside to General Jonathan Clark, in Louisville, Kentucky—"not to Thomas Jefferson, not to the Secretary of War, but to General Jonathan Clark, his brother . . . and this gives me a theory about what this whole business is." According to Metzdorf's theory, when Lewis wrote to Jefferson from Fort Mandan in the spring of 1805 (the letter that had already caused such confusion at the trial), saying that he was sending back Captain Clark's "private journal," he was not referring to the *res* at all. He was, rather, referring to the three notebook journals now with the American Philosophical Society. These journals, Metzdorf said, had been written up in the cold winter eve-

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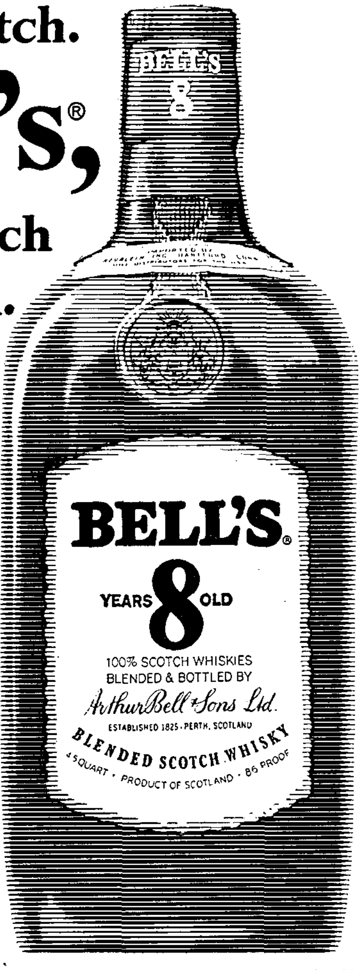
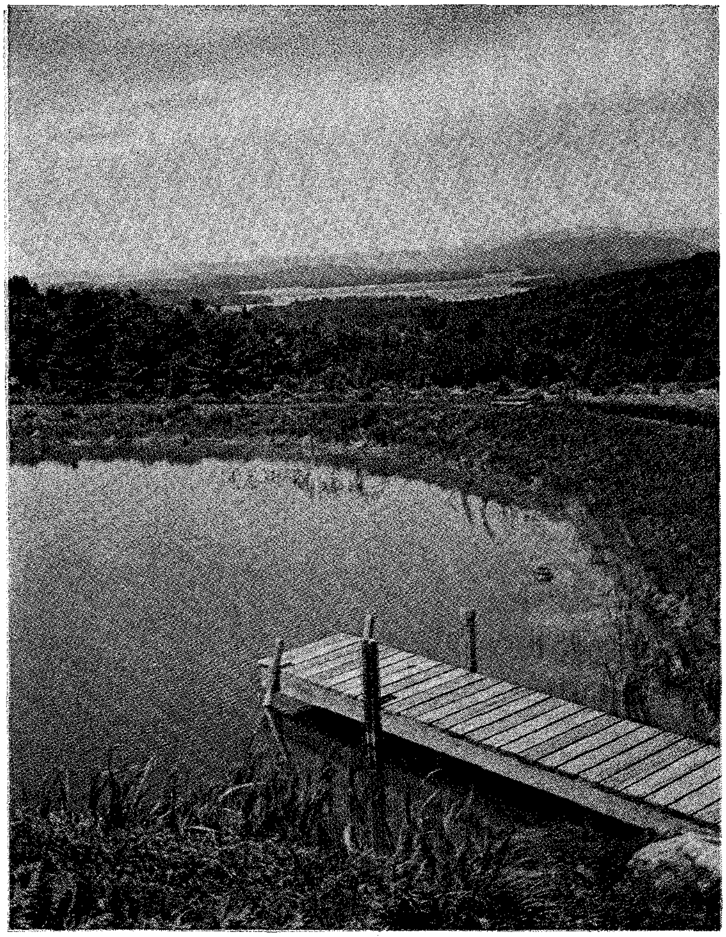


nings at Fort Mandan, using the *res* as a basis. These three journals *were* sent back to Jefferson by the returning keelboat, but "the present papers were sent back by Clark wrapped in the bundle for his brother."

Although Metzdorf's theory has since been disputed by some Lewis and Clark scholars, both sides in the case now tend to agree that his testimony had a considerable influence on the final decision. As Bahmer said recently, "You could almost tell the exact moment when Judge Nordbye began to nod his head in agreement. We were just going through the motions from then on." Hyde and Stanley also noted the judge's reaction to the Metzdorf analysis, and decided to call no more witnesses. Stanley rested his case, and the court adjourned soon afterward. "Gentlemen," Judge Nordbye said, at the conclusion, "it has been a very interesting case to hear. I wish all of you and each of you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

IN a trial as complex as this one, a great deal would obviously depend on the briefs filed by both sides. Since Judge Nordbye had ruled that the government bore the burden of proof in the case, the government filed the first brief. It was a clear and effective summation, which placed primary emphasis on two points: (1) that General Hammond had "obtained the documents 'without authority' from the lawful possession of the government" and (2) that even if he had not obtained them in this manner, title rested with the government because the documents "were made during the course of a military expedition, ordered and financed by the government, pursuant to orders to make the notes contained in the documents." The brief for the Hammonds went beyond mere summation. As a result of intensive new research by Mrs. Hyde, the brief was able to demonstrate that every observation made in the Clark notes after the expedition left the staging area on the Dubois River was duplicated elsewhere in the Lewis and Clark journals. The Clark notes must be judged by the measuring standards of their own time, the brief argued, and "the government's interest at that time was in the acquisition of knowledge; once having those facts, it considered supporting records of no importance."

The point was apparently well taken, for it figured rather prominently in the decision that Judge Nordbye handed down on October 8, 1956. "The situation must be considered as it existed



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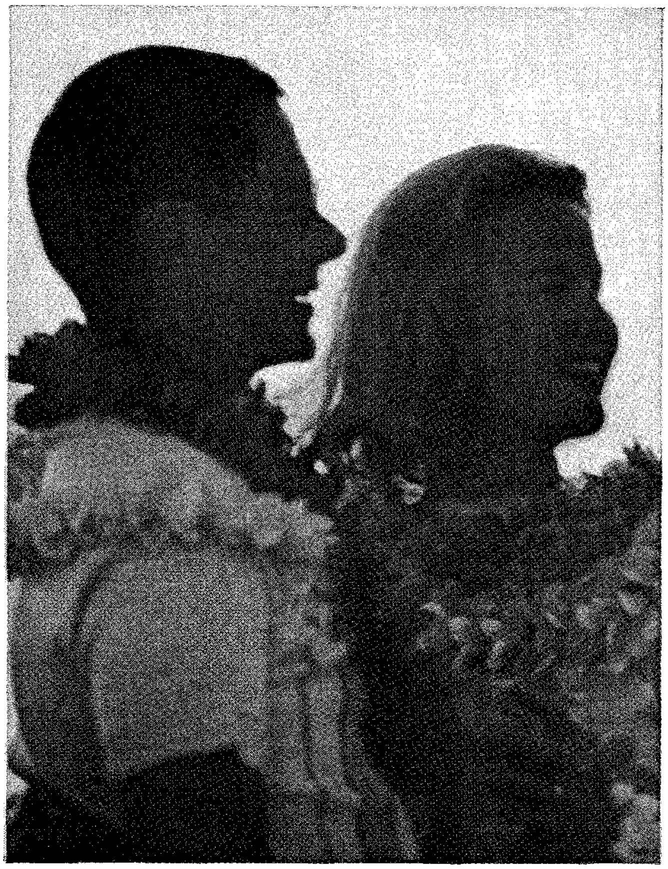

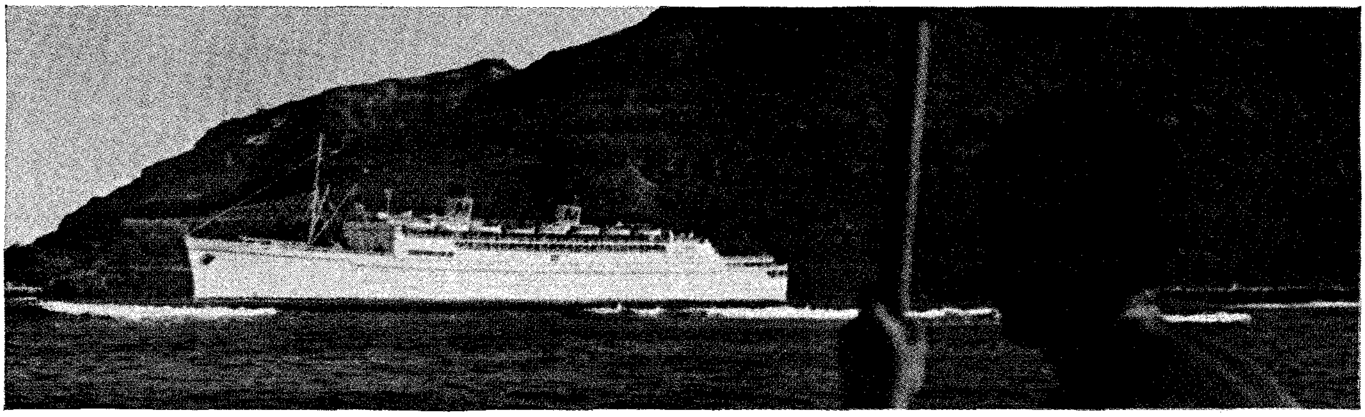

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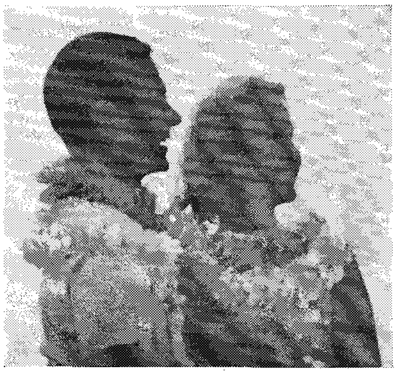

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after Clark's return, and not as of today when such original notes and data may be of great historical interest to scholars or have a real value as collector's items," Nordbye wrote. "The government was not concerned with such aspects of the papers in 1806. Certainly, every inference to be deduced from the evidence herein supports the contention that Captain Clark considered these notes as his personal property."

Nordbye's decision, by following the test of "usefulness," neatly avoided ruling on the more basic question of whether or not the rough notes of a government servant on official assignment belong to the government. Clark's notes at the Dubois River camp, having been written within the territory of the United States, "could not be anything more than his own personal jottings of interest to himself and Lewis before the expedition was under way." Jefferson's main interest was in "timely publication of all pertinent data"—not in physical possession of rough documents. And while the government's theory of how Hammond came into possession of the notes might "seem tenable," it was entirely conjectural, and therefore "too tenuous and speculative to provide a basis for a factual finding of title in the government." In conclusion, Nordbye wrote, "The court finds that the government has not sustained the burden of proof in establishing its claim to the *res* in controversy. Therefore, its claim of a paramount title thereto cannot be, and is not, sustained."

Although the decision, which was upheld a year later by the Federal Court of Appeals, sounded like a complete victory for the anti-government side, it actually left Hyde feeling a little let down. "The result was a negative principle," he said afterward. "We'd hoped to go further and establish something positively, but, as it was, the trial settled only that these particular papers did not belong to the government. If we'd lost, of course, it would have established clearly that all such papers *do* belong to the government, so I guess we can't complain. But sooner or later, I imagine, the government will decide to try again."

Within the book world, reactions ranged from relief and jubilation to profound disapproval. Some of the professional historians who had declined to associate themselves with Hyde's cause had done so because they thought he was wrong, and the trial did nothing to alter their convictions. Princeton University's Julian P. Boyd, a recent president of the American Historical

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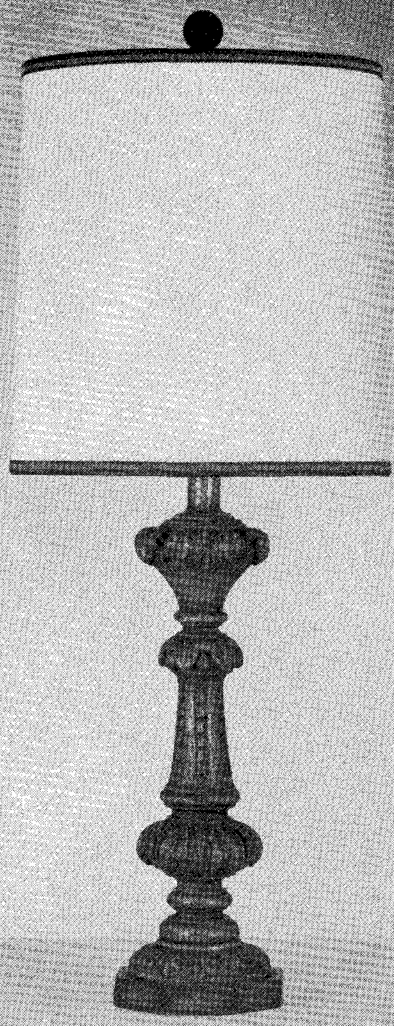

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Association and the editor of the Jefferson papers, stated his own opinions about the case in an address to the Society of American Archivists, which was later printed in the Society's journal. According to Boyd, Judge Nordbye's court *had* become "entrapped in its own faulty logic and misuse of history" to the point where the real issue in the case had "disappeared in a fog of legalism." Aside from his strong belief that the Clark notes were in no sense private but belonged without question to the government, Boyd found it extremely regrettable that "for the first time the interests of libraries, historical societies, and individuals have been put into an unnatural, unjustified, and unfortunate opposition to what were assumed to be the hostile motives of archivists."

The opposition still exists, unjustified or not. Dr. Bahmer said in 1964 that the National Archives felt continuing concern over the dispersal of federal records, and indicated that his office would recommend action by the Justice Department in a case involving some territorial records of New Mexico, which had become the issue in a dispute between a private dealer and the New Mexico Historical Society. Since then, the Justice Department has entered the case, which is currently awaiting trial. Whatever the outcome, the trial is not likely to further relations between private collectors and federal archivists, and it looks as though a good many curators of libraries will continue to be uneasy about the whole situation for some time to come.

The Lewis and Clark case at least established a precedent. After losing its appeal, the government decided not to take the case to the Supreme Court, and quietly bowed out. The Minnesota Historical Society and the Hammonds settled their dispute out of court, with the Society getting a mutually agreeable sum for its curatorial efforts, and Louis Starr, as unofficial trustee for his mother and her sister, getting the notes. Early in 1960, seven years after their discovery in the attic, the Yale Library announced that it had acquired the papers as a gift from Mr. Frederick W. Beinecke, who had purchased them for an undisclosed sum from Starr, and who subsequently financed their publication in an exceptionally handsome book that was put out in 1964 by the Yale University Press, edited and annotated by Professor Osgood. This conclusion must have appeared eminently satisfactory to most scholars. Even de Tocqueville, one feels, would have approved.

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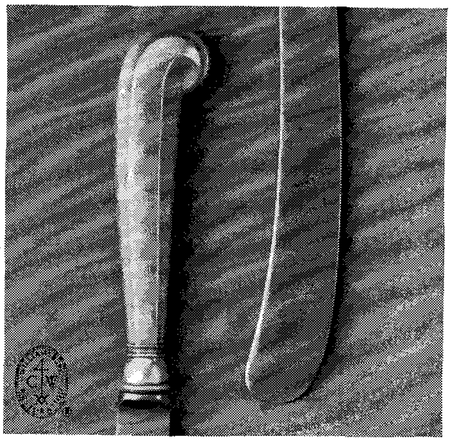

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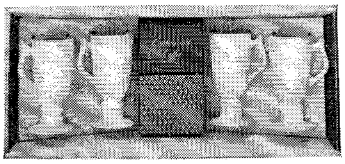

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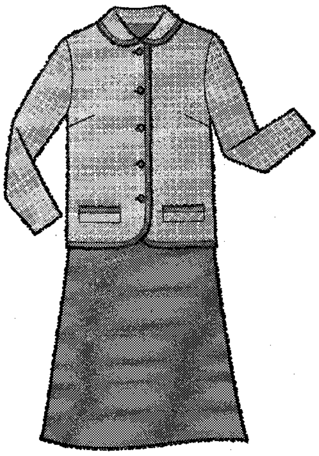

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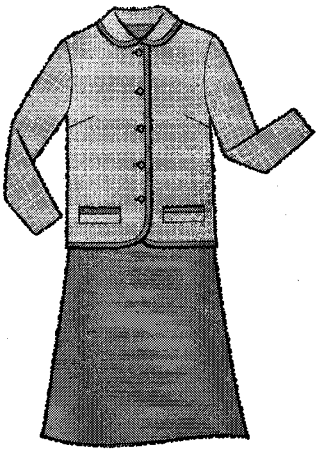

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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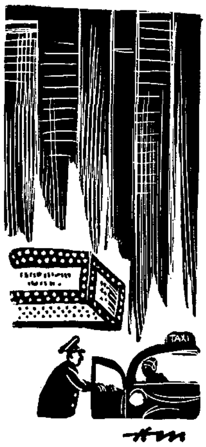
I HAVE heard it complained of that certain movies called comedies are too lacerating to bear the name. The authors of these complaints evidently believe that comedy should reflect a world of discomfiture but not of anguish, and that would be fine except that anguish, having nowhere else to go nowadays—tragedy, its former host, died in a celebrated car accident some years ago—has taken up residence in the ramshackle house of mirth. Until a new name has been devised for what may well be a new category, we will have to go on making use of the old one; thus, if I call the superb English movie "Georgy Girl" a comedy, it is because the majority of its scenes are hilarious, but I warn you that many other scenes in the movie are full of a just bearable pain, and that its underlying view of the human condition is bleak indeed. This is the mode of the best contemporary English movie-making ("Darling," "Morgan!," and the rest)—a mode that requires us to laugh and be heartsick by turns and sometimes simultaneously.

One is tempted to sum up "Georgy Girl" as the story of how a fat girl finds happiness in marriage, but the truth of the matter is that her happiness is not so much found as self-invented, and out of the least promising materials imaginable—an aging, lustful widower for a bridegroom and, for her most precious wedding gift, a sullen roommate's unwanted baby. Fat Georgy is played with slam-bang high spirits and great charm by Lynn Redgrave, and it is a measure of her success in the role that James Mason, in a stunning portrayal of the widower, fails to steal the picture from her. "Georgy Girl" provides several other excellent actors with substantial roles: Alan Bates plays a rubbishy but appealing little lower-middle-class bank clerk; Charlotte Rampling plays the good-looking, bitchy roommate; and Bill Owen plays Georgy's far from affectionate father. The director of the movie, Silvio Narizzano, has made telling use of the contrast between the ebullience of his characters and the sooty grimness of his settings, which are various out-of-the-way corners of London, well photographed in black-and-white by Ken Higgins. The music, which is by Alexander Faris, offers a witty running commentary on the action of the movie, whose exceptionally well-written screenplay is by Margaret Forster and Peter Nichols, drawn from a novel by Miss Forster.



"THE FORTUNE COOKIE," starring Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau, is also a comedy, but it is a much more ruthless one than "Georgy Girl." The maxim that it embodies throughout most of its length is that "nice guys finish last," and although virtue eventually triumphs, it is a mean, backhanded triumph ("Fairly nice guys finish close to last" might serve as an amended maxim) and will scarcely suffice to bring the hero back to the not very lofty level of morality he occupied at the start of the picture. "The Fortune Cookie" is very funny and very cruel; these are, of course, the distinguishing marks of the work of Billy Wilder, who produced and directed the movie and who, with I. A. L. Diamond, wrote its screenplay. Mr. Wilder has a low opinion of mankind; when he scourges us, I suspect that it is not so much because he hopes to improve us as because he wishes to keep his own despair at bay.

What gives a saving humanity to "The Fortune Cookie" is the delightful performances by Mr. Lemmon and Mr. Matthau. The former plays the part of a TV cameraman who gets knocked unconscious in the course of covering a professional football game. When he wakes up in the hospital, his brother-in-law, a shyster lawyer—played with marvellous, unremitting venom by Mr. Matthau—has already set in motion a fraud by means of which he plans to collect an enormous sum from the insurance companies involved. Mr. Lemmon protests that he feels fine, but Mr. Matthau soon convinces him that it will be best for everyone concerned if he pretends to have suffered a grievous injury to his spine. A young actor named Ron Rich, playing the part of the football player who accidentally knocked the cameraman down, is all that stands between Matthau and the successful carrying out of the fraud. It is characteristic of Mr. Wilder that, in order to achieve a wowser of a climax, he has first seen to it that the football player is a Negro and

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has then taken repellent advantage of the fact. It is necessary to the plot as written that Mr. Rich be a Negro, but it is by no means necessary to the plot that could have been devised to accomplish precisely the same ends; moreover, the words of the script have obviously been employed to shock us, though the pretense is that they are there to shock Lemmon. Mr. Wilder takes a Brechtian pleasure in wounding our conventional sensibilities, and is a master at it.

"HAWAII," taken from a two-pound novel by James Michener, dean of our windbag novelists, is perhaps the biggest empty movie, or the emptiest big movie, ever made. Despite its length and its look of being extremely ambitious, it contains scarcely a single action worth dramatizing. To be sure, there is plenty of violence, but it is all stale violence; we are given a storm at sea, a fire, a childbirth, and a death or two or three, but the authors of the screenplay, Daniel Taradash and Dalton Trumbo, have written these scenes out of their memory of all the other storm, fire, childbirth, and death scenes they have composed in their long careers (in the childbirth scene, there is even the obligatory request for some hot water), and the director, George Roy Hill, has found no way to shoot them freshly.

Max von Sydow is the hero of "Hawaii," and Julie Andrews is the villain—no, I mean the heroine. If only she *had* been cast as a villain, the movie might have had more than thousands of feet of pretty scenery in its meagre favor; as it is, Miss Andrews plays the wan, long-suffering wife of a missionary, and one feels that she must have died—an event that mercifully takes place offscreen—breathing a sigh of relief. Being a splendid actor, Mr. von Sydow makes his role as Abner Hale, a bigoted Christian man of God, seem at least fitfully worthy of him, which it is not. Those poor Sandwich Islanders! They should have turned the Reverend Hale into long pig the moment he landed.

"CHUSHINGURA," a Japanese movie directed by Hiroshi Inagaki and starring Koshiro Matsumoto and Toshiro Mifune, turned up here a few years ago in a much mutilated version; now we are being given a chance to see it in its original form. The movie was made to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the Toho Company, and the production is an exceptionally handsome one. I am duty-

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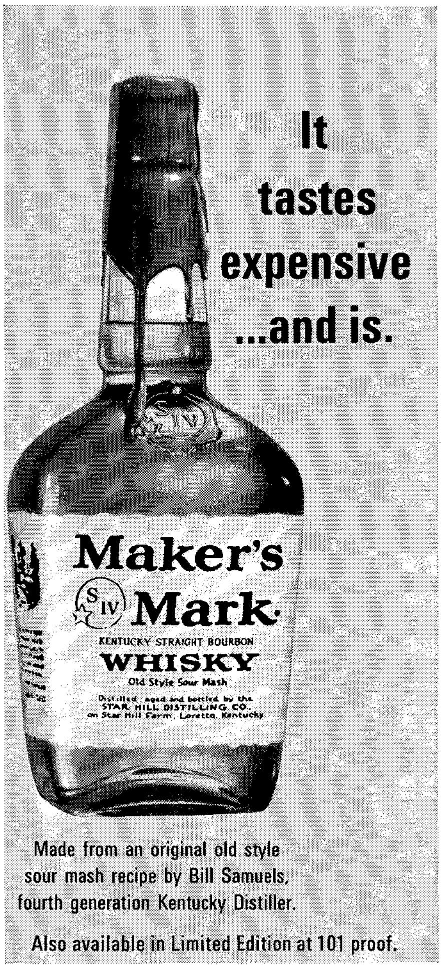

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bound to inform you that the movie lasts three and a half hours, but the time passed for me much more rapidly than I had feared it would, and if you have any interest whatever in Japanese movies and/or Japanese history, you will find "Chushingura" enthralling. Its story is *the* story in Japan—an epic that has been told again and again, in many novels, plays, and poems. It has to do with an event that took place in 1701, in the shogunate of Edo (now Tokyo), when forty-seven samurai, having avenged the honor of their lord by slaying the man who had been responsible for his disgrace and subsequent suicide, were themselves obliged to commit hara-kiri. I am glad to say that we are spared this mass self-slaughter, but plenty of other blood gets spilled—the Japanese seem to like the look of blood about the house—and we are treated to much violent swordplay and guttural bickering. The intricate screenplay is by Toshio Yasumi, and the photography is by Kazuo Yamada.

I WENT to see "Hotel Paradiso"—an English version of the old multiple-bedroom French farce by Georges Feydeau and Maurice Desvallières—because Alec Guinness was in it, and I left "Hotel Paradiso" after twenty minutes because Alec Guinness was in it; it would have been unseemly to continue watching him and his colleagues bouncing up and down on beds and rushing about in apoplectic pursuit of each other, like so many withered, amorous children. A dreadful blunder, directed by Peter Glenville. . . . "I, a Woman" is a racy Swedish-Danish movie about a virtuous girl who learns to love not wisely but too well, or at any rate too indiscriminately. It stars a beautiful girl named Essy Persson, who gets into her skin with extraordinary alacrity and composure. English is full of ambiguities, and I hope I make myself clear when I say that I doubt if we will be seeing more of her but that we will surely be seeing her some more.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

> Ben Heineman, armed with shareholder approval of the proposed Chicago & North Western Ry.-Milwaukee Road merger and a glowing profit report, Tuesday blueprinted the right track for railroading.
>
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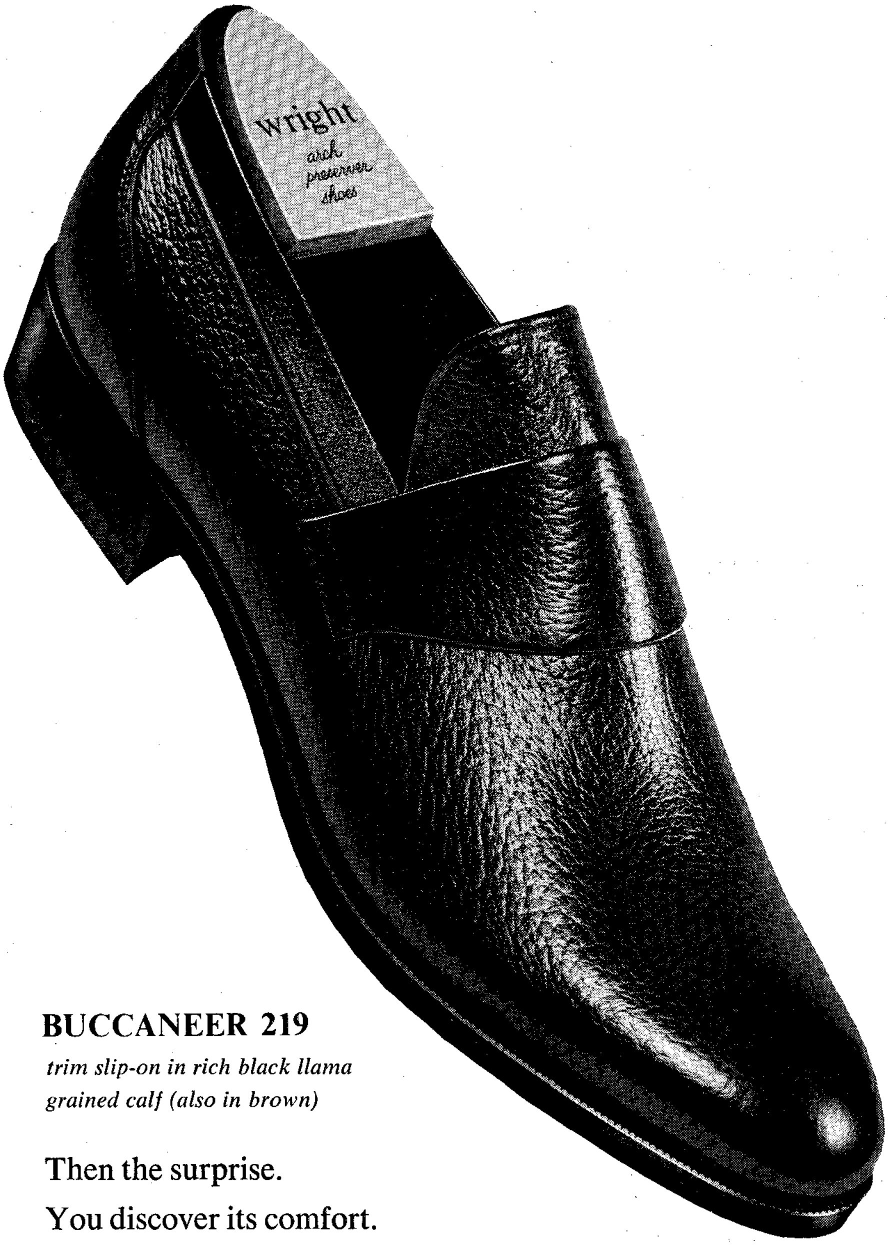

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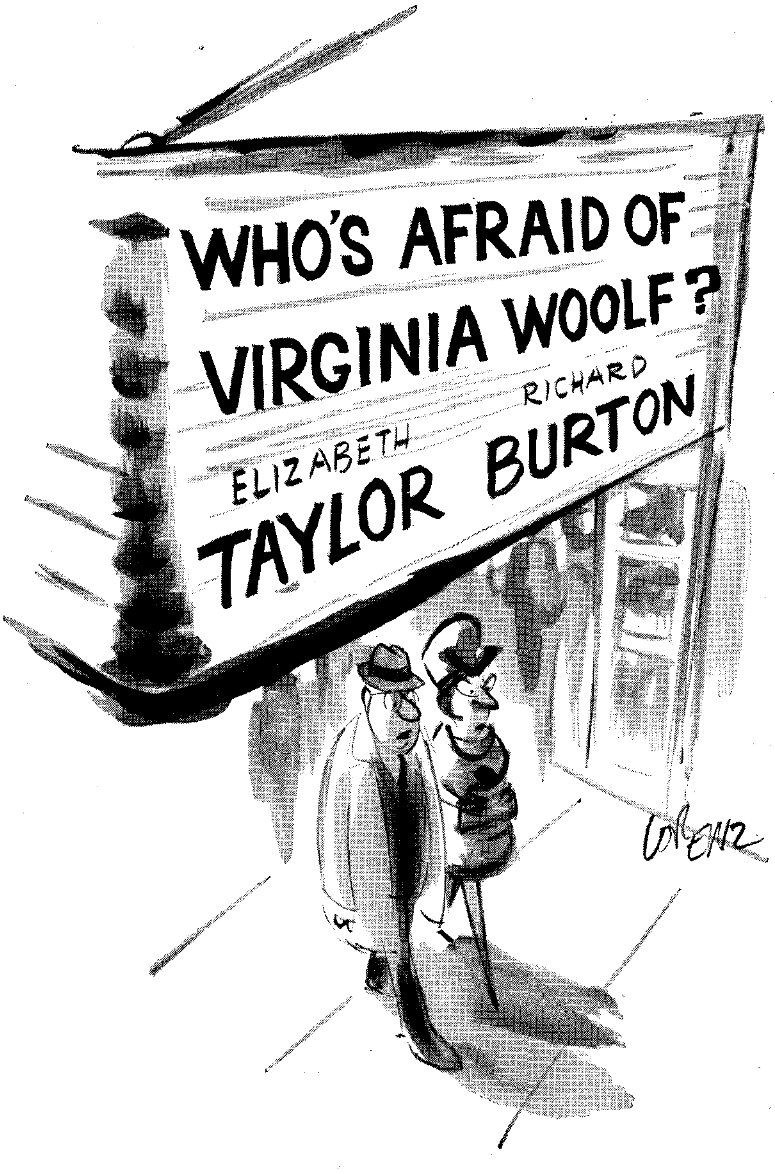
A REPORTER AT LARGE

EVEN THE CROCODILE AND THE HYENA

WHEN I last visited the wildlife parks in East Africa, seven years ago, nearly everyone I met was pretty gloomy about their prospects of survival. Poaching had become an established commercial enterprise—ivory from elephants, skin from crocodiles, and meat and fur from virtually everything that moved—and there seemed to be no means of stopping it unless you set up a small army of game wardens, and that was an undertaking much too expensive for any of the local governments to contemplate. The Serengeti, the most famous of all the parks, was about to be cut in half, because of political pressure in Tanganyika from the Masai, who wanted the land for their cattle. And, with purely African governments about to take over Uganda, Kenya, and Tanganyika (now Tanzania) from the British, it was generally accepted that a wholesale slaughter of the animals would begin. It is pleasant now to be able to report that nothing of the kind has happened; in fact, most of the parks are being better preserved and managed than they ever were before. With an eye to the tourist trade, the new African governments have more than doubled the revenue spent on conservation, and no doubt both conscience and the pride of ownership have had something to do with it. Very largely, it has been a problem of educating the African people themselves. Chief Adam Sapi Mkwawa, the chairman of the Tanzania Parks board of trustees, put the matter well in his last report: "Because, in the days before independence, the majority of Tanganyikans looked upon national parks as a playground for rich, leisured, and invariably white people, the need for conservation was an alien idea, as indeed it is to many Westerners. To the tribes who were traditionally hunters, the situation was less one of ignorance than of angry misunderstanding. 'Why,' they wanted to know, 'should we be prevented from obtaining our living on our tribal lands in the only way we know—by hunting—when foreigners who are not even in need of meat and skins have only to obtain a license, much too expensive and selective for us, to be allowed to kill with their powerful rifles?' "

The answer to this hasn't been exactly simple; mostly it has been a matter of finding new lands and occupations for the tribes and of giving them a hand in the management of the parks, and it is an understandable element in human nature that the Africans are often more willing to take orders from their own leaders than they were from the British. S. A. ole Saibull, the new Masai conservator of the Ngorongoro Crater Reserve, in Tanzania, is a good deal tougher on his own countrymen than his British predecessors were able to be. He gets a sentence of eighteen months passed on anyone spearing one of his hundred-odd rhinoceroses. It is now possible for the local people, especially children, to make cheap trips to the parks, which is quite an important change when one reflects that something like seventy per cent of Africans have never seen a large wild animal and would not recognize one if they saw it. For those who cannot get to the parks—and this is the great majority—there are radio programs and travelling movie shows that push home the point that wildlife is a valuable asset and ought to be preserved. Then again, the show of wealth and power creates its own propaganda; the African villager is naturally impressed when he sees fleets of brand-new National Parks trucks on the road and National Parks aircraft in the sky and new buildings and roads being constructed where there was only bush before. The Africans are getting a good deal of help from outside. In the last few years, there has been a flow of philanthropic money from the Ford Foundation and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, in America; the Fritz Thyssen Institute, in Germany; the Nuffield Foundation, in England; and from many other private donors. John Owen, the British director of the Tanzania National Parks, has already been able to raise nearly three million dollars of foreign money, and he estimates that within five years fifty thousand people will visit the Serengeti every year, which will make the park self-supporting. This year, a research institute is going up at Seronera, the base camp in the Serengeti, at a cost of five hundred thousand dollars, and the first graduates are emerging from the



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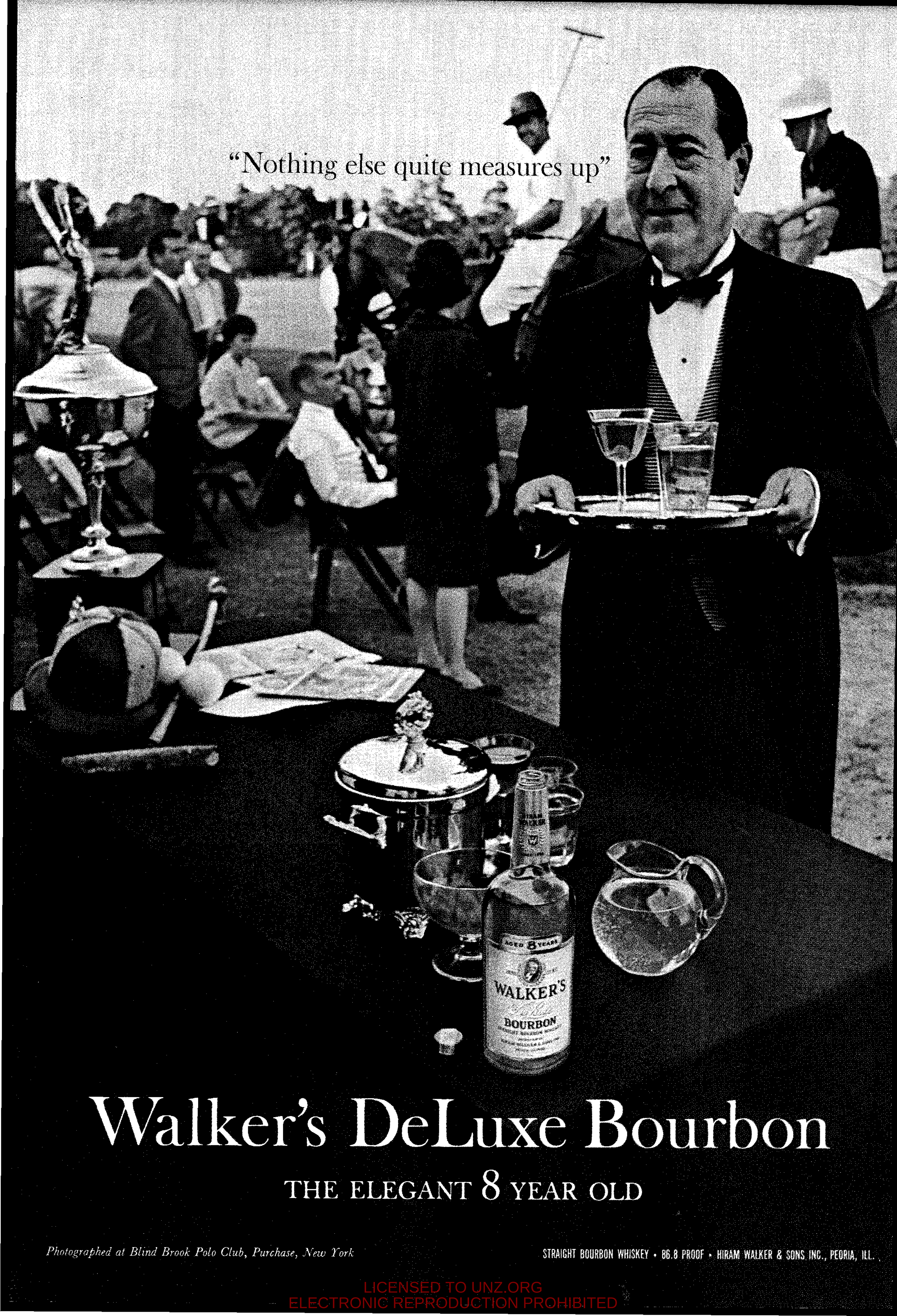
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College of Wildlife Management at Mweka, on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. In addition to this, the Tanzania government has established four new parks, with an area about the size of Connecticut, as permanent sanctuaries for animals.

No one pretends that matters are perfect—there is much more to be done, and the need for more money is still very urgent—but at least we are already a long way from the uncontrolled tribal hunt. There are still, of course, many visiting sportsmen who yearn to put a bullet into an elephant and leave half a ton of flesh rotting on the ground, but they are beginning to have a quaint and slightly old-fashioned look, like the bewhiskered and topeed safarigoers of another century. The more general idea now, among both foreign tourists and educated Africans, is to know the animal, not to shoot it. The result of all this is something new on the African scene. Man, the two-legged animal, is coming among the other animals in the parks not as a predator, not as a killer to be hated and feared, but simply as a harmless figure in the landscape, of no more consequence than a rainstorm or a passing cloud. More and more, he is ignored. And this is wonderful. In the past few weeks, I have been able to get much closer to the animals—to watch lions making their kills, and even, on one occasion, to see the awesome spectacle of two elephants mating—than would have been possible seven years ago. One might have achieved this sort of intimacy in zoos and laboratories before, but that is not the same thing as being out on the open plain, where the animals are entirely natural. In the old days, it was a rare thing to see as much as a single butterfly catcher in the parks, but now ecologists and other scientists are arriving in scores from all over the world, and they are beginning to live with the animals and to investigate complicated patterns of behavior that were hardly guessed at before.

As we get to know the animals better, there is a temptation—with how much justification one doesn't know—to relate their behavior to our own, to look for points of similarity between them and us, and even to use them to explain ourselves to ourselves. When the tame cheetah rubs its furry cheek against your leg, you tend to think, "It's really one of us, or at any rate just another cat," and you begin to endow the beast with human values, passions, instincts, and uncer-

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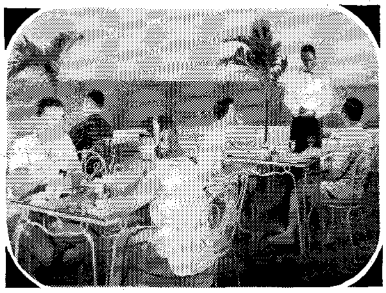

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tainties. Even the crocodile, it seems, is not the outcast or the aberration of nature that one had formerly supposed it to be. It has a vital role in the ecology of the African river, and its wholesale destruction—everyone used to take a potshot at a crocodile—has done much harm. Certainly the crocodile loses some of its monstrosity when we learn that the young call to their mother as they break out of the egg, and that she comes swiftly to clear away the surrounding mud with her claws.

Dr. Hans Kruuk, a young Dutch zoologist working in the Serengeti, has been studying the hyena for two years and intends to devote another twelve months to his work. His approach to hyenas is not mine—he loves them—but his researches are so interesting that after being with him it is impossible not to look at that botched and skulking form in the long grass with a new respect. The hyena, it seems, lives in clans of up to fifty or sixty beasts, and these clans are matriarchies, with the females more or less in control of the communal life. The pups are dumped together in dark underground crèches, and by night the adults set out together to hunt. They don't necessarily wait—and this is one of Dr. Kruuk's most surprising discoveries—for a lion to make a kill, so that they can get tidbits when the lion has finished eating; they may do the killing themselves, and often it is quite a large beast, even a buffalo. As soon as the quarry is brought down, an uproar breaks out—barks, growls, and shrieks that sometimes sound like maniacal laughter—and the lions, attracted by this noise, come running to the spot to drive the hyenas off. A battle then ensues in the darkness, and if the lions win, they get the meat. Thus, it is the lions, and not the hyenas, that are the scavengers. This pattern may not be followed everywhere, but it is certainly true of the Ngorongoro Crater, where Dr. Kruuk has made a tape recording of the hyenas' cries. When he plays this recording through a loudspeaker at night, lions come rushing toward him, expecting to get a meal. He is able to identify many of the hyenas on sight by his own system of marking (he paralyzes the animals for a few minutes by firing a harmless anesthetic dart at them, and then he notches their ears and attaches chain collars to their necks), and he is able to state with authority that, contrary to accepted belief, hyenas in a wild state do not smell, that they are exceeding brave, and that it is only when they come in con-

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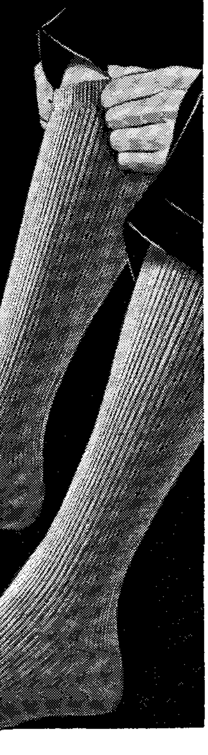

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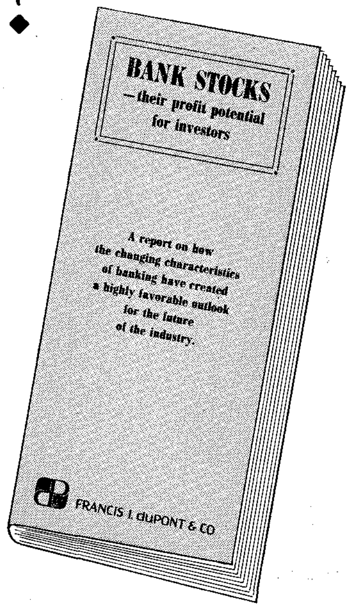
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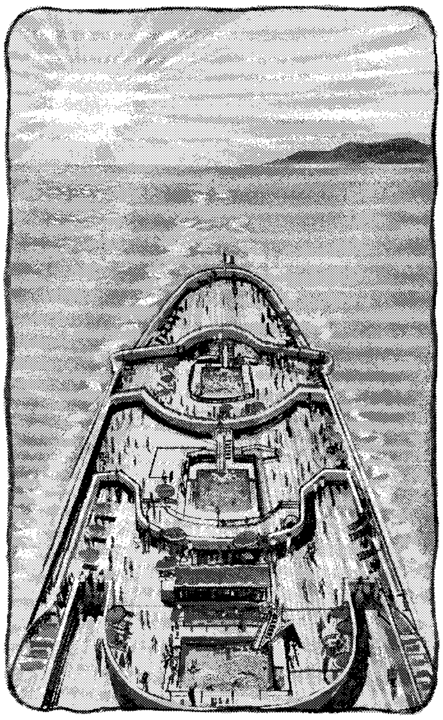

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tact with human beings that they become debased. Then they will eat anything, and smell to high heaven. At Seronera, the wardens have to park their light airplanes behind fences at night; otherwise the hyenas might chew off the tires. On the other hand, they make good pets. Dr. Kruuk once kept a pup, which he named Solomon. It used to lie on its back and wait to have its stomach scratched.

An African animal that has been loathed and feared almost as much as the hyena, and that was automatically shot at on sight, is the wild dog. Here, too, we apparently have much to learn. The wild dog, admittedly, is not a lovely object—not with that outrageous smell, that rough, dirty-looking coat of black and white, the outsize, rounded ears, and the mean little black muzzle with the two glaring eyes above. When you come on a pack of a dozen or more wild dogs, they instantly impart a sensation of defiant and irresponsible menace, rather like a group of toughs setting out to beat up a rival gang on a Saturday night. They circle round you in a derisive sort of way, jumping up and down, making little intimidating rushes, and sniffing your scent as they come on. But the fact is that they do not attack human beings—they are merely curious—and, unlike the hyenas, they do not even fight among themselves. All their ferocity and cunning are reserved for their prey. It is an exhilarating thing to follow a hunt. The dogs take no notice of your car. They go frolicking and frisking up to a herd of gazelles, but they make no aggressive move until the gazelles lose their nerve and start to run. Then off the pack goes in pursuit. Watching the dogs, one realizes why their black-and-white coats are so conspicuous, the reverse of camouflage; it is so that each animal can see what his companions are doing. The pace is terrific—forty miles an hour—and the dogs seem to be flattened out level with the ground as they stream along. One dog takes the lead, and the others bound along silently behind, until presently a victim is singled out and parted from the herd. At this point, two of the following dogs move up level with the leader. They do this because the gazelle, in its desperate effort to escape, swerves from side to side, and thus one of the three dogs at its heels is bound to get it in the end. All is over in an instant—a grab at the flank or the hind leg, and the beast is down. The carcass is demolished within a couple of minutes, perhaps even less. There is a strange sort of innocence and rightness

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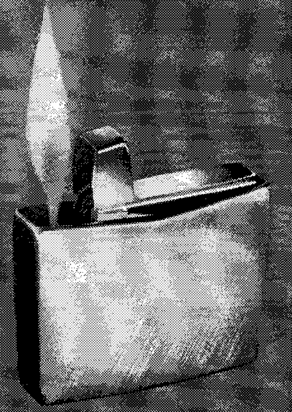

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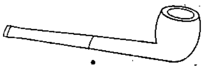
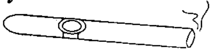
He starts right in with "Buon giorno" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between una pipa  and un sigaro . In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as "Io preferisco la pipa al sigaro."

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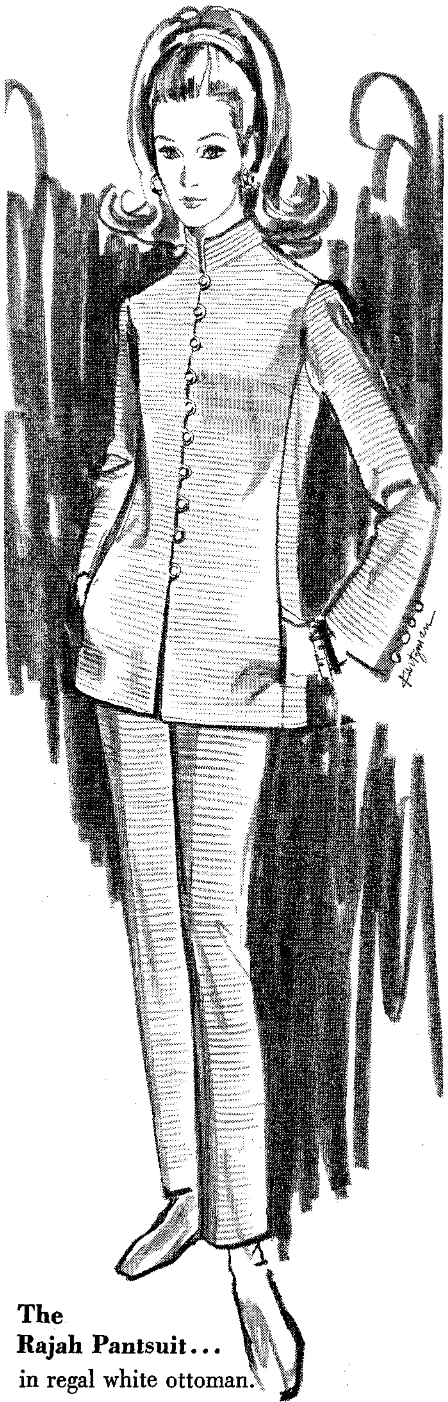

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about all this. You, as a spectator, do *not* experience the feelings that you would have, say, at a bullfight or a foxhunt; this death is precise, surgical, and necessary. None of the excitement it engenders is artificial, and when it is all over, the dogs gambol contentedly about the grass, and the herd of gazelles resumes its quiet grazing beside them, knowing that for the moment it will not be attacked again. Then, too, there is something very satisfactory in the knowledge that nothing is wasted, nothing is left to decay; within twenty-four hours of the death of an animal almost all evidence of its existence has disappeared. The killers, the vultures, and the ants have consumed the lot—bones and all—and there is nothing left to mark the event but the trampled grass and a slight discoloration on the ground.

The dogs are fearless; if they are hungry enough, they will drive the much larger hyenas, and even lions, off their kills. Their loyalty to the pack is very strong. If an old dog falls behind in the chase, one of the younger ones will sometimes run back to it from the kill and regurgitate some of the meat. In the Ngorongoro Crater recently, there was a family of males with only one female, and she died when her litter of pups was about six weeks old. The males dragged the dead body out of the den, and it was left to be devoured by the hyenas. Then the wild dogs went out to hunt, and presently each returned with a little of the meat for the puppies. In this way, they were kept alive until they were old enough to join the pack.

These things are very readily understandable. Yet it appeared to me that the behavior of many of the species was quite irrational and often futile. For example, the wildebeest. The wildebeest, or gnu, is a large gray antelope, midway in size between a horse and a cow, with a shaggy beard and an enormous, woeful head—a creature of whom you might say (as someone said of the camel) that it was a horse invented by a committee. At all times, it is, to human eyes, a clownish sort of beast. It constantly leaps in the air, as if stung by a bee, and dashes away across the plain for no apparent reason. In the rutting season, which happened to coincide with my recent visit, it seemed to me to lose its wits entirely. The herds roamed across the Serengeti in many thousands, all packed closely together, and the males seemed obsessed by one thought only: to get themselves a harem. They did this by rounding up as many females as they could—

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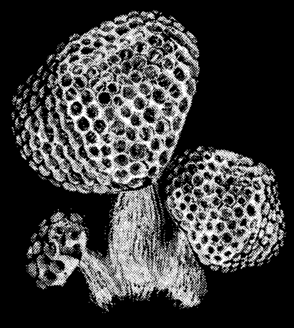

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a dozen or more—and then the problem was to prevent these newly acquired wives from straying away to some other partner. Day and night, the bulls trotted around their mates with a bouncing, rocking-horse motion, never pausing to rest or eat, and every few minutes or so they would be forced to join battle with some intruding bachelor. These encounters were seldom very fierce—indeed, there was an almost hieratic, stylized quality about them—but they must have been very exhausting; the two beasts would charge with lowered horns and meet head on with a sickening clash, after which one of them would decide that the other had had the best of it and would allow himself to be chased away. The winner got the harem—or, at all events, as much as was left of it, since some of the cows, with a fecklessness beyond belief, would have been bound to make off with some other passing male while the fight was on. And so it continued, hour after hour for a solid two weeks, and at the end of it all there the bulls stood—thin, gaunt, and utterly wretched. Now, I can understand that the object here was probably to insure that the fittest and strongest bulls mated with as many cows as possible, so as to preserve the quality of the breed. But the whole business was so distracted and pandemonic, so haphazard and wasteful of energy, that I doubt whether many of the animals really knew what they were doing half the time; it was the same sort of reckless proliferation with which nature allows a single tree to scatter a thousand seeds on the wind and hopes for the best.

This harem instinct is very strong with all the ungulates on the Serengeti plains. The zebra stallion has several mares, and they stay with him throughout his virile life. The gentle impala will attach to himself as many as two hundred females for a season, and the Thomson's gazelle, whose ways are now being investigated by a German scientist, is so busy keeping his wives together that he never sleeps—never even shuts his eyes. Hour after hour, he goes around the territory he has chosen for himself and his harem, and he marks the boundaries by excreting a fluid from a gland below his eye as he goes along—just one little globule on the top of a high blade of grass. And, as if all this were not enough, the animals are always moving forward; over an area almost the size of Switzerland the great annual migration goes on and on, starting up in the north of the Serengeti, on the Kenya border. With the first crack of thunder that

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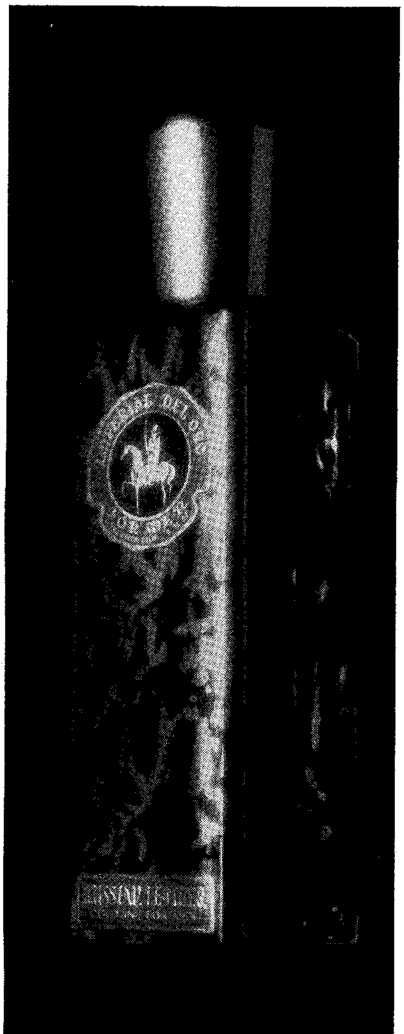
heralds the start of the rainy season in October, the herds are on their way. The Thomson's gazelles are the first to set out, and they are followed by the wildebeests and the zebras, with many other species joining them for a time as they march along. The numbers are so staggering that it is worth quoting the latest estimates: from five hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand Thomson's gazelles, three hundred and thirty thousand wildebeests, a hundred and eighty thousand zebras, thirty-nine thousand buffaloes, fifteen thousand topis (the brownish-purplish antelopes whose skin looks like polished bronze), five thousand eland (the shyest and largest of the antelopes, who leap into the air like show jumpers when they are alarmed), two thousand elephants—over a million beasts in all, not counting the predators who prey upon them along the line of march, or a myriad smaller creatures, like the mongoose and the bat-eared fox, or the great landbound birds, like the ostrich, whose bald legs and neck turn a bright rosy pink in the mating season. They all head southward, and the month of April usually finds them far down at the bottom end of the park in the open plains, where the calves are born.

There is a place called Moru Kopjes, where a group of tree-covered granite boulders juts out of the level plain, giving it the appearance of an immense Japanese garden, and it is an admirable spot in which to make camp and watch the procession go by. Each dawn discloses the same gray columns of wildebeests, now heading slowly to the west and looking antlike in the distance but full of erratic movement as the big males dash back and forth. Then there are the warmer patches of color that are the herds of zebras, who call to one another with an unexpectedly doglike bark. Zebras are always pleasantly plump and always look alike, but in fact the animals' stripes are as different as the fingerprints of human hands. There is, however, a tendency for the stripes to be broader on the hindquarters and narrower in front, and in certain lights this is said to give the animal the appearance of coming toward you when it is actually running away—a deception that it finds useful when it is being pursued by a lion or a hyena. All these animals are much pestered by flies, and so they walk in file, each beast with its tail flicking away the insects from the face of the animal following. Often, too, when they halt, you will see them form into couples facing in different directions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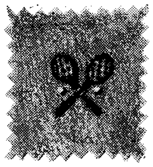
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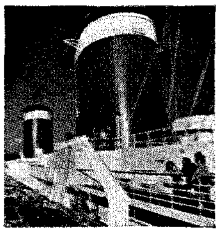
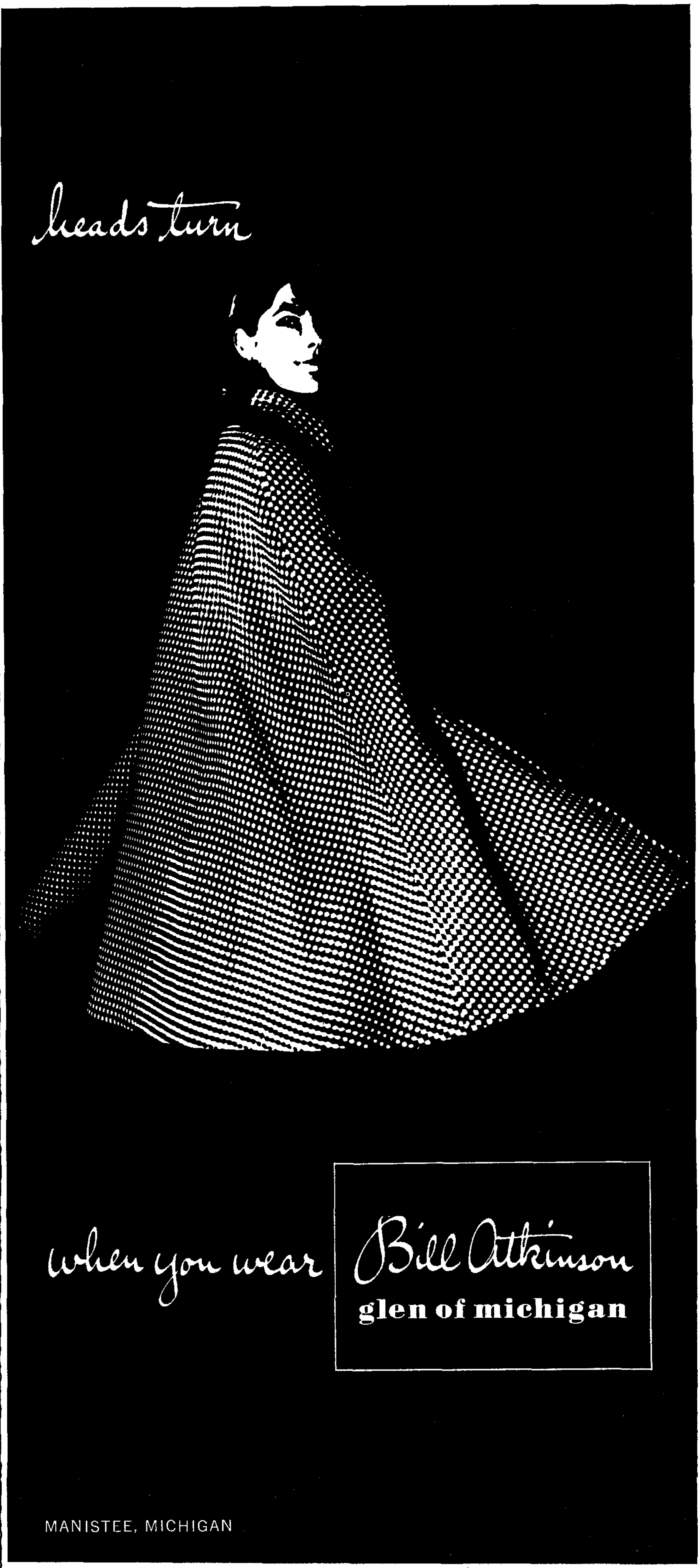


and resting their heads on each other's back. This is very charming and looks like affection. Probably it is also the best position to allow their tails full play against the flies. In the same way, the tail of the little Thomson's gazelle is a never-ending, rapid pendulum.

Up above, the vultures wheel and soar, all their awkwardness and ugliness on the ground turned into lightness and grace, and from them you can tell at a glance the varying stages of the dramas going on below. When they turn abruptly and glide straight downward, a kill has been made; when they perch in dozens on the scattered acacia trees, they are waiting for the lion to get off the carcass; and when they spiral upward on the thermal currents, never flapping their wings, you know that it is all over—they have had their fill. And fill themselves they do. I disturbed one bird that was so gorged it could hardly take off from the ground. It fluttered a few yards to a bush that could not possibly bear its weight, and there it sank like a stone into the young green leaves.

I had not from previous visits remembered the extraordinary vastness and limpidity of the African sky. Great clouds that are flat below and piled up on top like the billowing sails of galleons move around the horizon on a migration of their own, and where the sunshine falls, it reveals in immaculate detail every tree and boulder and indentation on the open plain—even the dark-blue line of the mountains a hundred miles away. If there were no animals to look at, and no landscape, it would not matter; one would look at the sky. And when, after the explosive sunset, darkness sets in, the Southern Cross comes up clear and bright, pointing to the south. In the darkness, sound takes over. A deep and continuous grunting and coughing comes from the wildebeests, and it is like the sound of the surf falling on an ocean beach. Suddenly it ceases—a sure indication that one of the predators is on the move—and perhaps the "ugh, ugh, ugh" of the hunting lion, which is the finale to his mighty roar, sounds with disturbing closeness through the thin canvas of your tent. Then some animal is killed or gets away, and the incident is over and forgotten; the sound of the surf breaks into the silence again.

One never quite adjusts oneself to the persistence of the migration. On waking in the morning, one is always a little surprised to find the animals still filing by. It is like the traffic of a great city that continues all through the night; one knows that it is there,



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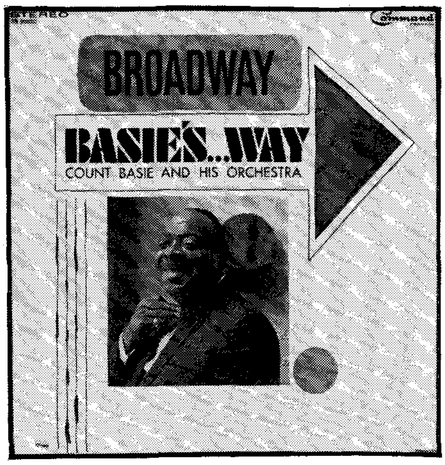

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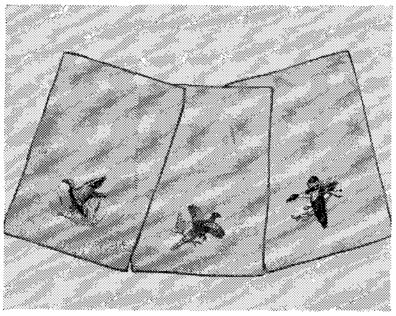
and yet somehow it seems unnatural that it should never rest. But sometimes a jam occurs. One morning when some companions and I were driving out from Moru Kopjes, we came to a small valley so crammed with animals—at least ten thousand of them—that there was hardly room for our car to pass through. We soon discovered the reason for this. At the outlet of the valley there was a small river, and here six lions had made a kill. They lay around the half-eaten carcass, gorged and sleepy, and it was nothing to them that no antelope would dare to cross the river until they went away. As clearly as possible, they seemed to be saying, "Let them wait. We'll move on when we're ready." This arrogance of the big predators is nothing unusual. A little farther down the river, on the previous day, we had seen an exquisite little female leopard resting in a tree. It sprawled on a thick branch with its paws hanging down on either side. Six feet away, a pair of sunbirds had made their nest and were in a state of great alarm. They squawked and chattered. They flew back and forth as near to the leopard as they dared, apparently trying to disturb it and get it to go. The leopard slept.

BY the time the great mass of the migration is heading steadily westward toward Lake Victoria, the Thomson's gazelles have fallen behind. The other animals eat the tall grass down to a height that is convenient for the following wildebeests, and the gazelles, drawing up in the rear, consume the stubble. From now on until they return to their starting point in the north of the park, the animals are in great danger; the shores of the lake are fairly heavily populated, and it is an article of faith with the villagers—more than that, an inherited instinct—to obtain as much free meat as they can while the going is good. The poaching is not as bad as it used to be—light aircraft keep watch along the park boundaries, and there are armed guards posted at intervals—but the poachers have grown more skillful. They no longer drive the animals into nets or pits dug into the ground. The poisoned arrow and the steel noose are now the usual weapons, and where once the poachers walked, many of them now make quick raids into the park in trucks. It is astonishing what can be done with a noose. It is usually attached to a tree beside a waterhole or some path that the animals frequent, and it will ensnare even as big a beast as an eland. When the nooses are set in thousands, the poachers



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can hardly miss. As for the poisoned arrow, no animal—or, if it comes to that, no man—is proof against it; there is no known antidote, and death follows quickly. The poison is very easily obtained from the leaves of a local tree—the *Acokanthèra friesiorum.* It does not infect the meat. Poaching is a cruel and evil business—one has only to look at the flyblown sores on the neck of some half-strangled giraffe to see that all too well—but even the most besotted lover of wildlife will find at times that he must develop a certain ambivalence about it. Clearly, the man with a truck who hamstrings the trapped animals to keep the meat fresh until he can get it to the market deserves his nine months or year in jail. But the boy who goes out with his spear or his bow and arrow and takes an odd antelope may be genuinely hungry. Traditionally, his people have always lived this way, and he is not yet far enough up the sophisticated ladder of civilization to understand why he should not do what his father did.

Let me relate an incident that occurred when I was up in the north of the park, quite close to the spot where the migration ends, on the Mara River. This is lovely country, still very little visited—it is infested with the tsetse fly—and consequently with a pristine freshness that makes you think of the beginning of the world. The animals are very shy. Herds of eland and roan trot away at the first sound of your car, and the browsing giraffes stare at you uncomprehendingly through their long eyelashes. Being voiceless, they make no sound; they wheel about and sway away to the horizon like a line of tall reeds blown in the wind. I was travelling in a Land-Rover with two old friends, Sandy Field and Myles Turner, who run the park, and a couple of African rangers followed in a truck behind. None of us were armed, and there was no reason we should have been; it was a beautiful morning and we were out to see the game, not to shoot it. But then, miles away from any habitation, we breasted a rise and came upon a totally unexpected sight—a group of a dozen Wandorobo tribesmen walking in Indian file through the long grass. There could be only one reason for their presence in that remote and lovely valley: they were poaching. They felt themselves so secure, so far away from any interference, that they did not at first react to the noise of our Land-Rover. When we accelerated toward them, they scattered and ran. They knew who we were—the law. It

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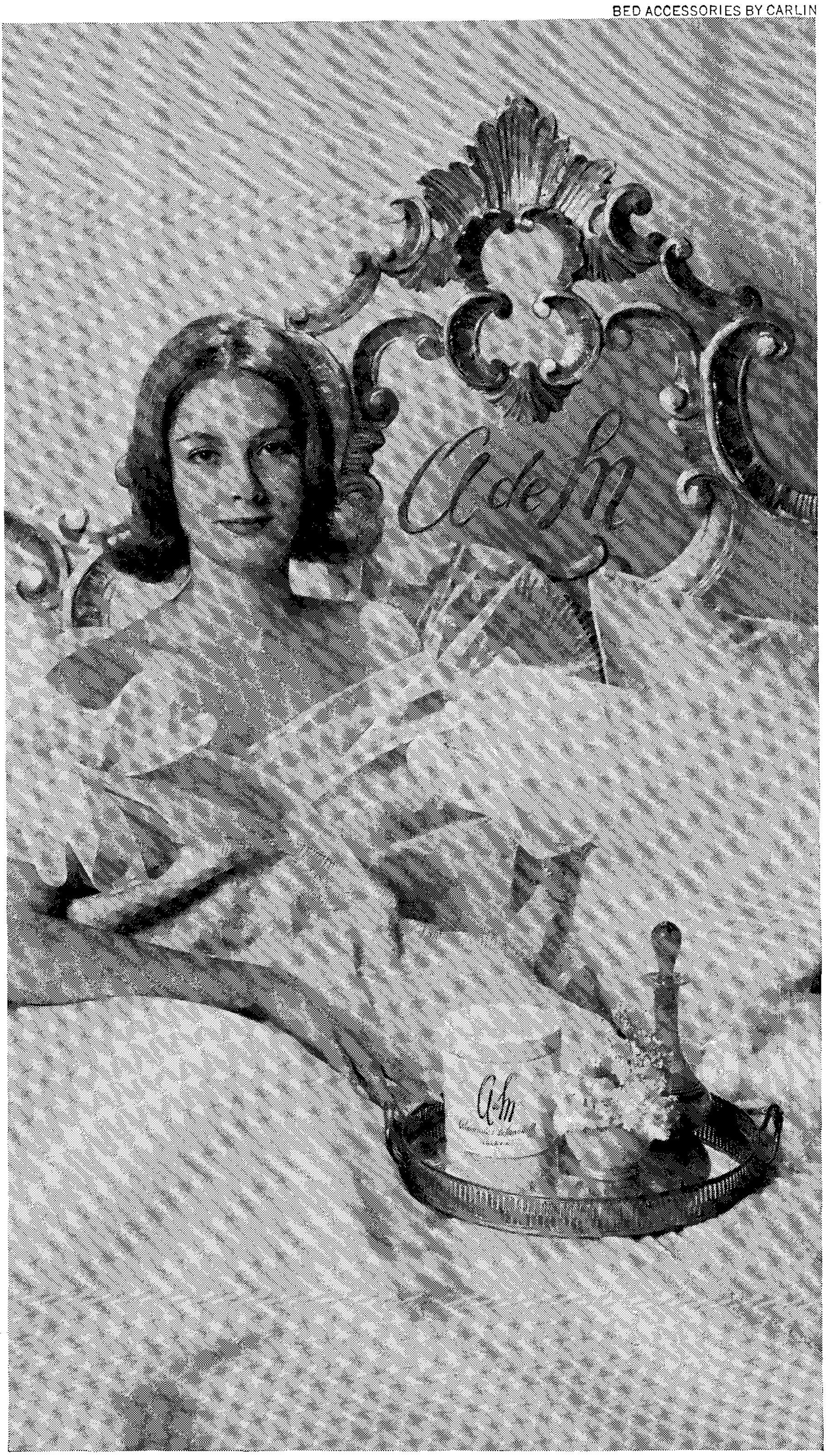

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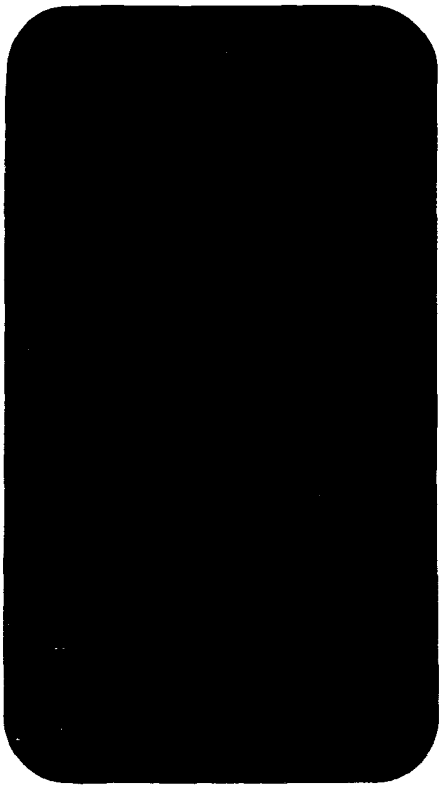

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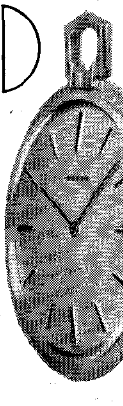

Another view of the watch.

was open country, but they did not run very fast; guilt seemed to put lead into their feet. Within fifty seconds, we had caught up with the nearest man, and we dropped off Field to arrest him while we raced on after the others. By this time, the rangers in our second vehicle were joining in the pursuit, and between us we soon ran down four more of the tribesmen. They made no attempt to resist. They cowered down in the grass, half dazed and half frightened, and let us take away from them their bows, their quivers of poisoned arrows, their clubs, and their long, sharp hunting swords. Our two rangers unslung the bowstrings of eland sinews from their bows, and one by one our captives held up their wrists to be bound. Then they were bundled into the back of the truck.

While this was going on, I glanced back to see how Field was getting along, and I saw him running with great speed through a clump of whistling thornbushes, apparently still in pursuit of the first man we had overtaken. It was really unbelievable the pace he was making, and I was marvelling at his devotion to duty when I realized abruptly that he was not running after a man at all. A note of farce—or perhaps farcical drama—had entered the scene. A large black rhinoceros had appeared out of nowhere and was bearing down on my friend with heavy, purposeful strides. There were no trees for Field to climb, and it was fortunate that at this moment the rhinoceros quite suddenly and erratically decided to give up the chase. It swerved and crashed away through the thorn, and we gathered Field into the safety of the Rover.

We were now able to take stock of our prisoners. They could hardly have been more than eighteen years of age, and they were all exceedingly good-looking young men. Civilization had passed them by. They wore nothing but rust-covered robes open at one side, exposing their long, slender thighs and flanks, and they were adorned with armbands, necklaces, and earrings of colored beads, which made a brilliant show on their soft brown skins. Their wrists and hands were very slim and delicate, and they had taken much care in plaiting their hair into a series of little strands that were stretched tightly across their heads. One of them had a line of minute tribal scars running from his shoulder onto his chest. They crouched in the back of the truck like captive birds, trembling a little but accepting what had happened with a kind of wary fatalism. They would certainly

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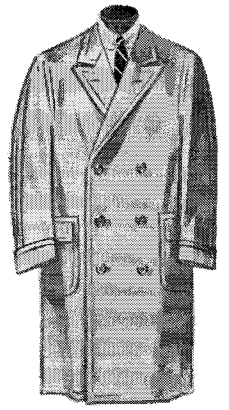

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have attacked the rhinoceros had we not come along. They might easily have shot their poisoned arrows at us had we not taken them by surprise. They knew that they were doing a criminal thing when they planned this raid. And yet it is hard to see the human spirit crushed when it is so young, so wild, and so untutored as this, and one could have wished that they were not going to be boxed up for nine long months in an African jail.

Field and Turner agreed that these young men were very different from the hardened types they were used to dealing with in other parts of the park. Still, what was to be done? Had they got away with this raid, they would have come back again, bringing others with them, and from poaching game they would probably have gone on to stealing cattle, which can easily lead to human murder with the poisoned arrow. This has happened frequently in the past. As things were, my friends argued, the young men might learn their lesson and turn to more lawful methods of earning their living. I asked if, instead of being sent to jail, the young men could be made into game rangers, and Turner agreed that just possibly it might be done. It was a question of how quickly they could be trained, of how far their hunting instinct could be subdued.

This is a matter in which Turner is very well versed, since he himself, like many other wardens in the parks, was a mighty hunter in his day. He was born in Kenya, and from the age of nine, he told me, he could think of nothing but shooting anything that moved—bird, animal, or reptile. "For twenty years, it was my life, and it was a wonderful life," he said. "My clients paid, and I, as their hunter, travelled all over Africa—even as far as Morocco and Nigeria—looking for game. Once, I killed two hundred buffalo on Mount Kenya alone. Then, ten years ago, I got this job, and I have never wanted to hunt since. My two children have been brought up here in the park, and they are fanatical conservationists. They cannot understand anyone wishing to shoot for sport."

It is an interesting moral tale, for it suggests, as I have indicated, that a levelling process is going on in and around these African game parks—that men and wild animals are coming to know each other rather better than they have ever done before. Certainly I found much evidence of it as I went on with my journey. In the Ngorongoro Crater, the animals are now so used to human beings that they hardly

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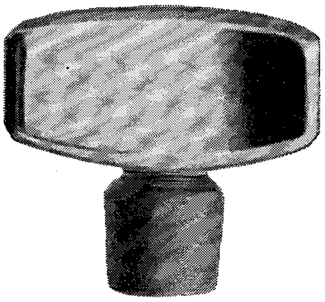

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bother to get out of the way when a car approaches. Not a mile from the Seronera camp, I watched a pride of lions taking a zebra, and they were oblivious of our cars ten feet away, and of a plane a few hundred feet above them, and of the chugging of a water-drilling plant close by, and of all the sounds and smells of the camp. Two of the lions began mating—a thing they do every hour for a couple of days when the females are in season—before our eyes. Then, there were the elephants at Manyara. This is a stretch of tropical forest in the Rift Valley, and at one time it was shot over almost to the point where the animals became extinct. A few years ago, the Tanzania government turned it into a park, and gradually the animals have come back. It is a small park, only a hundred and twenty-three square miles in extent, but it is spectacular. On one side, the wall of the Rift rises sharply up, and it is covered with such exotic growths as the giant euphorbia cactus and the baobab, which is a tree with a vast, bulging trunk the color of an elephant's hide. On the other side, Lake Manyara, with its kaleidoscopic birdlife—the pelicans at sunset are very fine—stretches away into the African haze. The tropical forest lies in the narrow strip in between, and here the elephants roam.

I thought I knew elephants fairly well before this trip, but at Manyara Mr. Iain Douglas-Hamilton was able to show me a good deal more. He is a young Oxford zoologist who is making a study of the elephants in the park—there are about three hundred of them—and his method of doing this is to live with them day by day, and to approach them so closely that he can identify every animal not only by its tusks and its shape but also by its moods and idiosyncrasies. He declares—and one hopes he is right—that they are also beginning to recognize him. You need faith for this close-up work. On my first evening with Douglas-Hamilton, he surprised me very much by turning our Land-Rover off the track and driving straight into the middle of a herd of females and their young that were grazing in thick scrub. As he turned off the engine, he explained that these particular animals were old friends. It did not seem to me to be entirely so. A half-grown beast about ten yards away ceased its grazing and, like a fox terrier defending a house, went through the full repertoire of its intimidations in order to drive us away. Its ears, which would normally flop limply, stood out straight from its neck,

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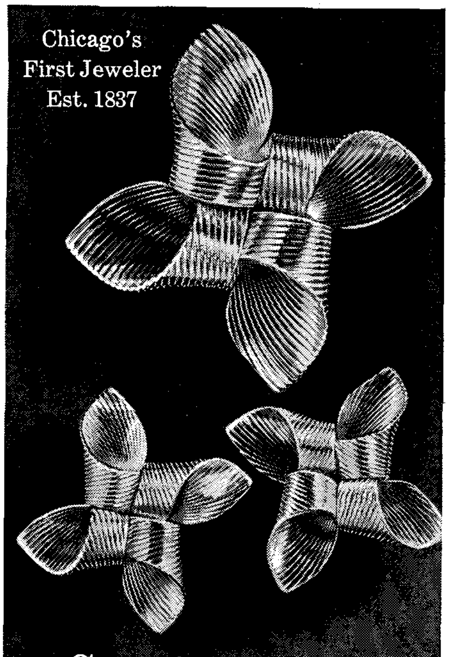

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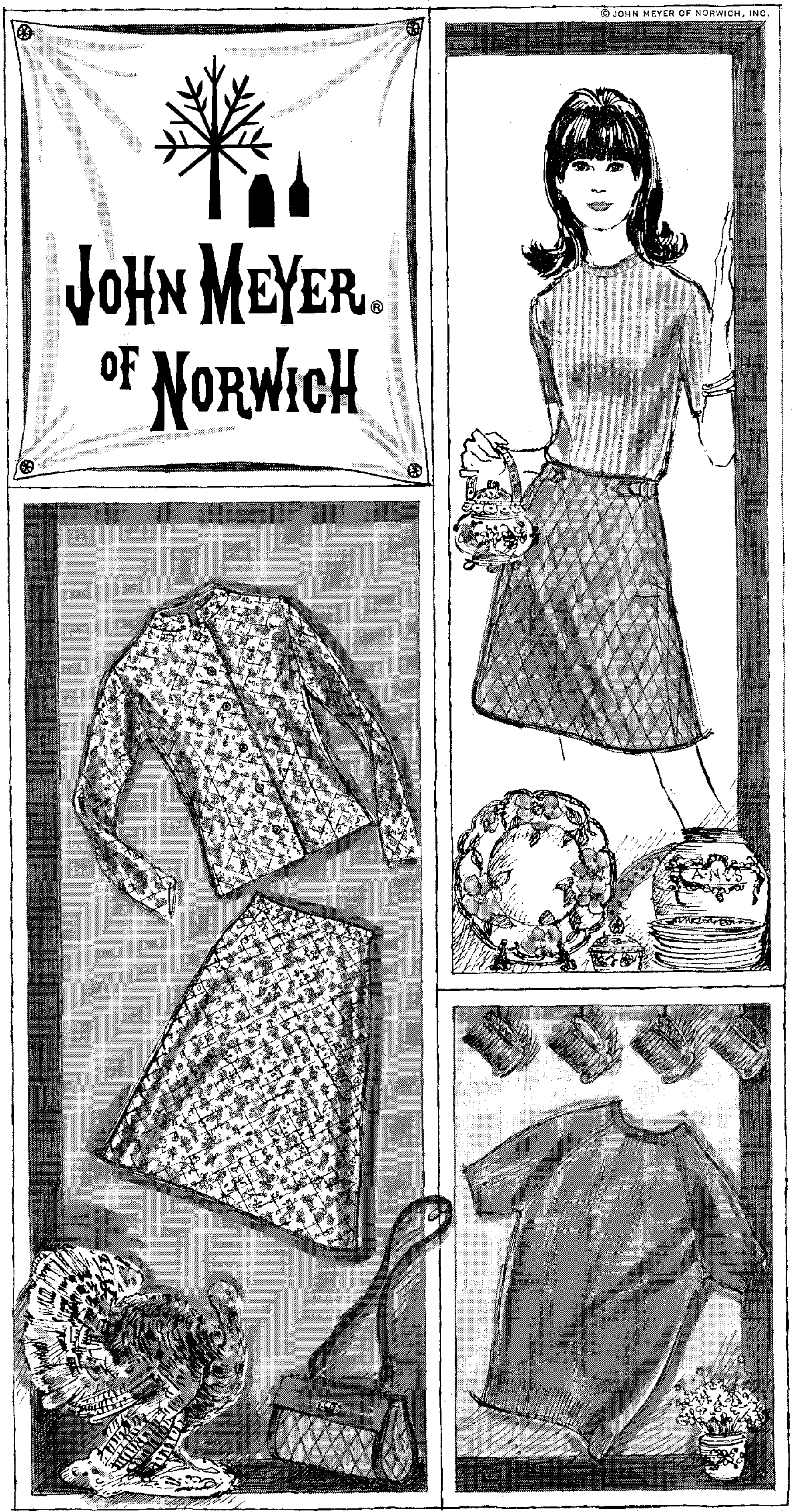
and it threshed its head angrily from side to side. It lifted its trunk high up in the air and executed a little dancing figure-eight movement with its forelegs. It backed and filled, and thrust its young tusks toward us. It threw dust and grass over its back. Then it came for us in a determined ambling trot. "A dummy rush," Douglas-Hamilton explained. I have no experience in estimating rushes, but this one seemed very real. When the animal, with its uplifted trunk, was some four yards away, I *found* I could look right down into its pink gullet, and its quivering tricorne lip was very hairy. And then, I am bound to admit, it stopped short. It uttered a piercing scream, wheeled about, and vanished into the bushes with its companions at its heels. It was the silence both before and after this scream that was so astonishing. Later on, when we were walking through the forest, I found it quite impossible to put my foot on the dead leaves without making a slight sound, even though I was wearing tennis shoes. These elephants cruised into the bush like disembodied ghosts.

On other days, the herds appeared to be less nervous, and one could watch them very closely without disturbing them. Mostly, they eat grass, but sometimes you will see an elephant lay his trunk up the bole of a tree and push at it, working it back and forth until it totters to the ground and exposes the roots he likes so much to eat. At other times, you will see them dig at the bark of the fever trees with their tusks; when they have prized up a piece, they will take it in their trunks and tear off a long strip, which they stuff methodically into their mouths. No gesture seems to be beyond the elephant. He is infinitely the most subtle and interesting of all the beasts, and when he makes you laugh—and he really is amusing when he does his little mock-threatening jig and backs away with the self-effacing unction of a stage butler—you laugh with him and not at him. He fills you with fear, but it is an exhilarating fear, and ultimately you feel that you can reason with him. During my short stay at Manyara, I never did achieve Douglas-Hamilton's composure when the animals were moving all around me, and especially behind me, but I only once wanted to run away, and that was when, by chance, we saw a couple mating. The great bull filled the air with an unearthly roaring scream, and it seemed to me that the other animals in the herd were standing around protectively—that they wanted no intruders into this scene, and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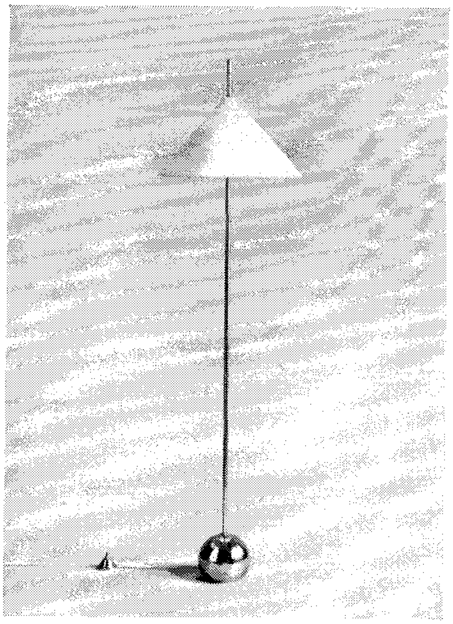
that one of them would have charged us had we stayed.

It is not at all like this with the buffalo. There is something cloddish and country-bumpkinish about him. When he is disturbed, he simply does not know what to do; fear, curiosity, and sensations of aggression evidently beset him all at the same time, and he appears to be almost ashamed of his muddy coat and his nervous stupidity. One evening, at last light, when great castles of pink-and-gold clouds were reflected in the lake, about a hundred beasts advanced toward us across a field of viridian reeds. They were immensely curious, but they could not bring themselves to approach to within more than forty yards of our car, and they huddled together in a long black line. Presently, an old male shuffled forward another step or two, his black head uplifted under great horns that looked too heavy for it, his tiny, round black button eyes gazing at us distrustfully, and his wet black nose sniffing our scent. While this confrontation was going on, a young buffalo was born at the rear of the herd. Its mother licked it until it rose trembling on its hind legs and kneeling forelegs. After a moment, it collapsed in the reeds, but then it half rose again, and finally stood there—a perfect specimen of a young black buffalo, with all its addled, slow-munching herd life still before it. The old bull before us wheeled, and with one accord the whole mass of animals bolted away. The young one kept pace with them pretty well.

IT is pleasant to walk on foot through the forest at Manyara. The only sound you hear is the high-pitched bark of the blue monkeys in the branches a hundred feet above your head; no flies or mosquitoes pester you, and there is a delightful coolness in the deep, green shade. But Africa is never passive for long. It takes the safari ants precisely one second to get onto a tennis shoe, and ten seconds later they are swarming all over you, biting and stinging as they advance. You rip off your clothes and pick the ants off one by one. Not that you do much walking in the parks these days; we seemed to be forever bumping across country in cars with four-wheel drives, or whirring over the treetops in aircraft so light you don't attempt to go into a rainstorm but go around it. These aircraft are opening up landscapes that were very little known ten years ago. No one, for example, ever goes to Lake Natron, in the Rift Valley, to the east of the Serengeti; it is unbearably hot



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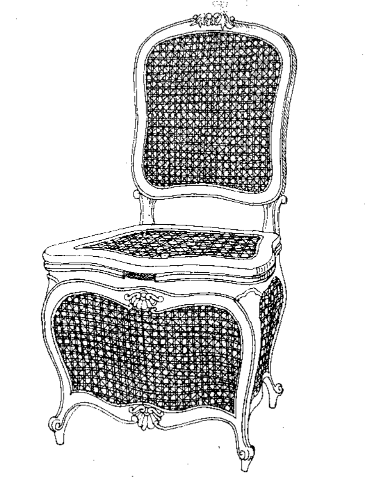

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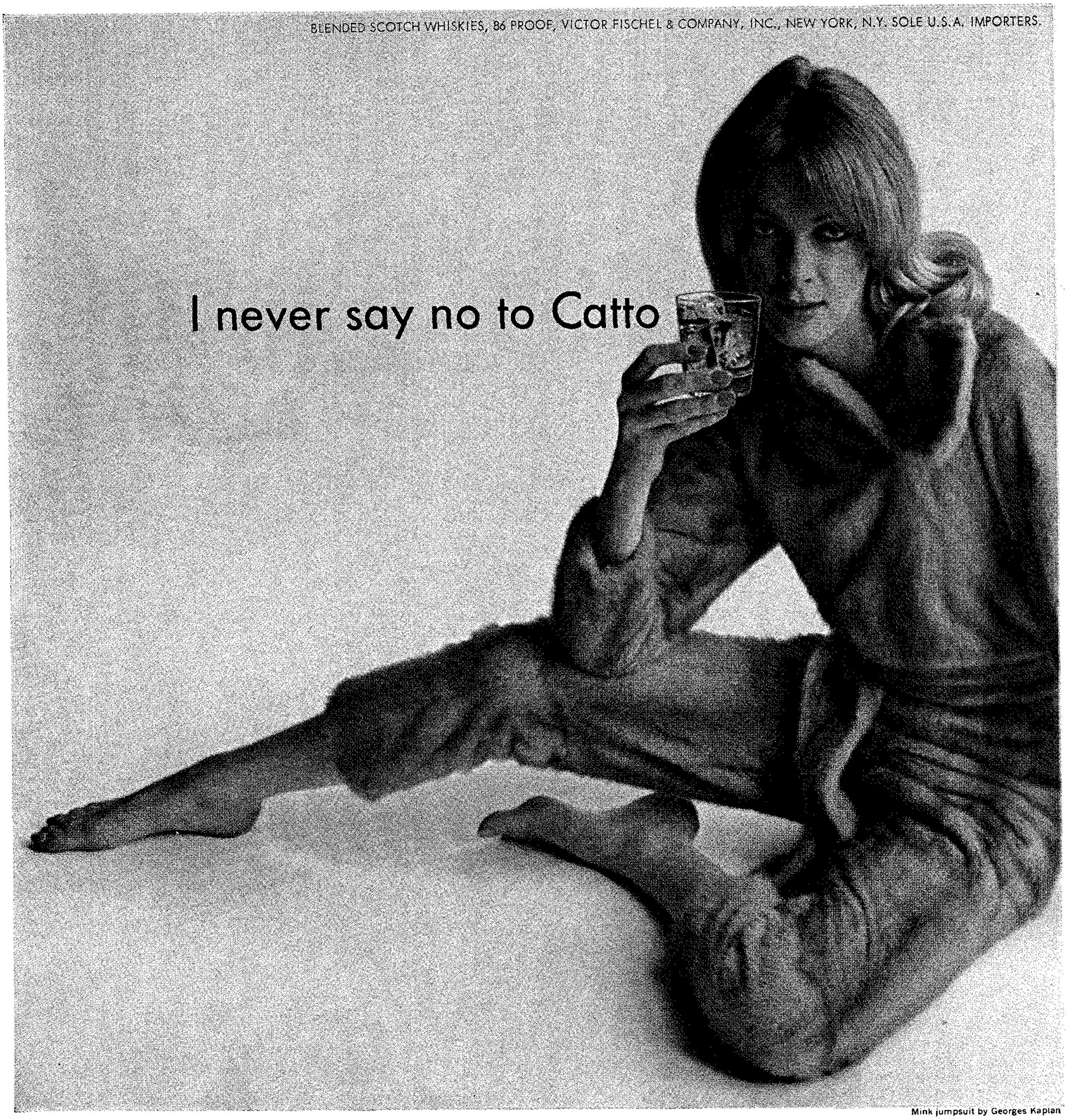
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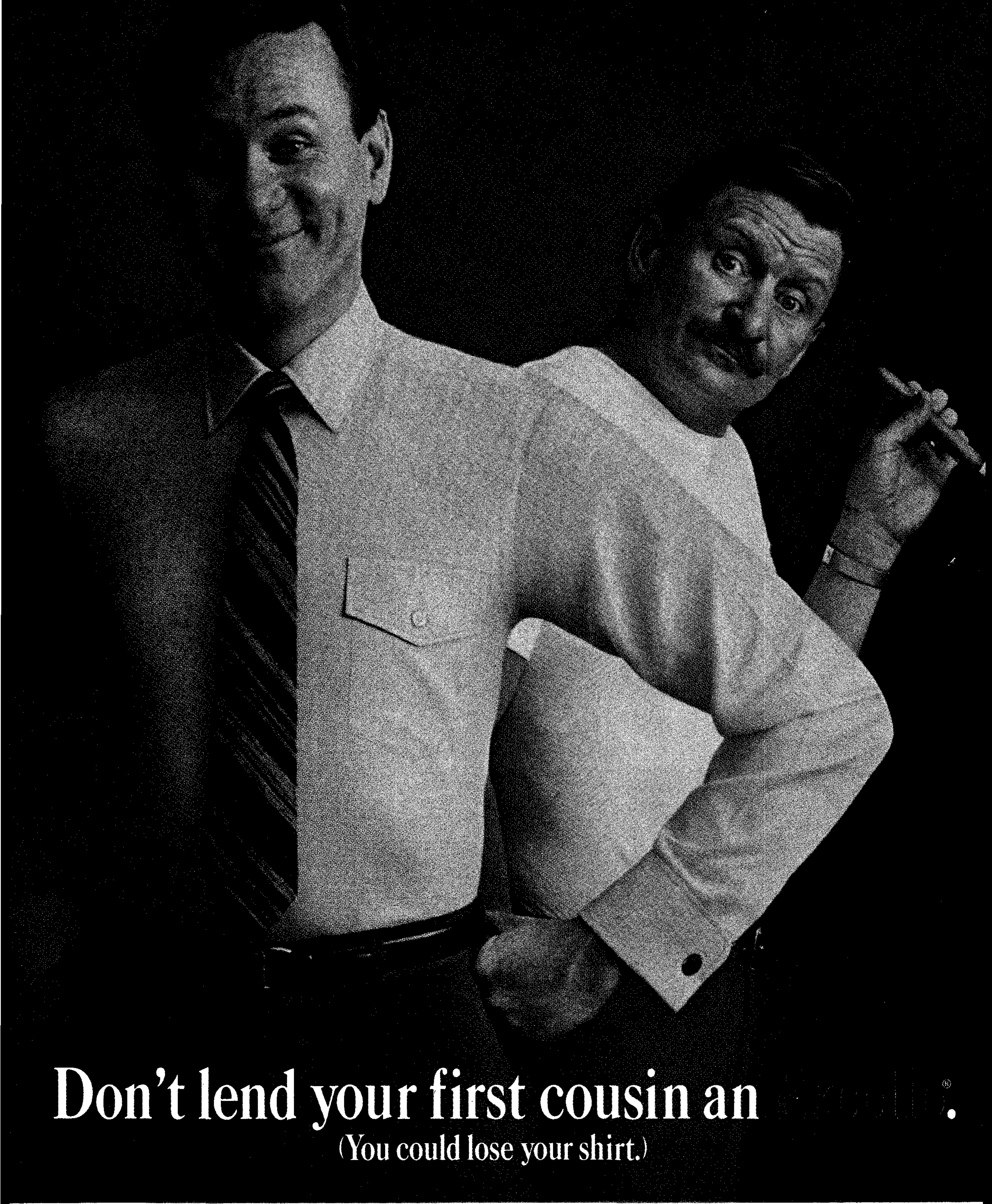
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down there, and the black soda ooze around the edges of the lake makes it impossible to approach by car or on foot. But now, flying a few hundred feet above it, you behold one of the most entrancing sights in Africa: millions—literally millions—of pink-and-white flamingos nesting and feeding around the shores. They take off at the sound of the engine, and then you have an effect as of a Japanese screen, with the pink wings silhouetted against the black water below. No one seems to know much about the migratory habits of flamingos. They range as far south as Madagascar, and they come to these Central African lakes one year and not the next; perhaps the algae on which they feed are not sufficient for them, or perhaps the water is too low. It seems certain, however, that they prefer Lake Natron because it is so inaccessible; no hunting beast is going to risk being sucked down into that ooze. From the lake, the little airplane whisks you straight up to the ten-thousand-foot crest of Ol Doinyo Lengai. A sulphurous smell penetrates the cabin, and you look directly down into the obscene bubbling vent of the volcano. It festers and suppurates like an open, terrible sore. Then you drift downward over the hills to the Serengeti and peer into Olduvai Gorge, where the remains of Zinjanthropus, the earliest man, were discovered, and beyond this are barkhans, strange crescent-shaped sand hills that creep across the open grassland at the rate of ten feet or so each year, leaving behind them a long, sandy trail. The animal migration streams by on either side.

All this is very grand. For myself, however, I prefer to be part of the scene, and not a spectator—to see at eye level and smell at nose level—and the grunting of wildebeests is sweeter far than the noise of any combustion engine. I like to see the trim klipspringer on the rocks, poised like a ballet dancer, and the spotted serval cat bounding away through the grass, and the white sentinel figure of the Augur buzzard keeping watch over the camp in the evening light. I like, in short, to get aboard this grounded ark. Under its new African owners, it really does seem to have a chance of finding a safe anchorage at last.

—Alan Moorehead

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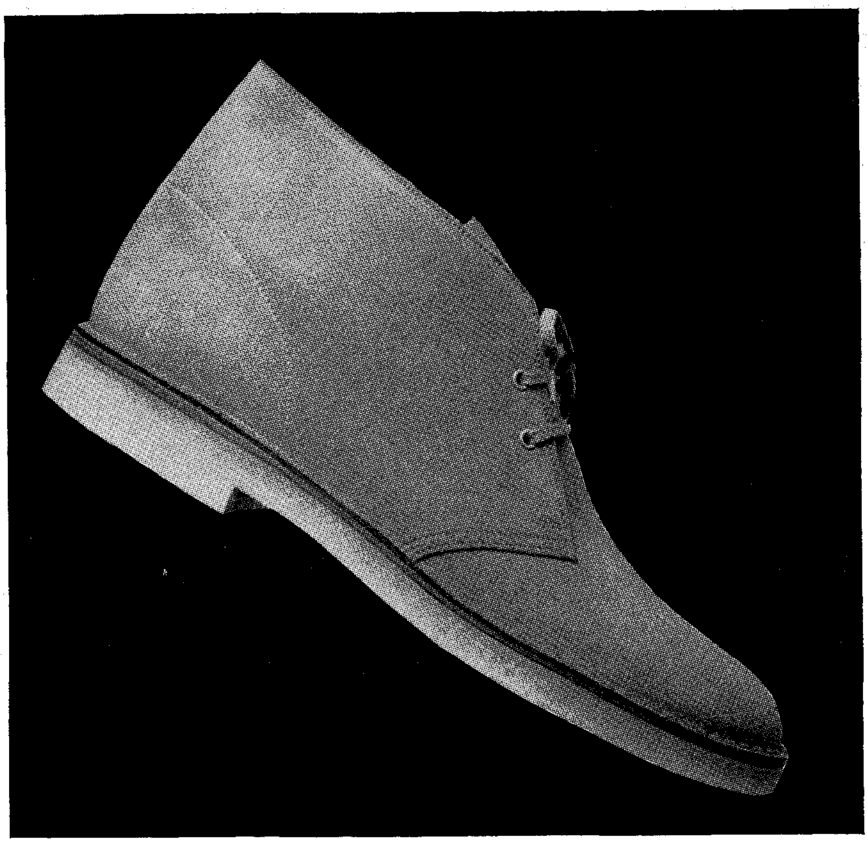

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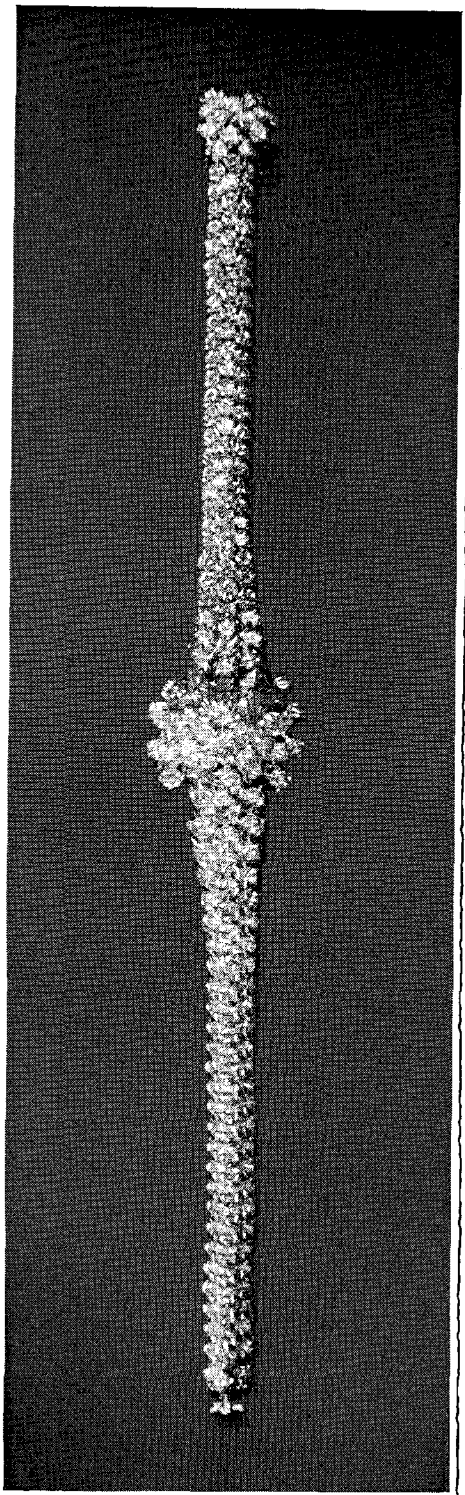

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

SURVEYS keep persuading us that business firms are moving out of New York, but it must be that the surveyors who make the reports are using the ancient instruments that George Washington had when he was laying out the route for what has become the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, because it is no trouble at all to discover that firms are coming *in* to New York. Here, now, is Suedes of London, newly arrived at 700 Fifth Avenue (55th Street), on the Avenue front of the Gotham Hotel. Everything in the place has come from London, and almost everything looks to be made of suède—semi-fitted coats in olive green (shade of Sherwood Forest!), fastened by buckles at one side of the waist and at the broad collar; double-breasted coats in peacock blue, with a narrow belt at hip height; coats in black, with harlequin appliqués of black or white calf; suits in cognac, made up of long, loose jackets, belted in back, and bell-bottom trousers (see you at Cheetah); suits in beige, made up of Annie Get Your Gun jackets and above-the-knees culottes. These sprint from $89 to $190. Maybe the best of the bunch, though, are the tailored dresses in any of a lot of colors, with long sleeves (at $110) or short ones (at $99). Collars and cuffs of mink, ocelot, fox, or lynx are to be added, at a price; linings of natural mohair (winter *is* coming) are to be added, at a ditto. If you aren't sure the place is British, drop by at five, when tea and crumpets (non-suède) are dished up.

AND has anyone heard of the new Little Bits of the Sixties? It's at 1036 Third Avenue (61st Street), and its aim in its young life is to fit out really little girls—children in sizes 6 months up to 6x—as fashionably as can be. Most of the dresses are reversible, and they have adjustable shoulder straps (not for décolletage but to allow for the rapid growth of the incumbents). Wool from Holland in a foulard pattern, wool from Scotland that looks hand-knit, textured cotton from Malta are among the imports for the dresses; so are curly fake lamb from France and spiritedly decorated poplin from Switzerland (this to line fake white broadtail, no less). And there are cotton blouse-slips that can double as mini-dresses, and bell-bottomed jump suits. Nothing is expensive, everything is excellent.

ONE of the millions of firms that have *not* moved out of town is Bergdorf Goodman, whose Country & Casual Shop has brought over from France several decks of well-behaved rural fare in restful rural hues. Oh, skirts and pullovers of mohair in a pale blue, with which go café-au-lait cardigans (sometimes the pullovers are fairly floral) and long, double-breasted jackets of a mixture (in hyacinth blue) that is almost all wool, these with welt seaming at the waist, vents at the side, and linings of vigorously plaid wool, which is the material of the trousers and the short-sleeved overbodices. Last of all come navy stretch trousers that are sturdy enough for after-skiing sociability but not for ski slopes, and sweaters (turtleneck, and of navy wool-and-nylon), and shirt-jackets of green Melton cloth.

BARN AT BEN ROBYN is at 143 East 62nd Street. (At this rate, we'll soon be getting names like World at Sword's Point and Women at Sixes & Sevens.) Elizabeth Lawrence, who will be remembered for her own shop, on 57th Street, will be further remembered because of what she is now doing for Barn at B. R.—carefully thought-out clothes in sizes 8 to 18, for which she wishes two weeks' notice. Reversible wraparound coats of double-faced French wool are among them—brown on one side, flecks of beige and sand on the other. Their shawl collars dip almost to the waist in back. The sheaths to go with them are in one color or the other, and the welt seaming that surrounds the square necks goes down to the waist—on the ones that don't carry floppy bows on the bosom, that is. And there are coats with kerchief necks that combine worsted in charcoal gray and in red, these to be the companions of charcoal sheaths (wool, too) with small turtlenecks and stitched-down red panels in front. The dresses here run from $125 to $175; the coats are at the flat rate of $295.

ALLEN & COLE, at 150 East 54th Street, is almost a next-door neighbor of Arthur, and its hours are for night people—eleven in the morn-

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ing until seven, or six on Saturday. The clothes are often nighttime as well—knit sheaths in bottle green or burgundy with rose sleeves and yokes; wool-and-rayon-and-silk knit sable or gold sheaths, high in front and scooped out in back; shifts of black-and-white silk print (vast lilies, both tiger and pond), with butterfly sleeves; trenchcoats good enough for the theatre, of pale-pink or dark-brown cotton cut velvet in a lozenge design; short evening slips of silver rayon brocade that would be perfectly fine dance frocks. These last are $45; the rest range from $100 to $135. For recuperating at home, there are burnouses, with and without hoods, and djellabahs that would likewise do for Lincoln Center any old night.

PARTYGOERS (you still find them everywhere) can stock up at Splendiferous, which is at 1312 Third Avenue (75th Street), with stuff like this—Empire trapeze dresses (trumpet sleeves and low, draped necks) of black surah with pink ovals the size of eggs, at $145 a crack (not of the eggs); short and long cowl-necked on-the-bias shifts of fuchsia crêpe; bareback tubes, with glittery dog collars, of crêpe in this or that hue; floaty angel dresses, long and short, of white, blue, or hot-pink chiffon. But it's up to you to decide about the flyingmen's jump suits of beige cotton poplin.

ELAINE STARKMAN is among our moving spirits (she has vacated Greenwich Village for 857 Lexington Avenue, at 65th Street), but midtown has not stilled her downtown ardor. Offered in evidence are the capeskin polo coats in an uncountable variety of colors, and Batman capes of black capeskin that swirl above stovepipe trousers of the same stuff, and ensembles of white or black calfskin that are made up of blazers piped in black, hipster trousers, and sleeveless sheaths. Just the things for a modern-dress staging of "The Masque of Comus." If you'd rather revive "Flower Drum Song" instead, what about the mandarin coats and skirts of lemon calf lined with a crêpe print? To revive just yourself is the purpose of the below-the-knees capes of glorious chocolate, eggplant, or black South American antelope with standing collars; $350 for these, much the most expensive items. A wait of two weeks is necessary for everything.

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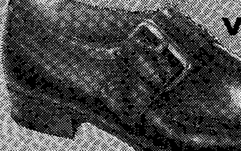

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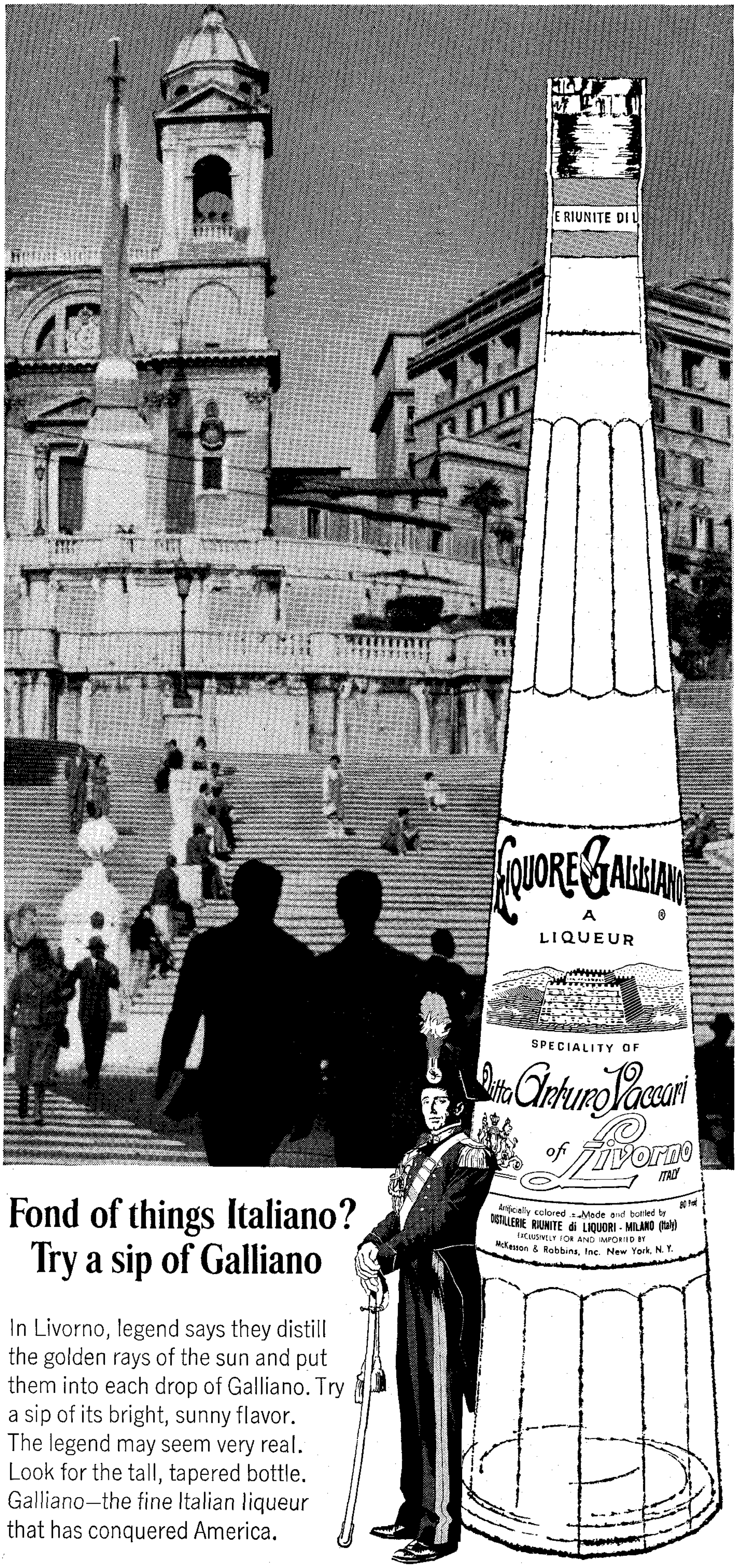
(57th Street), and the customer is way up North in the land of cotton the moment she enters—year-round cotton at that. Mostly shifts are the provender. Vast black sunbursts, or black grass-in-the-wind, or chocolate squiggles are part of the ornamentation. For evening, there are long, slinky black dresses with a print (white whirlpool is the one way to describe it) that manage to look two-piece—and I don't know how. There are also balloon dresses with slits for heads and arms, in a black spiderweb pattern on white. Nothing over $90, and some things down at $45. And there are shirts and trousers, print or plain, as well as print parkas, berets, cloches, and tote bags.

AT HOME is what Abercrombie & Fitch calls its newest province, and it deals in goods for fireside chats. Italian are the long pleated skirts and the stoles of wool knit in a tiny greige-gray-and-cinnamon plaid, and Italian are the knit cinnamon shells that go with them. Campbell are the tartans (largely navy and green) on the jackets of Viyella flannel that close with staghorn buttons; Italian, again, are their trousers of navy wool knit. Joseph's are the hues of the Viyella plaid that makes the cheerful robes. (Shocking pink, a phrase not to be found in the Biblical concordance, is one of them.) What A. & F. calls officers' robes—they're long ones of navy flannel—bear military patch breast pockets, epaulets, and brass buttons. And there are two-piece gowns of basketweave wool in an enormous black-and-white windowpane check—long skirts so pleated that they look panelled, and overblouses with touches of orange on the cuffs, the tab



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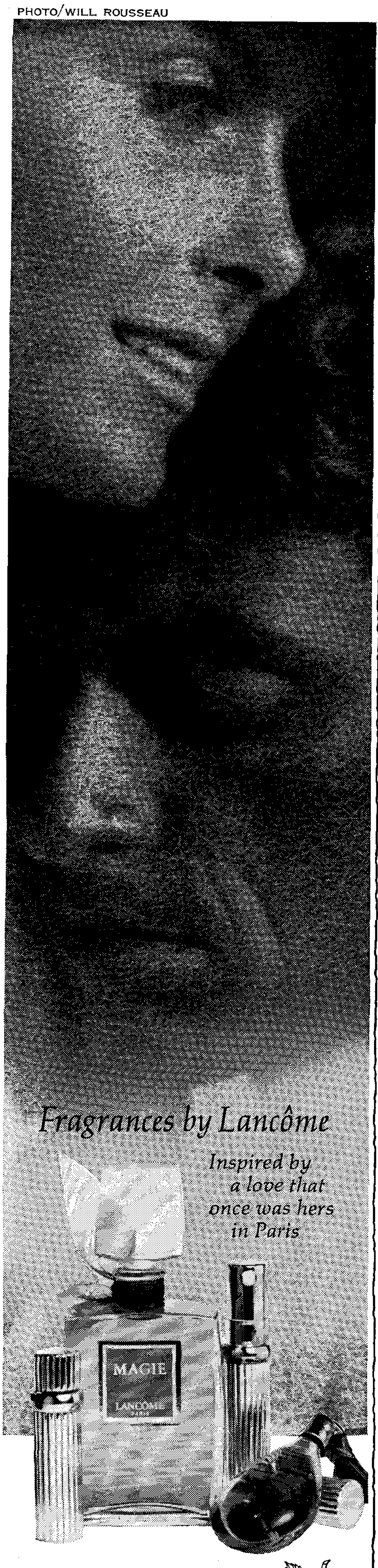
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•

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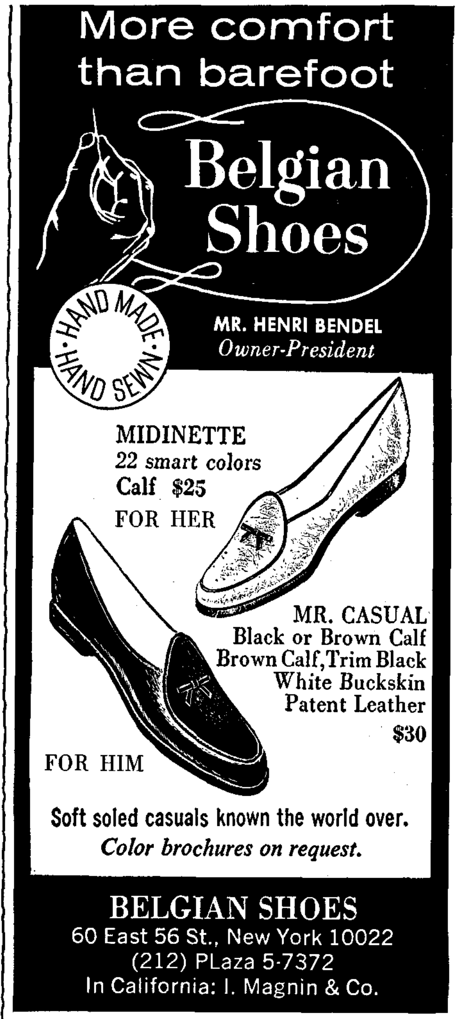
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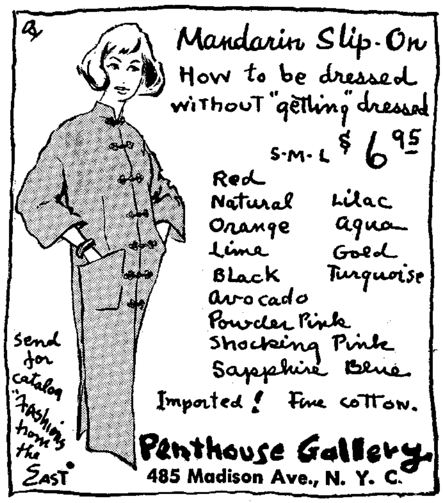
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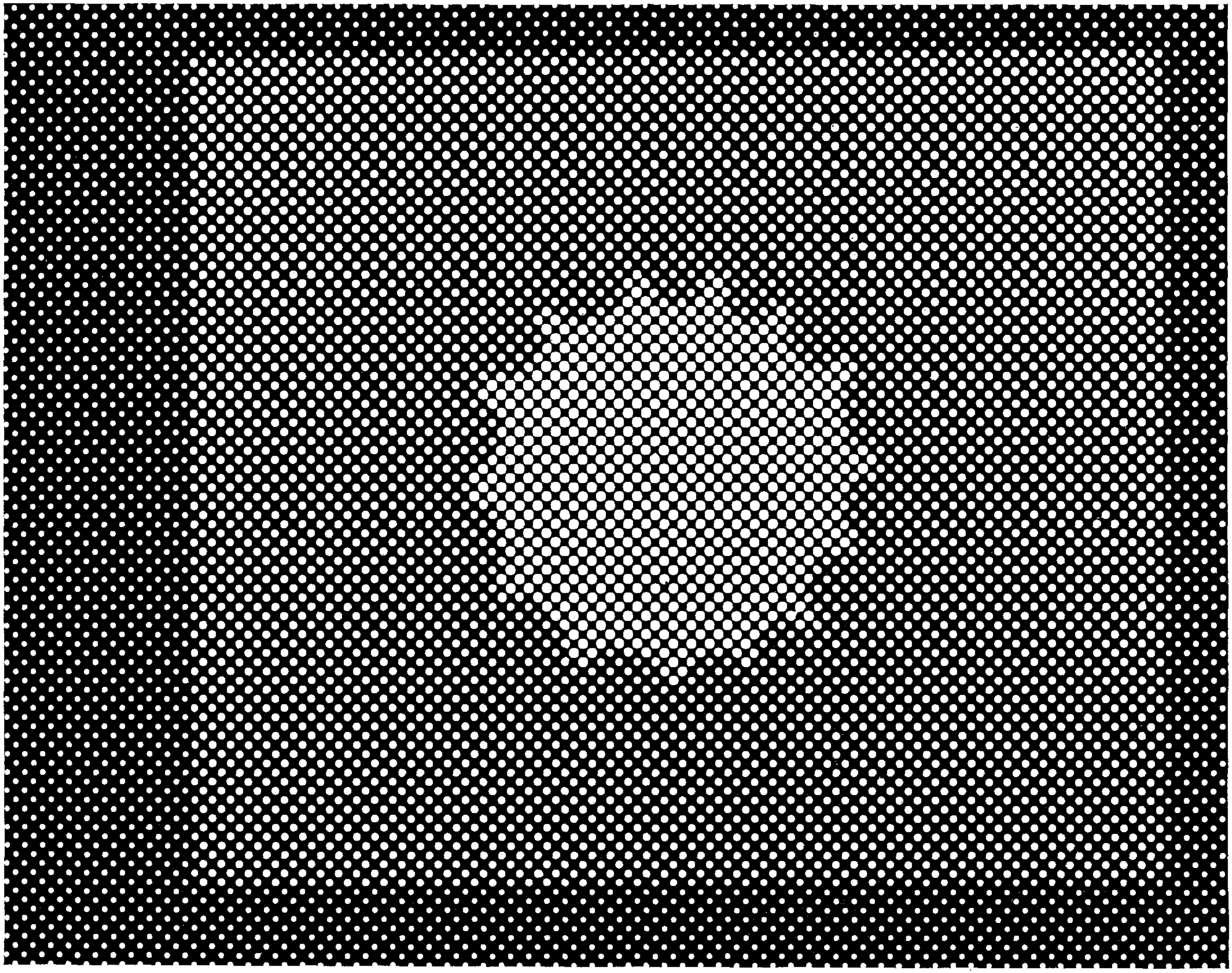

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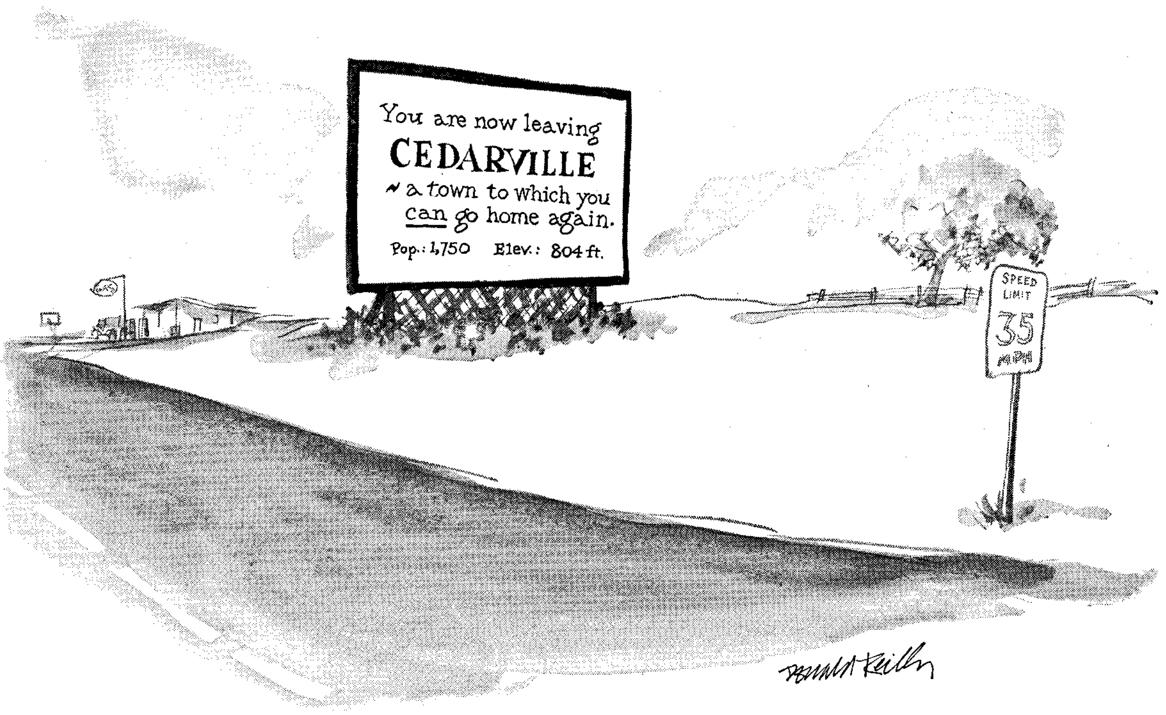
THE SPORTING SCENE

A TERRIFIC STRAIN

SPECTATORS back from this year's minimum-sized World Series have been required to defend themselves against the repeated, baffled cry of "What *happened*?" The question, put by wives, office mates, cabdrivers, children, bartenders, and querulous grandfathers over the long-distance telephone, is at once redundant and very nearly unanswerable. Everyone knows what happened, of course: the American League's Baltimore Orioles, a young and almost purely untested team of exuberant hitters and indifferent pitchers, humiliated the defending champions, the Los Angeles Dodgers, possessors over the last decade of the best pitching staff and the best Series record in either league, in four straight games. The Dodgers scored no runs at all after the third inning of the opening game, thereby establishing a Series unrecord that may stand for the balance of the century. Contrariwise, two Baltimore starting pitchers and one relief man will now be able to open their contract negotiations next spring with the claim that their lifetime Series pitching records surpass those of Cy Young, Christy Mathewson, and Walter Johnson. The brevity and inscrutability of this year's Series were no less mysterious to eyewitnesses than to the millions who were done out of two or three happily wasted afternoons in front of their TV sets; fans and sportswriters straggling out of Baltimore's Memorial Stadium after the fourth game looked like theatregoers who had bought tickets to a famous melodrama only to find that the bill had been changed at the last minute to a one-acter by Samuel Beckett. Baseball of the Absurd, however, invites criticism and afterthoughts, and it is just possible that this Series will become more intelligible in retrospect.

One must begin with the suggestion that the turning point in a drama *can* appear three or four minutes after the curtain goes up. The Orioles moved into first place in the American League after the second week in June. By the end of July, they led the pack by the debilitating margin of thirteen games, and though they glided through the remainder of the season, winning twenty-eight games and losing twenty-eight, they finished in front by a comfortable nine without playing one game or series that could be called crucial. In all those weeks, the team's numerous front-line youngsters—including catcher Andy Etchebarren, second baseman Dave Johnson, outfielders Paul Blair and Curt Blefary, and pitchers Dave McNally, Jim Palmer, and Wally Bunker—could only fill the languid hours with speculation about their coming test in the World Series. To be sure, they owned a large security blanket, made up of Frank Robinson, who was winning every important batting title in the league, the incomparable Brooks Robinson at third, and such unshakables as shortstop Luis Aparicio, ace pitcher Steve Barber, and reliever Stu Miller. But then Barber was lost with a sore arm, and Brooks Robinson fell into a horrendous slump at the plate, and waiting in October were the flutter and noise of the Series and the assured violence of whichever National League team survived a summer of daily warfare. The Dodgers, by contrast, won their race with the Pirates and the Giants in what has come to be obligatory style in the National League—a September catch-up, some last-minute stumbling, and the pennant on the final weekend (this time, in the final game) of the season. The superlative Dodger pitchers were perhaps a bit tired, but the champions walked onto the field for the first game in Los Angeles like a bank president taking his seat in the big chair at the head of the boardroom table. For that matter, the only sign of pre-Series nerves among the Orioles as they took batting practice might have been the excessive cheerfulness of their manager, Hank Bauer, who exchanged quips with a thick cluster of sportswriters while his eyes followed his athletes with a preoccupied, headmasterish flicker. But the tension was there; a full hour before the ceremonies and the anthem, Curt Blefary said, "If this damned thing doesn't start soon, I'm going to fly straight up into the air!"

The young Orioles' first flying, it developed, was delightful, being merely up out of their seats in the dugout. Don Drysdale, the Dodger starter, walked Russ Snyder in the top of the first, and then Frank Robinson hit his second pitch into the left-field stands. A minute later, the other Robinson, Brooks, sailed one even farther, into a descending cone of unbelieving silence, and the visitors were able to take the field with that best of all tension-dissolvers, a three-run lead. They added another in the second, less spectacularly but with admirable neatness, when Etchebarren walked, was bunted along by McNally, and came across on Snyder's single. McNally's bunt was his last sign of competence. In the Dodger second, he gave up a gargantuan homer to Jim Lefebvre, a double to Wes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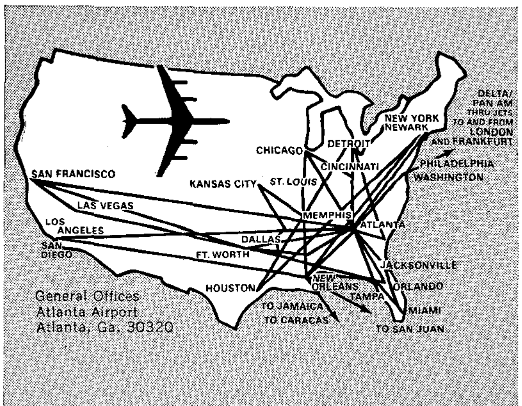
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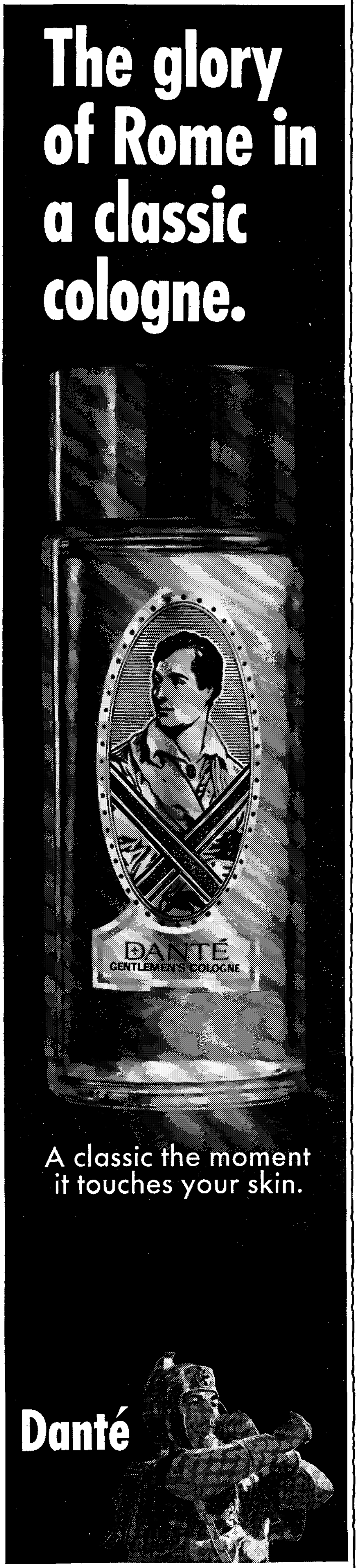
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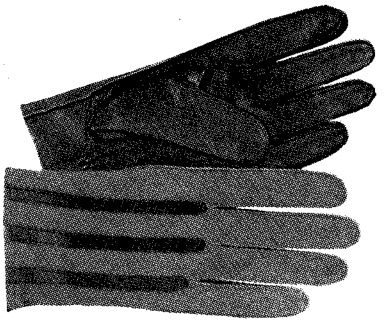
Parker, and four straight balls to Jim Gilliam, and was saved from disaster only by a nifty running catch in right center by Russ Snyder. No one could help him in the third, when his control entirely evaporated. Etchebarren was leaping and diving for his pitches, and in a matter of minutes McNally walked the bases full, with one out, and then disappeared, having thrown sixty-three pitches, more or less in the style of a wedding guest heaving rice, and thus destroyed the pace and pattern of the game. His successor, Moe Drabowsky, struck out Parker, walked in a run, and then got Roseboro on a foul. That, it turned out, was the ball game.

Might Have Been is dull sport, but the Dodgers, who have been frequently disparaged for being a lucky team, suffered such appalling bad luck in this space of two innings that fairness now calls for some second-guessing. In the second inning, with Parker on second and Gilliam on first, Roseboro ducked away from a McNally wild pitch that was headed straight for Cary Grant in the celebrity boxes behind the backstop; the ball just ticked Roseboro's bat, behind his head, and the runners had to stay planted. Without that freak, Parker would have scored easily from third on Roseboro's long fly, which Snyder ran down. In the next inning, Drabowsky, after walking in one run, still had the bases loaded when he threw a fourth ball, inside, to Roseboro, who checked his swing but again saw the ball just tick his bat. Except for these two kisses from providence, the game would have now been tied, and—much more significantly—Drabowsky would have joined McNally in the showers. Drabowsky, a tall, experienced, middle relief man, is a streaky pitcher, and now, miraculously unhooked, he streaked in the other direction. After Roseboro's foul, he struck out the next six Dodgers in succession, to tie a Series record, and then established a wholly new Series mark for relievers by striking out a total of eleven Dodgers on the way to his easy 5–2 victory. Within an inning or two after he settled down, his dominance over the home side was so evident that I was free to wander about in the back aisles of the ball park and resume research on the monograph I may someday write about Dodger fans. Someday, that is, if I ever begin to understand them. The crowd that afternoon was the biggest in Dodger Stadium history, and it had paid more money for its seats than any previous Series audience, and yet the spectators sat there, inning after inning, in polite, placid silence, like listeners at a violin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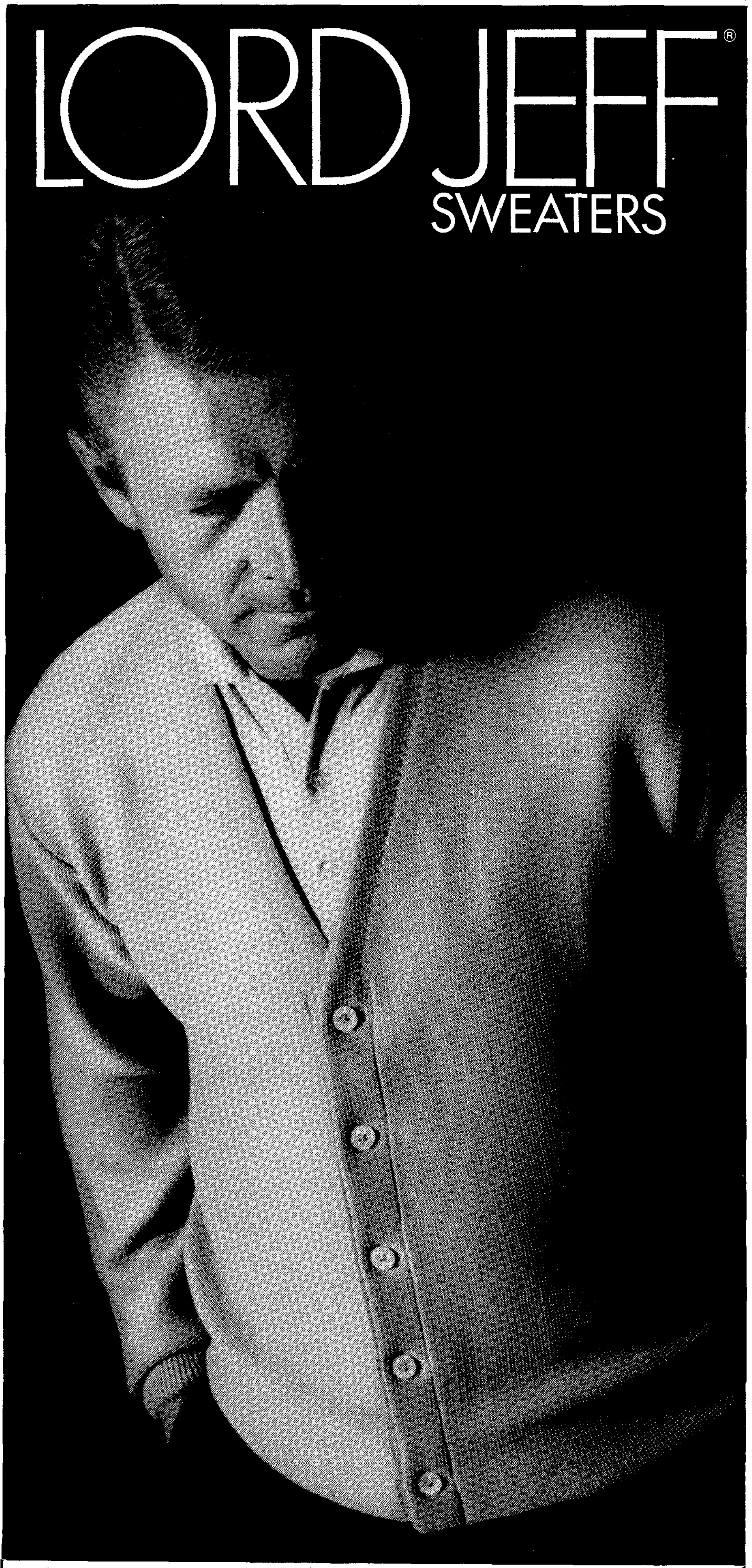
recital. They were mostly middle-aged or elderly—men with long bellies and golf caps, women with elaborately waved white or dyed hair, their mahogany hands crossed in their laps. Their team was losing, but few hopeful or encouraging cries escaped their lips, and there were few children among them to venture a shout or two. Win was what they had come for, and, deprived of that, they sat in silence and listened to an amplified play-by-play description of the game that explained to them, by loudspeaker, what they were seeing. The bright field below, the running players, the game of baseball seemed a hundred miles away.

BY good fortune, I had brought along to Los Angeles the ideal companion for a sometimes discouraging, sometimes embarrassing, and undeniably historic World Series—an almost perfect new baseball book called "The Glory of Their Times," by Lawrence S. Ritter (Macmillan). The author, a professor of economics at New York University, has spent all his recent vacations tracking down famous old ballplayers and inducing them to reminisce about their youth and their extraordinary companions and the long-flown summer days they gave to the great game. The result is a vivid, gentle, and humorous narrative, accompanied by marvellous photographs, which is somehow both saddening and reassuring for the contemporary fan. That night, after the first game in Los Angeles, I read Tommy Leach's account of the first World Series of all, played in 1903 between the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Boston Red Sox, then sometimes known as the Pilgrims. Leach, a small third baseman with that Pirate team, recalls, "That was probably the wildest World Series ever played. Arguing all the time between the teams, between the players and the umpires, and especially between the players and the fans. That's the truth. The fans were *part* of the game in those days. They'd pour right out onto the field and argue with the players and the umpires. . . . I think those Boston fans actually won that Series for the Red Sox." He tells how the Red Sox partisans, who called themselves the Royal Rooters, drove the Pirates to the edge of distraction by their endless bawling of a hit song called "Tessie," with extemporaneous insulting variations. "Sort of got on your nerves after a while," Leach says. "And before we knew what happened, we'd lost the World Series."

Today, of course, the gulf between



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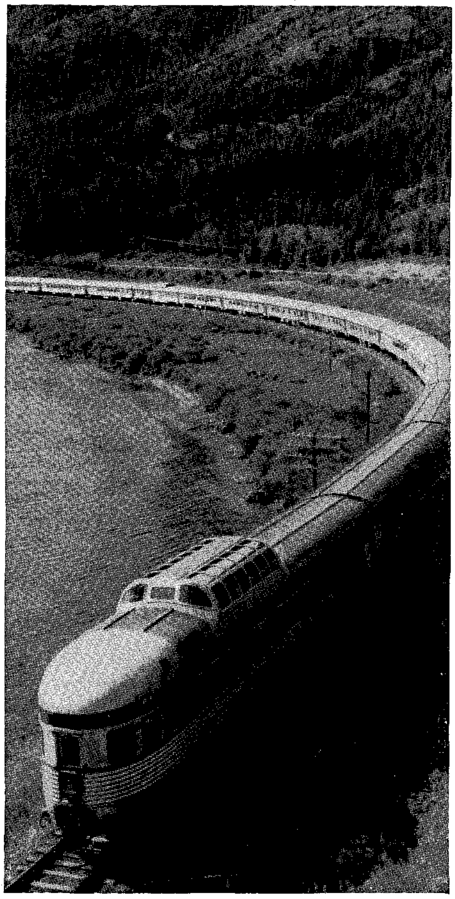

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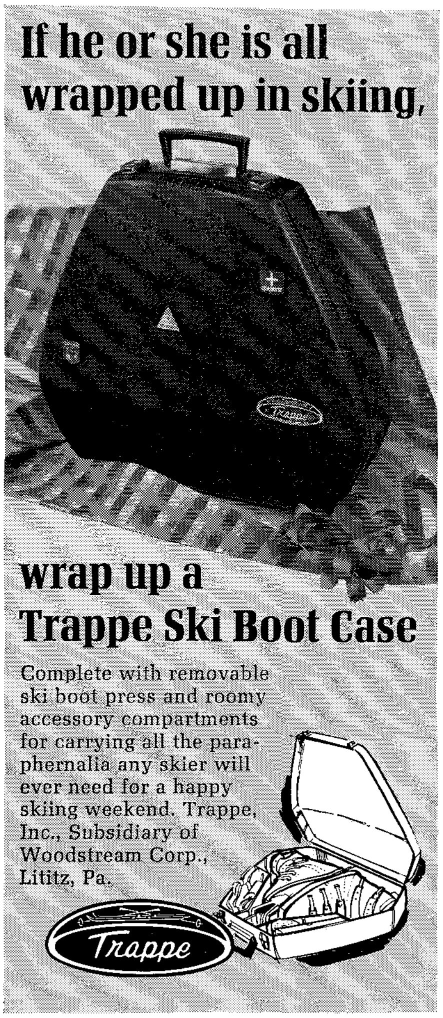
the players and the everyday fan is almost immeasurable, especially at the Series, and most of the middle ground seems to be filled with distracters and explainers—play-by-play announcers, beer and razor-blade commercials, stop-action TV shots, and battalions of sportswriters. Baseball is perhaps the most perfectly visible sport ever devised, almost never requiring us to turn to a neighbor and ask "What happened?" And yet our joy is no longer instantaneous. Scoreboards tell us when to cheer, and the incredible catch, the famous pinch-hit double are not entirely real to us until we have seen them confirmed on the late news show and in the morning columns. Years from now, we may find it difficult to remember whether we were really there at all. Inevitably, the fame and richness of the Series make it more and more difficult for most of us to make the scene, since large areas of the two autumn ball parks are occupied by moneyed boxholders, the press, and the immense bureaucracy of baseball. The *Times* estimated that thirty-two thousand Series seats at Dodger Stadium this year had been sold to season-ticket holders, and that twelve thousand more were reserved for baseball executives and their employees and friends. There were a thousand accredited reporters, cameramen, and radio and TV personnel in Los Angeles. The post-game crush in the clubhouses has lately grown so dense that most Series teams, including both the Dodgers and Orioles, now stage formal post-game press conferences in chair-lined rooms, where I have seen a slugger approach the microphones like an Under-Secretary of State, clear his throat, and murmur, "Well, in answer to that, I'd say it was a fast ball, high and inside." In the evenings during the Series week, the reporters and numerous, various-sized baseball wheels assemble at large cocktail-and-dinner gatherings thrown by the home club. These are loud, cheerful enough affairs, full of gossip and anecdote, old friends, and free provender, and yet I have never come away from one without a feeling of glumness. It is not just the annual presence there of so many down-on-their-luck baseball men—fired managers, superfluous coaches, and deterritorialized scouts—all looking for the fortuitous handshake, the whiskey-warmed happenstance that will readmit them, however distantly, to the sunshine game. Concealed in the hoarse rumors, recollected heroics, and comical dugout yarns of the baseball writers there is also a simultaneous adulation and bitter



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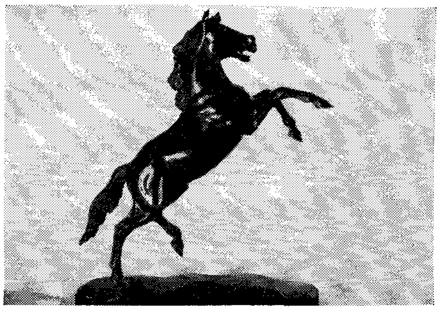

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patronizing of the young and lucky that reveals how out of it all we reporters are, how second-hand. We, too, are hangers-on of baseball.

THE fearful happenings of the second game need not be lingered over, being now as well known as the circumstances surrounding the fall of Troy. Until the gods began their heavy-handed meddling, it was a fine, fast game, with the Dodgers having somewhat the better of it. Sandy Koufax, although making his third start in eight days, including the pennant-nailer on Sunday, looked quick enough to lengthen his string of scoreless World Series innings indefinitely, and it seemed only a matter of time before his teammates would mark up some runs against the unpuzzling fast balls thrown by his opponent, the twenty-year-old right-hander Jim Palmer. For half the game, the only sign of twitchy nerves came from the Orioles. In the second, Frank Robinson stumbled as he fielded Lou Johnson's hit to right field, and Johnson whizzed along to second; in the fourth, Robinson overran second on an error by Jim Gilliam and was thrown out easily. In the next inning, reality and the scoreless game came unstuck together. With Boog Powell on first and one out, Paul Blair lifted a high fly to center field, where Willie Davis, squinting up into the fierce, smog-glazed sun, allowed the ball to drop behind his left knee, and Powell and Blair each took two bases. The Dodgers thought so little of Andy Etchebarren, the next batter, that they decided to pitch to him, instead of putting him on and aiming for a double play. Their logic was perfect, but Etchebarren's short fly subjected Davis to further corona observation, and he dropped it. Still shuddering under the weight of so many footcandles, Davis now pounced on the ball and made his first really unforgivable play—an angry Little League heave into the Dodger dugout that scored the second run. Koufax, perhaps grieving for his teammate's sudden arrival in the record books, gave up another run on a double by Aparicio, and disbelief was further stretched in the next inning, when Davis and Ron Fairly allowed Frank Robinson's long drive to fall between them for three bases, and Powell scored him with a single. Struck dumb, the Dodgers stopped getting on base, and the game eventually ended with the score at 6–6—runs for Baltimore, errors for Los Angeles. It should be noted that the Dodger fans did not remain silent this time; full of spunk, they

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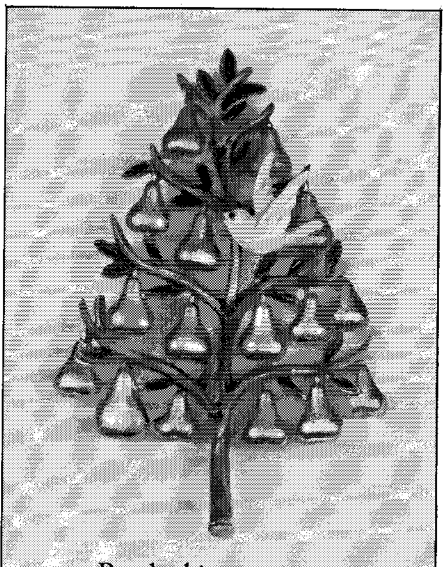
cheered ferociously every time Willie Davis caught the ball in the between-inning warmups. The day's only display of gallantry came in the clubhouses after the game, where Willie Davis responded with grace to a reportorial cross-examination that would have done credit to Eichmann's prosecutors. Only ballplayers understand how hard their game really is; over in the Oriole dressing room, Hank Bauer closed the accident report on Davis when he said, "If the Dodgers don't want him, I'll take him."

I COULD have provided further comfort for Willie Davis, had he needed it, from the lively memoirs contained in "The Glory of Their Times," which I continued to read on the plane back to Baltimore. The book is packed with disasters. I learned that Roger Peckinpaugh, the Most Valuable Player in the American League in 1925, committed *eight* errors for the Senators in the World Series that year. I read several descriptions of the infamous "$100,000 Muff" by Fred Snodgrass that cost the Giants the 1912 Series with the Red Sox, and then Snodgrass's own assessment: "For over half a century I've had to live with the fact that I dropped a ball in the World Series—'Oh, you're the guy that dropped that fly ball, aren't you?'—and for years and years, whenever I'd be introduced to somebody, they'd start to say something and then stop, you know, afraid of hurting my feelings. But nevertheless, those were wonderful years, and if I had the chance I'd gladly do it all over again, every bit of it." Snodgrass is stoutly defended by other witnesses, who point out that he also saved the game with a magnificent running catch on the next play, and that the championship was actually lost when the Giant infield then misplaced a foul pop, thus permitting Tris Speaker to stay alive and drive in the winning run. Later, thinking back to Sandy Koufax and recalling the anxiety that stabs one when watching him pitch his flaring fast balls with an arthritic arm that may end his baseball days at any instant, I read Smoky Joe Wood's lacerating account of the sore arm that finished him as a pitcher after he had won thirty-four games for the Red Sox in 1912, and of his long struggle back to the majors and to the World Series as an outfielder with the Cleveland Indians. Half asleep during the soft, deadening trip from one unlovely city to another, I read about the dusty American small towns where so many of these past heroes had begun their baseball—Wahoo



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and Freemont, Nebraska; Princeton, Indiana; and Ness City, Ellis, Bazine, and Wa Keeny, Kansas. Sam Crawford, the old Tiger immortal, can remember when baseball was still a game for country boys:

> Every town had its own town team in those days. I remember when I made my first baseball trip. A bunch of us from around Wahoo, all between sixteen and eighteen years old, made a trip overland in a wagon drawn by a team of horses. One of the boys got his father to let us take the wagon. It was a lumber wagon, with four wheels, the kind they used to haul the grain to the elevator, and was pulled by a team of two horses. It had room to seat all of us—I think there were eleven or twelve of us—and we just started out and went from town to town, playing their teams. . . . We were gone three or four weeks. Lived on bread and beefsteak the whole time. We'd take up a collection at the games—pass the hat, you know—and that paid our expenses. Or some of them, anyway. One of the boys was the cook, but all he could cook was round steak. We'd get twelve pounds for a dollar and have a feast. We'd drive along the country roads, and if we came to a stream we'd go swimming; if we came to an apple orchard, we'd fill up on apples. We'd sleep anywhere. Sometimes in a tent, lots of times on the ground, out in the open. If we were near some fairgrounds, we'd slip in there. If we were near a barn, well . . .

TWO unexpected wins had Baltimore jumping. Airport redcaps, cabdrivers, waitresses, storefronts, bank windows, and even a church or two were decked out in buttons or banners exhorting "Bomb 'em, Birds!," and indoor strippers and outdoor revivalists in the downtown honky-tonk area known as The Block staged extra shows Friday night for the visiting sports. Most of the crowd turned up early at Memorial Stadium the next morning, in plenty of time to watch batting practice, and the tootling of extemporaneous bands in the parking lots, the hawkers selling chrysanthemums and orange-and-black pennants, and the excited faces of young boys hurrying their fathers along to their seats made me think for a minute that I was walking into Palmer Stadium. Out on the field, it was the other side that was now trying to smother its nerves. "I don't think any team can be really down for a Series," Ron Fairly said to me, but he seemed uncertain about it, and then Maury Wills lost his famous cool for a moment and threw angry imprecations at a sportswriter for an unfavorable phrase in a column. The Robinson team, by contrast, posed arm in arm for the photographers, laughing and hamming it up, and when it was over, Frank Robinson, who is a Negro,

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said to Brooks, who was born in Arkansas, "If they print that down home, man, you'll *never* get back." Noisy, elated fans streamed into the stands wearing Oriole boaters, and sunshades boosting a gubernatorial candidate named Agnew, and outside the park, beyond the center-field scoreboard and the jammed parking lot, a scattering of ticketless partisans had taken over a grassy knoll, from which they might get a glimpse of an occasional fly ball and hear the deep cries of the crowd.

It was a brisk game, marvellously enjoyable, and the innings flew by to the accompaniment of hopeful toots on a hundred horns in the stands and a flurry of witticisms in the press rows about Willie Davis's attack of stone hands in Los Angeles. The game was half gone after an hour, and there was nothing to choose between the teams—no runs, two hits apiece, and identical football blocks thrown at second base by the Dodgers' Lou Johnson and the Orioles' Luis Aparicio, which both spoiled double plays. If anything, I thought that the Dodger pitcher, Claude Osteen, was throwing harder and lower than the Orioles' Wally Bunker, and I went on thinking so even after Paul Blair, the part-time Oriole center fielder, hammered a ball deep into the left-field stands in the fifth. It was a perfect pitch, low and away—the kind that any pitcher will occasionally see pickled even on his best days. Any pitcher, that is, but an Oriole in October. The Dodgers made agonized efforts to move their base runners along, but they now seemed to be guessing at the plate. Their last flutter came in the eighth, with Tommy Davis on second, when a committee of Orioles gathered under Parker's fly in left field and almost tabled it. Aparicio made the grab, and minutes later the Dodgers clumped wearily back to their clubhouse, their eyes still all goose eggs.

THE fourth game, before a cheerful, faintly incredulous shirt-sleeved crowd, rematched Drysdale and McNally, but in tone and flavor it much more resembled the previous day's game than the slack opener—the same good pitching, the same fast, scoreless early innings, the same slick infield play. It was as if the two teams had only knocked off for a tea interval before continuing the same encounter. Drysdale, although his fast ball was not tailing off like a cast fishing plug, the way it does when he is at his sharpest, was pitching with immense determination, and McNally, on his home mound, had his control back and now could

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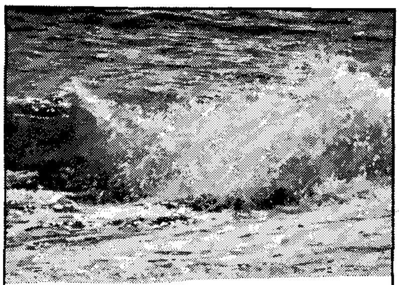

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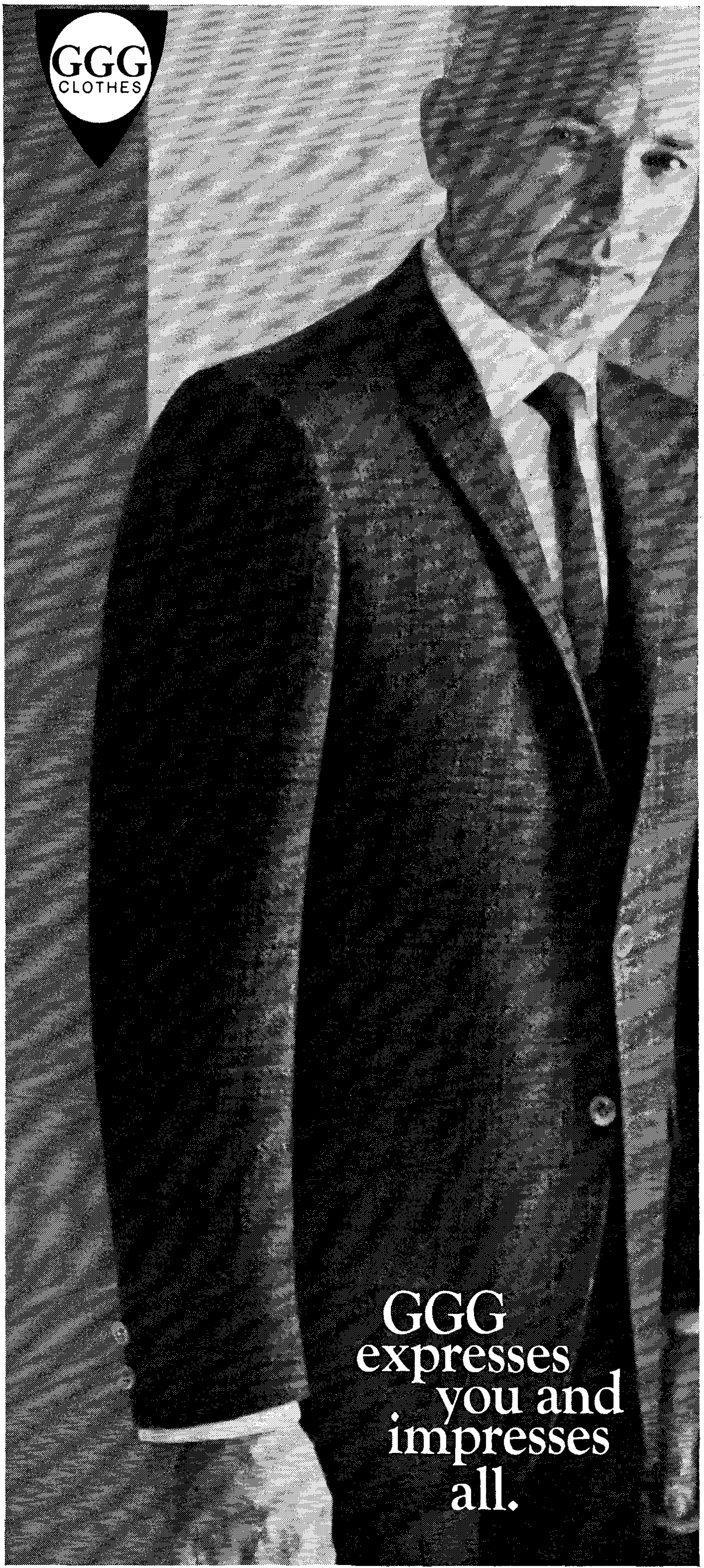
share his fellow-Orioles' mad conviction that the Dodgers might not score another run until, say, late July in 1967. That remains a possibility to this day, of course, but this knowledge should not keep anyone from remembering how close the Series still looked early on that final afternoon. If Drysdale could win, if the Dodgers could stop drowning in two feet of water, Koufax would pitch the next game, and only members of the Flat Earth Society are prepared to bet that Koufax can lose two Series games in a row. Then the Series would move back to Los Angeles, surely at no worse than even odds. This quick, close, yet one-sided Series was so mystifying that in the early innings on Sunday the representatives of the magazine *Sport*, which awards a sports car each year to the outstanding player in the Series, were helplessly asking for nominees in the press rows. The most sensible suggestion, assuming a Baltimore victory that day, was to permit each of the Orioles to drive it for a week and to donate the safety belt to Willie Davis.

The resolver—of the game, the Series, and the *Sport* editors' dilemma—was Frank Robinson, who hit a Drysdale fast ball four hundred and ten feet into the left-field stands in the fourth inning. Robinson, a tall, solidly built right-handed slugger with long legs and gigantic forearms, stands in the batter's box with his left foot almost touching the back corner of the plate; his quick forward stride throws all his weight into the pitch, and he swings with such violence that third-base coaches in his league have learned to dodge like field mice on the frequent occasions when Robinson's bat comes whirring over their heads. His plate-crowding invites pitchers to throw at his left ear—a game that Drysdale enjoys—but this was no occasion for games. Drysdale's pitch was a good, live fast ball, but right over the middle, and after the explosive "*whock!*" of Robinson's bat Drysdale didn't bother to turn and follow the ball; instead, he kicked the mound violently, exactly the way he did in the first inning of the first game. Robinson sailed around the infield, touching bases and counting his self-made blessings—Series hero; league-leading batting mark of .316; forty-nine homers, and a hundred and twenty-two runs batted in; certain attainment of the Most Valuable Player award; and, perhaps most comforting of all, the knowledge that the Cincinnati Reds, who sold him to the Orioles last winter after he had terrorized National League pitchers for a decade, had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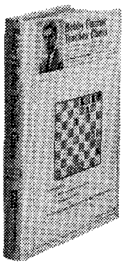

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been stuck with the most foolish baseball trade in memory.

The game went on, instantly growing in omens and tension. With two out in the same inning, Boog Powell, the immense doorstop who plays first base for the Orioles, powered a drive to deep straightaway center. I watched Willie Davis lope back until he bumped into the wire fence at the 410-foot sign, and when he dropped his arms I thought he had given up. He was merely coiling himself, however, and at the last moment he sailed straight up, hung in mid-air for an instant like a drip-dry shirt on a line, and came down with the ball in his glove.

This kind of third-out catch is the classic baseball signal for a turnabout, and the Dodgers reacted with alacrity. Lefebvre singled, and then Wes Parker hit a hard, high-bouncing hopper that seemed headed through the infield between third and short. It didn't get through. Brooks Robinson charged the ball and fielded it, half staggering, just above his shoe tops, and then whipped it over to second to start the double play. It was the second-best fielding play of the Series (Davis made the best, and the worst), and the Dodgers died right there. Drysdale pitched grimly, Lefebvre almost came up with a tying homer in the eighth, and the Dodgers put two runners on base in the ninth, but they went down in the end, sinking under a prodigal weight of zeros.

THE Dodger collapse at the plate should not invite any corollary murmuring to the effect that the Orioles do not deserve their new status as champions. Although their own team batting average of .200 is a new low for a Series winner, they played perfect, errorless ball, which is also a new team Series record. They had excellent pitching, and the two Robinsons did what so few team leaders accomplish in October: they led. Best of all, the Orioles' victory restores prestige and interest to the recently flabby American League, and may help destroy the current misconception that only National League teams are worth the price of a ticket. At the same time, I doubt whether even the most Birds-mad Baltimore twelve-year-old would claim that the Oriole pitching was quite *that* good. The four pitchers who won three shutouts and ran up thirty-three consecutive scoreless innings in the Series managed only one shutout all season and pitched fewer complete games than Sandy Koufax alone. The only answer to that question "What *happened*?" is that the Dodgers stopped hitting, and the only

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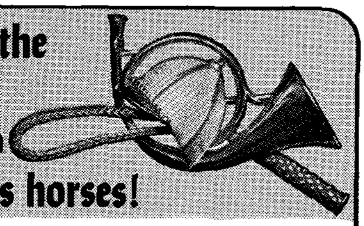

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explanation must be that baseball is still the most difficult, and thus the most unpredictable and interesting, of all professional sports. For all its statistics, the game does not yield itself readily to the form player or the expert; only two out of two hundred members of the Baseball Writers' Association of America correctly picked both pennant winners this year. There are so many surprises in baseball and so many precedents for this unexpected Series result that one must conclude that the only reliable precedent in baseball is surprise itself.

Old ballplayers know the game best, and the most appropriate autumn garland for the 1966 World Series comes from "The Glory of Their Times."

Heinie Groh, of McGraw's Giants: "So much of baseball is mental, you know, up there in the old head. You always have to be careful not to let it get you. Do you know that I was scared to death every time I went into a World Series? Every single one, after I'd been in so many. It's a terrific strain."

Rube Bressler, of Connie Mack's early Athletics: "Baseball . . . is not a game of inches, like you hear people say. It's a game of *hundredths* of inches. Any time you have a bat only that big around, and a ball that small, travelling at such tremendous rates of speed, an inch is way too large a margin for error." And "[The Athletics] won four pennants in five years, and *three* World Championships. . . . The only one they lost was that 1914 one—to George Stallings' 'miracle' Boston Braves, of all teams. The weakest of them all. And we lost it in four straight games, too."

Sam Jones, of the Yankees, on the 1923 World Series: "Art Nehf and I both pitched shutouts through six innings, but then in the seventh Casey Stengel hit one of my fast balls into the right-field stands. That was the only run of the game, and Nehf beat me, 1–0. Oh, that really hurt!"

Paul Waner, of the Pirates, on losing the 1927 Series to the Yankees in four straight: "Out in right field I was stunned. And that instant, as the run that beat us crossed the plate, it struck me that I'd actually played in a World Series. It's an odd thing, isn't it? I didn't think, 'It's all over and we lost.' What I thought was, 'Gee, I've just played in a World Series.' "

Waner was in his second year with the Pirates in 1927, and he batted .333 in that Series. He remained in the big leagues for twenty years more, with a lifetime average of .333, but he never got into another World Series. Baseball is a hard game. —ROGER ANGELL

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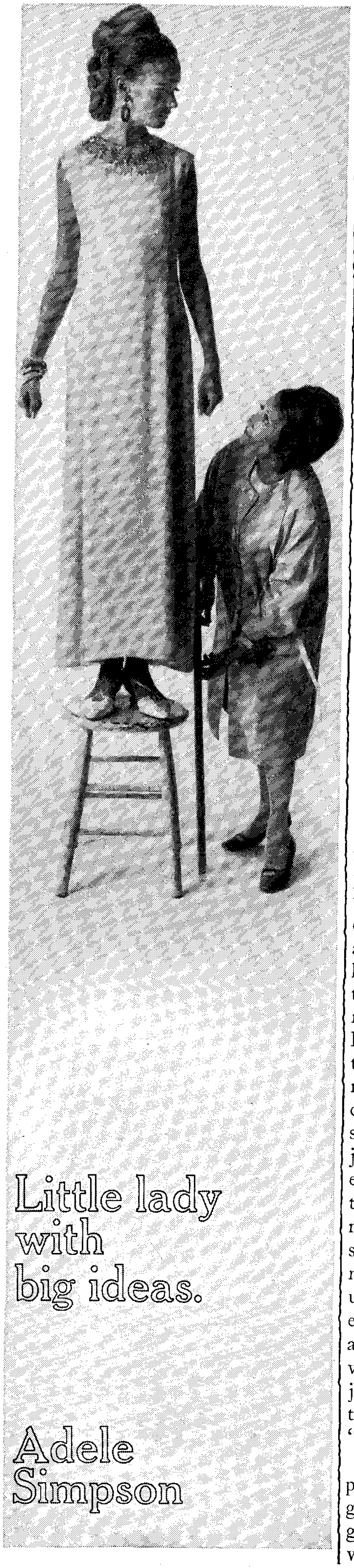

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THE AIR

Some Problems

IT seems to me that one of the troubles with most television documentaries is that they're concerned almost entirely with problems—the problem of air pollution, the problem of water pollution, the problem of Red China, the problem of the American Indian—which is all right up to a point, since there certainly *are* a number of problems that need to be confronted, and television, as we all know, is a Powerful and Pervasive Medium of Mass Communication, etc. But then when the documentarists actually set themselves to unwrapping one of these problems—I'm thinking of the "C.B.S. Reports" I saw last Tuesday on prison reforms and, even more, of an "N.B.C. Special" I saw a number of weeks ago on last summer's racial disturbances in Chicago and Cleveland—it strikes me that they usually go to such extraordinary lengths to provide "balance" (which seems to mean that if you allot five minutes of time to a Black Power leader, you automatically have to allot five minutes shortly afterward to a white segregationist) and to convey an impression of significant "in-depth" reporting (which means dozens of interviews, some relevant, some pointless, each usually presented at face value, and stupefying amounts of on-the-one-hand-on-the-other-hand "objectivity") that the finished product comes nowhere near equalling the sum of its parts, and leaves the viewer feeling that the whole thing has been disgorged by a high-minded, cheerily informative, not very clear-thinking electrical machine. Besides, the great strengths of television journalism are, obviously, visual and emotional, and when you try to bend these strengths to a more literal treatment (as you often have to do, or should try to do, in order to be journalistically accurate) you run the risk—unless you're very, very careful about editing the various portions of film according to their different visual weights—of ending up with a piece of journalism that is simply not fair and truthful, no matter how much spurious "balance" it contains.

For example, in that "C.B.S. Reports" about prisons there was some good footage of a rehabilitation program for prisoners in Connecticut—very uplifting, and reassuring to the

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guilt-ridden viewer—and shortly afterward there was a brief interview with a prisoner not in Connecticut, who described some of the miserable conditions that he'd encountered in different prisons around the country. Doubtless this was put in to let us know that things aren't quite as nice for prisoners everywhere as the Connecticut program might lead us to believe, but on film I don't think it worked out that way. The Connecticut material was visual and vivid. The interview with the man who had had the bad times was mostly verbal and unvivid. In other words, film is strong stuff and has its own dynamics, and you can't edit it as if it were prose. Picture magazines have always had trouble on this score (for instance, you can't print a dramatic photograph of a Negro boy standing beside a blazing storefront, drop a caption beneath it explaining that the fire was accidentally set by the local chief of police, and expect to achieve a completely truthful effect), and television has even more trouble, because its emotional impact is greater. Perhaps it's just not possible to illustrate with complete faithfulness, either in photographs or on movie film, a big, complicated, largely non-visual situation, such as civil rights or prison reform or many of the other subjects that television now pokes about in, since in most instances you can say only so much with pictures; at some point you have to qualify your way toward the truth with words, narration, facts—all that boring prose that tells you how something works, and why. But then, if television news departments are going to tackle these matters anyway (and they should), it seems to me they might set about it with a little more nerve and relevance—less concern for "balance" where balance isn't needed and more concern for accuracy where accuracy is. Speaking of relevance, in the course of that "N.B.C. Special" on civil rights there was a classic interview with Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley on the subject of the white backlash. The reporter asked Mayor Daley to comment on the backlash. Daley looked very serious for a few moments—which must have taken a number of feet of film and a lot of N.B.C. public-affairs money—and then said he didn't think there was a white backlash.

THE other morning, I roused myself at the sort of hour when a man can be made deaf by the sound of another human being crunching breakfast cereal, in order to watch a children's program called "Captain Kan-

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garoo," which had been recommended to me by a friend (some friend!) as "a really wonderful show." It seems to me that "Captain Kangaroo" is a really terrible show—vapid, pointless, silly, about as interesting an experience for a child as stubbing his toe. I know what you're thinking: What business has an old seafaring man, who has spent most of his last seventy-three years on the water and consequently knows little of the joys and terrors of family life, writing about what's interesting to little kids? I still think it's a terrible show. Kangaroo himself is played by a fellow called Bob Keeshan, whom one would normally describe as "pleasant enough"—and he probably *is* pleasant enough as Bob Keeshan. As Captain Kangaroo, he seemed half asleep and totally uninterested in what he was doing. Small wonder, too, since what he was doing was padding about onstage in what looked like a doorman's uniform, stopping occasionally to read a bland little children's story, stopping occasionally while a member of the cast sang a bland little children's song, stopping very often to deliver commercials, and, in general, giving every indication of trying to fake his way through a sixty-minute program on five minutes of decidedly skimpy material. May Allah believe me, I don't think children's programs should always be true, beautiful, inspirational, or spiritually enlarging. I'm a great advocate of trash for young and old—good, honest, forthright trash. But this empty, empty, prissy, bumbling, singsongy stuff is something else, and I can't see that it adds up to much of anything. Grown men ought to speak in their own voices when they speak to children, and they ought to pretend to be awake. That doesn't seem a lot to ask. —M. J. ARLEN

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THE RACE TRACK

Five Out of Six

THE Man o’ War Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday heads these notes this week. The race honored the memory of a great thoroughbred, and, besides, it was enthralling to watch. Though nine horses paraded to the post for the mile and five furlongs over the turf course, it was virtually a two-horse affair between Assagai and Gallup Poll until Assagai drew away in the stretch to win by nearly a length. Knightly Manner was third, five lengths behind. It was Assagai’s fifth victory in six stakes on the grass (he lost the sixth by a nose), and I wouldn’t be at all surprised if Charles Engelhard, who owns him, and who has a big stable in England, sent him over there. El Peco Ranch’s Hill Rise didn’t do badly in England this season, winning twice at Ascot.

AS everyone had predicted, Buckpasser won the Lawrence Realization Stakes with consummate ease. In the space of less than a hundred yards, he swept by Ring Twice, and he went on to pass the post two and a half lengths to the good—the widest margin, by the way, of his eleven successive victories. That’s not as long a string as Citation’s, but few people who saw Buckpasser on Wednesday afternoon of last week can doubt that he’s a champion. The weather at Aqueduct wasn’t as beastly as it was when he won the Woodward Stakes, but the rainwater on the track appeared deeper. Five three-year-olds came out for the seventy-fourth running of the classic at a mile and five furlongs, and, needless to say, Buckpasser was the pick on looks—an almost perfect blend of strength and quality. At the break, a visitor from New England with the fanciful name of Ye Ye Prince went to the front, and stayed there for a couple of furlongs. Then Poker, Buckpasser’s stablemate, took over, setting the pace for a turn of the field. Then Ring Twice went into the lead, but not for long, as Buckpasser, who carried ten pounds more than the others, lengthened his stride. The final time—2:44 1/5—was on the slow side, but Buckpasser ran the last quarter in 0:23 3/5. And, as any horseman will tell you, a colt who can run that fast after

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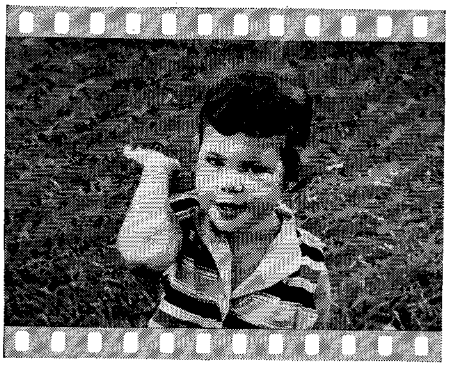

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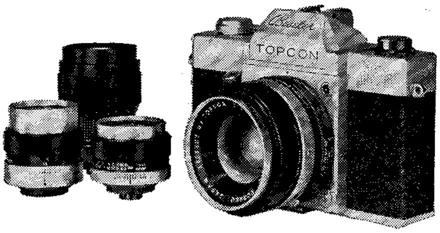

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going more than a mile is bound to win. Buckpasser's share of the purse was $35,490, which brought his earnings this year to $578,953 and his total (twenty firsts in twenty-three starts) to $1,147,049. It also put the prize money amassed this season by the horses of Ogden Phipps and the Wheatley Stable, all of them handled by Eddie Neloy, over the two-million mark—a sum that has not been approached by any other trainer. Buckpasser will run for the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct on Saturday. Then he'll have a letup in training, after which he'll go to Santa Anita, where his objective will be the Charles H. Strub Stakes. Later, he will rejoin his stable at Hialeah.

NO luck for the Wheatley Stable and Neloy last weekend in the Gardenia Stakes, Garden State Park's jackpot for two-year-old fillies. Irish County, whom the stable had expected to bag it, finished eleventh, just behind Court Circuit, the favorite. As I watched the race on TV, the Meadow Stable's Pepperwood came up on the rail in the stretch and beat C. V. Whitney's Fish House, who had led for most of the mile and a sixteenth, by a head. Graham Brown's Woozem, named after Mr. Brown's pet poodle, was third. It was the second Gardenia for C. T. Chenery, who races the Meadow Stable. Five years ago, his Cicada rolled in by ten. Pepperwood, a daughter of Hill Prince, came through with quite a performance, too. She had none the best of it in the scramble of the fourteen fillies around the first turn; indeed, with half a mile to go she was next to last, but Ussery, who rode her, took the shortest way home. Her reward was $117,612.

IN Chicago last weekend, Bold Bidder, who used to race for the Wheatley Stable, was the easiest of winners in the Hawthorne Gold Cup. His present owners, John R. Gaines, John M. Olin, and John W. Hanes, split up first money of $75,200, but there was no cup for them. It had been stolen from the Hawthorne track the day before. Francis Dunne, the New York Racing Commission steward, says there were no such goings on when he worked there. —AUDAX MINOR

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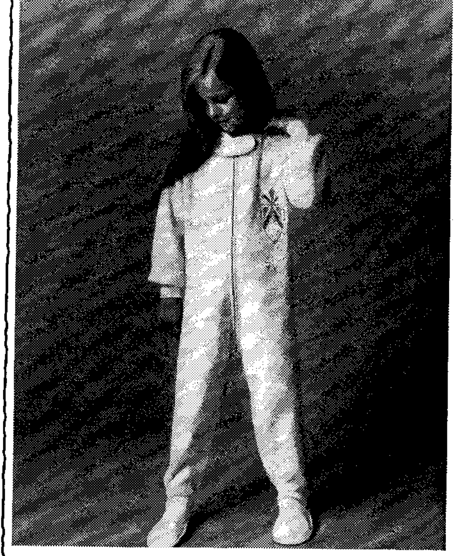

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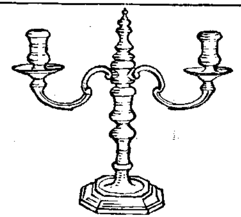

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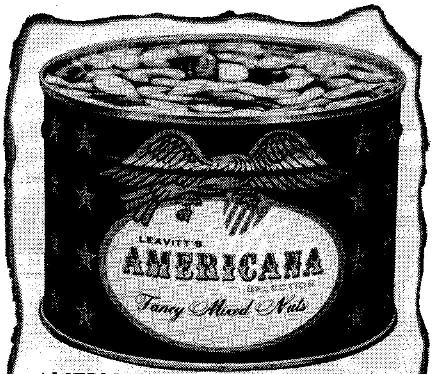

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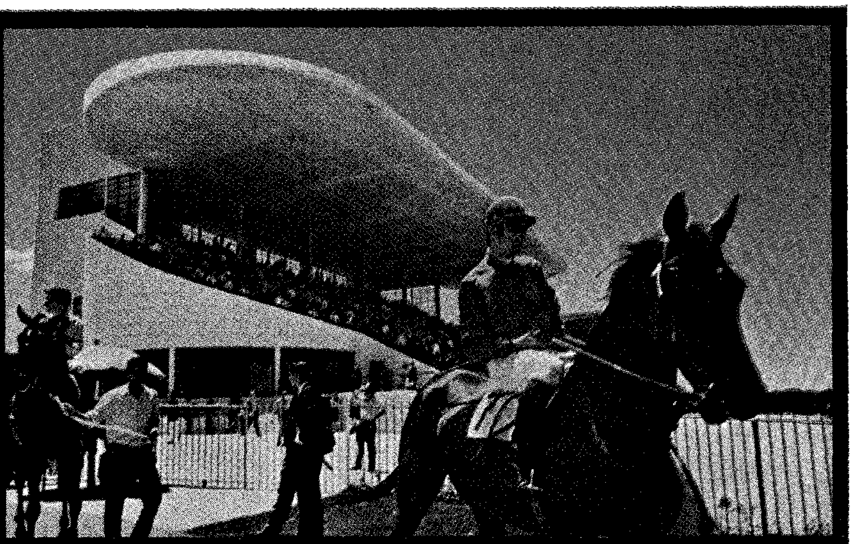

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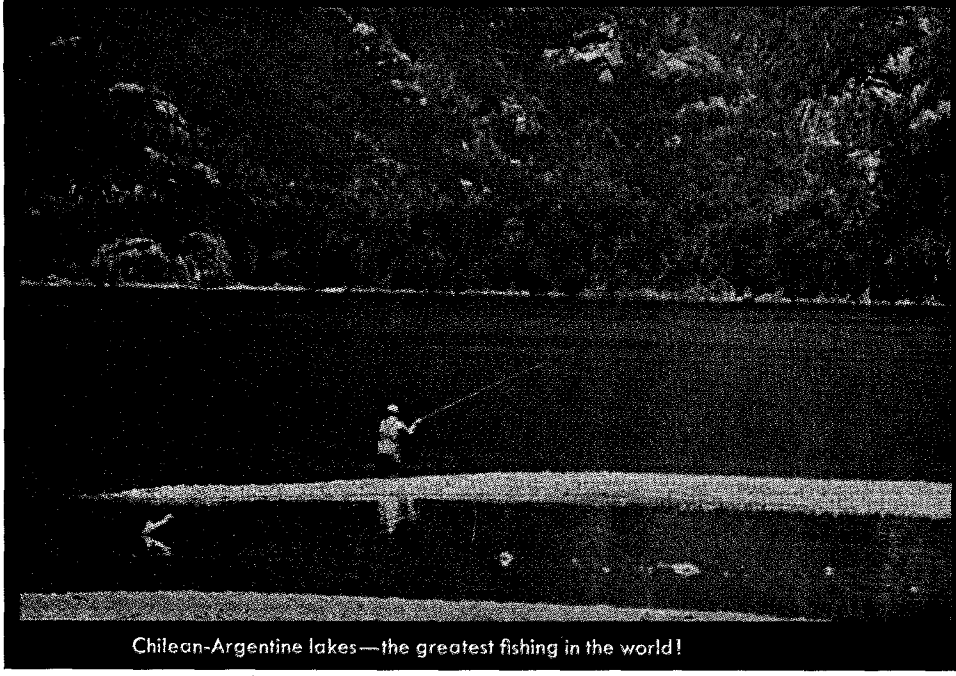

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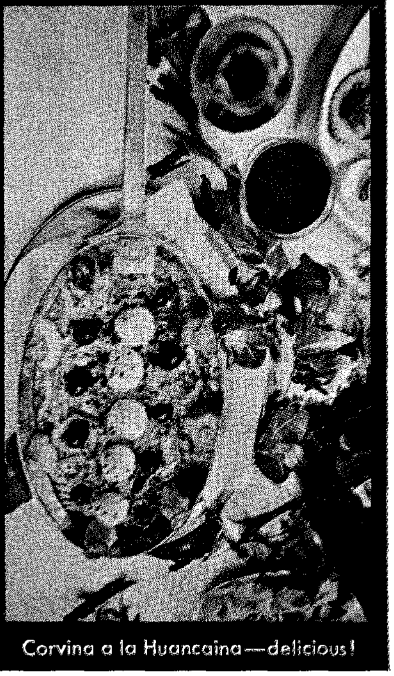

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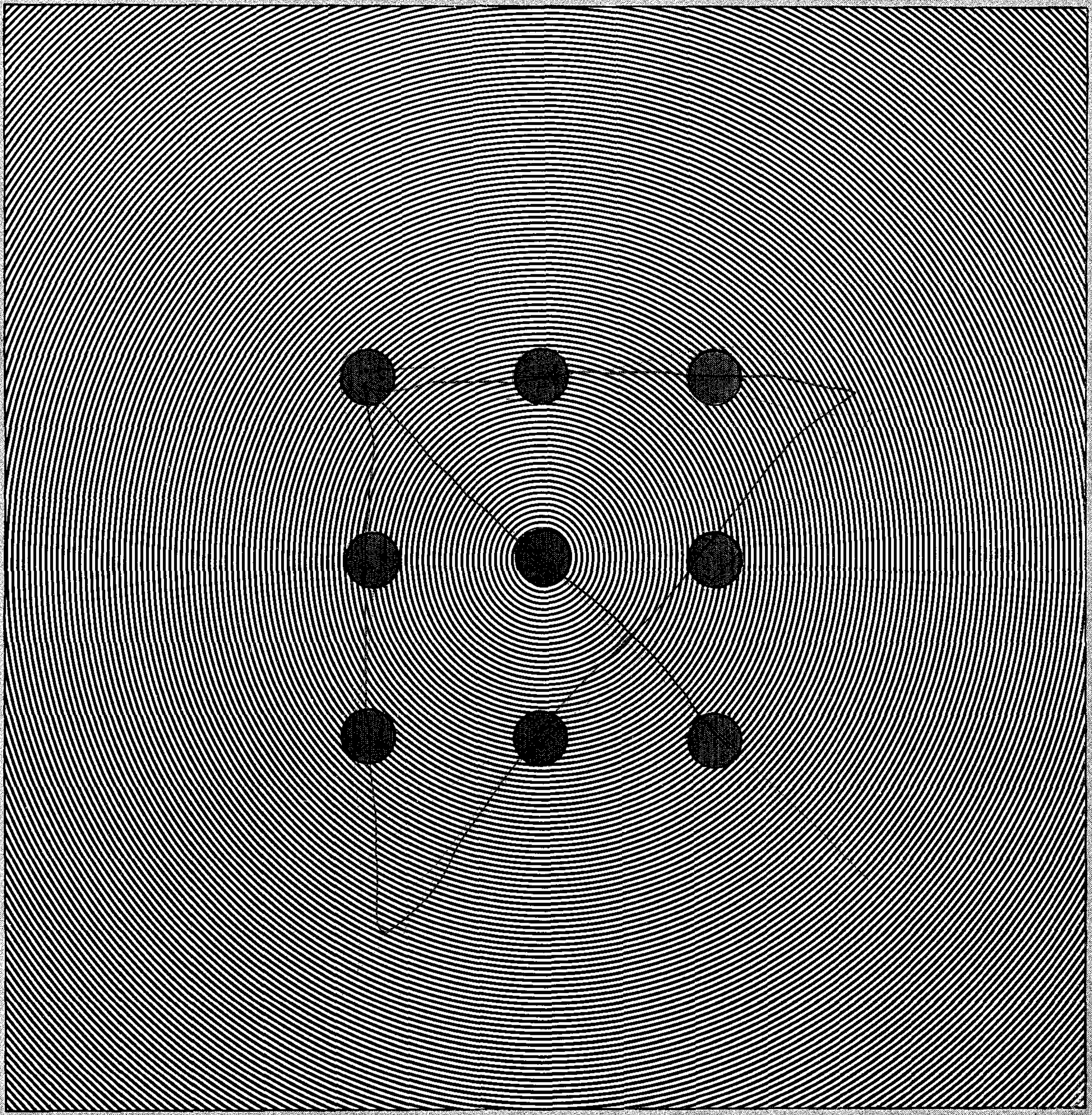

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MAUNA

OUR grandmother did to silence what inflections do to a voice. On the first day of every week, she fasted, abstaining from food for physical discipline. On the sixth day of every week, she took *mauna*—the vow of silence—abstaining from speech for spiritual discipline. At least that was how it worked in theory. But somewhere along the way, the very word "*mauna*" abandoned its chiselled Sanskrit precision and eased itself comfortably into the vagaries of our grandmother's existence.

If we ever argued with her about the complications her silence created in family crises, she had one unfailing reply: "Ask Vimalabai. She'll tell you." Vimalabai was Grandfather's widowed sister and our grandmother's earliest champion. She staunchly defended the concept of *mauna*, even though she had no use for it herself, and wrote indignant letters to everybody concerned from the central-Indian town where she worked as a schoolmistress. Beside our broad and placid grandmother, Vimalabai always seemed shriller and sharper and smaller than ever, as if their sizes as well as their dispositions gave them enough leeway to move companionably around one another within the demands of their separate lives. The two sisters-in-law had gone to school together well before the turn of the century. Every time they met, they talked of this shared childhood, and whenever Grandfather heard them he punctuated their reminiscences with a disbelieving sniff or two.

Grandfather's family, of whom Vimalabai was the youngest member, had lived in a village on the west coast, near Mangalore. Grandmother arrived there as a child bride when she was eight, and played hopscotch with her sister-in-law (they wore identical skirts and their hair hung down their backs in tight oiled braids), while her husband went to a boys' school and ignored them both in lordly fashion. The wedding ceremonies had taken a whole month, performed a little at a time during the auspicious hours each day. On the final afternoon, the officiating priest, a pompous and sour-mouthed man, had yelled at the two girls for eating fruit that had been set apart for a ritual blessing. Vimalabai, who specialized in vendettas, went out into the fields and returned with a dead water rat, which she put in the middle of the priest's mat. The priest had just finished his purifying bath, washing off all defiling contact from his person, to perform the sacred ceremonies. He arrived on the scene too pompous to notice what he was sitting on until he sat on it. There had been a general uproar. Vimalabai was scolded and disgraced and banished to the back veranda. After this, our grandmother said, the rest of the afternoon was a blur to her. She had waited until the coast was clear between ceremonies and then sneaked some sweetmeats from the wedding feast and taken them to her sister-in-law. Which meant that the bride was nowhere to be seen when they wanted her for the second half of the ceremony, so there had been an uproar all over again, and this time both girls were scolded and disgraced. "What a wedding," the two of them always said, shaking their heads. "What a wedding. It was like a circus."

Whether the bridegroom thought it was a circus, too, nobody knew. He had shrugged his womenfolk impatiently off his shoulders and taken his middle-school examinations. A year or two later, when Vimalabai was married and went to live in another village, our grandmother was left alone. Every day, after she finished the morning's household duties to her mother-in-law's satisfaction, she went to the village pond near their house and practiced ducks-and-drakes by herself for hours together. One afternoon, her husband appeared on the path behind her during his lunch recess, and his eyebrows went up, meaning "Girls don't know how to throw. Here. Let me show you." So he showed her, and she was too embarrassed to say anything until she finally managed to send a pebble skimming twice across the mosquito-ridden surface of the water; then they made friends.

It had been like that for a space—five years? six years?—and then she was no longer a child. When a scholarship to Madras University bore her husband away from the village, she went with him to the east coast and learned how to keep house on her own. When more scholarships took him abroad for advanced research in biology, she stayed home minding the children: four of her own and three motherless girls belonging to her husband's brother.

The youngest of those three nieces by marriage was my mother. Once she

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entered the picture and I heard the stories about her childhood in the big house with them, our grandparents acquired a new pattern for me. I always saw them as two parallel lines running side by side and never quite meeting—until that first lot of children arrived, my mother among them. Then our grandparents seemed to slant toward each other, to meet at last at some point overhead: steadying one another to shelter others. In my mind, they were like a child's drawing of a house—two straight lines to make the walls, two slanting ones to make the roof. I mentioned this to my mother one day.

"No," my mother said. "They weren't quite like that. They were very close in those days."

"Like you and Father?" I asked.

She paused, recognizing as well as I did the uniqueness of a marriage like her own. "No, perhaps not. But they truly gave us a home, so I could learn how to give you one as best I could. Any complaints?"

"None," I admitted, grinning at her. Here I saw our grandmother's other pattern, this one linking itself to the women of the family, and still unrolling a little further with each new generation, like a giant carpet whose final scheme we would never know.

WHEN I first saw our grandmother, she was already white-haired. Technically, of course, she was my great-aunt. But she had become "our grandmother" to the entire youngest generation in our clan for the simple reason that she was the focal point of our Divali holidays every year, when we gathered at her house to light the festival lamps and explode firecrackers in her back yard; she was the only person in all the noise to retain her implacable serenity. Besides, in that house the family did not consist merely of our grandmother's own children and grandchildren (she had four of each). There were always other relatives—visiting relatives like ourselves, who stayed for a week or a weekend; dispossessed relatives, who had to be accommodated until they found themselves a house or a flat; troubled relatives, who had to be sheltered for unspecified periods and unspoken reasons until they were well enough or whole enough to leave. On my first visit, when I was four or five, I kept slamming blindly into cousins and uncles and aunts in and out of the dark old rooms till finally the only refuge I could find was the broom cupboard under the stairs, where our grand-

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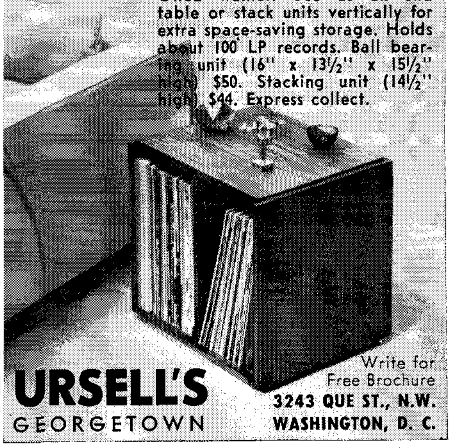

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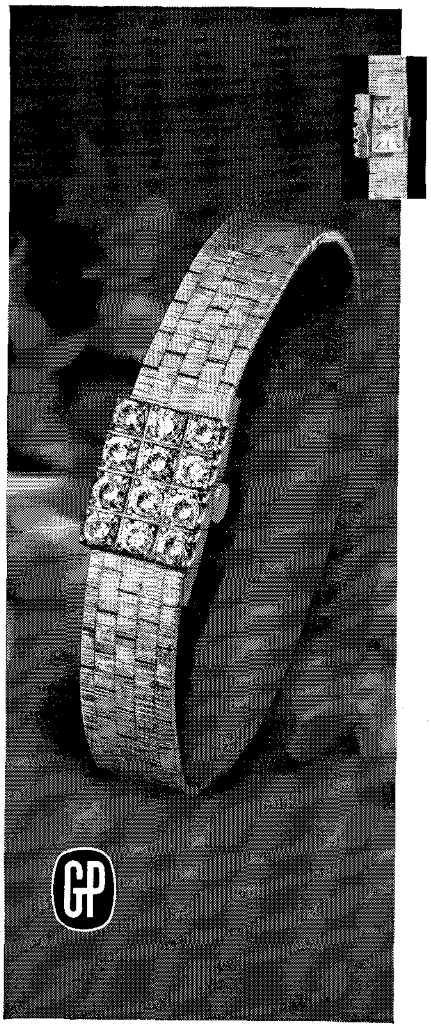
mother saw me hiding and said calmly, "That's our shy one." She could pronounce a judgment and absolve you of its effects at the same time. I emerged from my retreat then and stared up at the old woman, whose face, even seen gauntly upward-angled, remained gentle. After that, my panic subsided.

Later, when I was older, it was easier to peel off the layers of voices and footsteps and smells, and distinguish beneath the constant thrumming activity in the house a certain core of quiet. On our second visit, I traced it to the shrine: a small room off the back veranda, with an array of sculptured images at one end, where the undisturbed shadows, which the oil lamp never probed, and the faint curling fragrance of a single stick of incense combined to offer a sense of either piety or privacy—whichever was more necessary at the moment. This was where our grandmother sat in meditation for half an hour every evening, cross-legged on the bare floor, her back, glimpsed through the window, very straight and still. Here the sounds of the household washed up against the walls but did not intrude, and after a while I began to realize that what I felt was not so much this excluding quiet as an intimate one, threaded through and stringing together all the familiar shoving and shouldering of a joint family home.

It was a quiet that survived the clamor of cousins returning from the playground flinging their cricket bats in a corner and filling the house with the animal smell of sweating boys; the shrillness of aunts haggling with the vegetable vender at the back door or scolding their children; the tinkling of the women's bangles and the rustling of the men's newspapers. It survived even the creaking of the gate with the daily and seasonal visits of the household's auxiliaries—the milkman and the newsboy, the woman who sold butter and eggs, the man who sharpened knives and carded cotton for pillows and mattresses, the silk merchant from Kancheepuram, and the grass-cutters from surrounding villages who arrived in droves after the rains, descending on the back lawn and carrying away fresh headloads of fodder for their cattle every week.

If the quiet could survive all this, I decided its source must lie in the kind of person our grandmother was. So I went in search of her and found her on the front steps, arguing with her son about a crimson prayer rug he wanted to put down in the shrine, to



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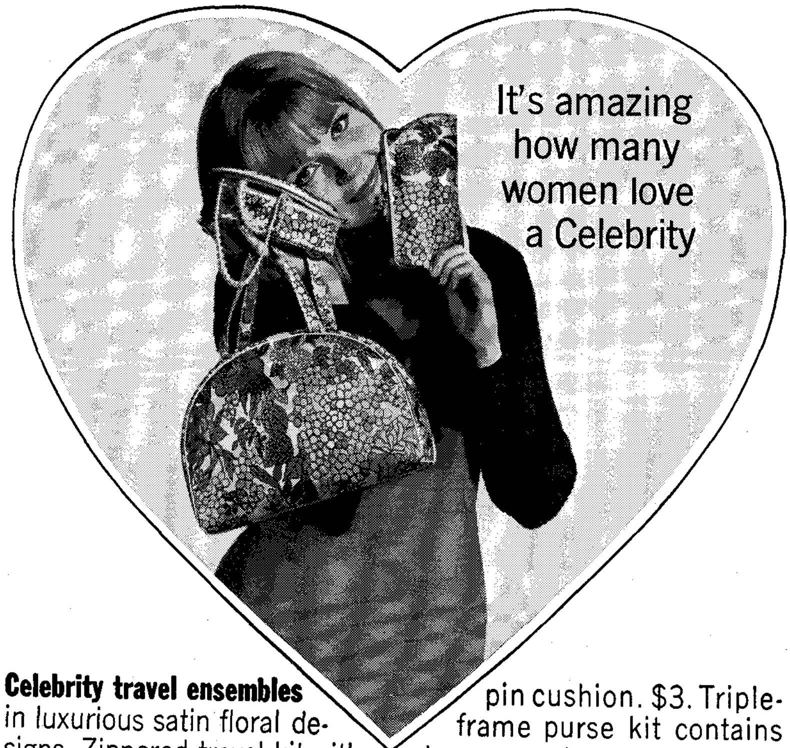

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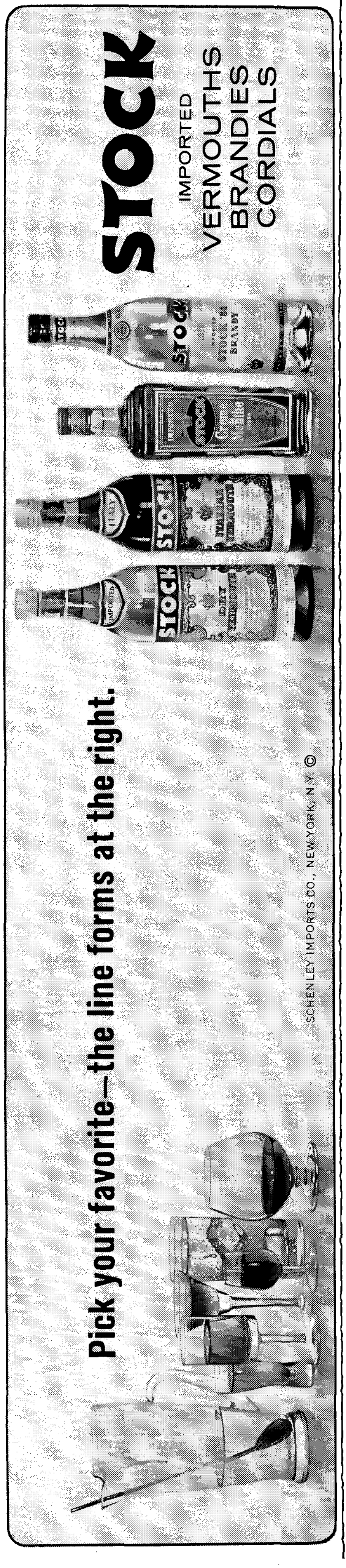

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protect her from the cold of the floor.

"But Naresh, it's only for half an hour a day. I don't even notice the bare floor when I'm meditating."

"Then you won't notice the rug, either."

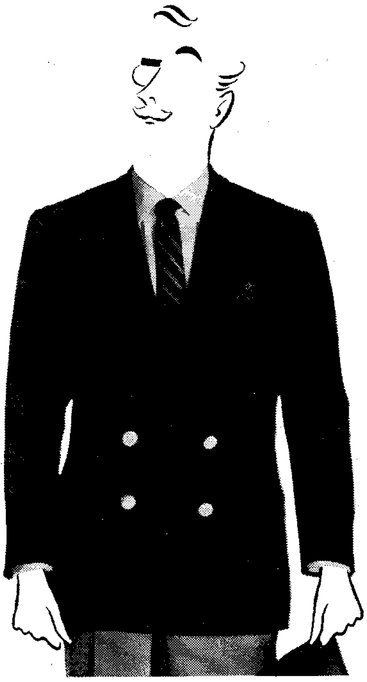
"But it's so *prickly*, child."

"Come now, how can you say that when you haven't given it a chance? Try it just once, Mother, before your rheumatism gets any worse this monsoon. Look. This is from Ellore. Feel it. You couldn't get a finer weave anywhere in the south. And even supposing it is a little prickly. What's one prickly carpet against all those nails that sadhus keep sitting on in foreign cartoons?"

"I don't see what foreign cartoons have to do with me. Or nails either, for that matter." She paused, arrested. Our grandmother's conversations with her younger son always culminated in her sitting on the front steps with a bowl of vegetables or her household accounts lying forgotten on her lap while she marvelled at some new fact he had brought her from the world outside her front door. "I'd no idea they drew sadhus sitting on nails. What can they possibly know about sadhus' habits when they never come out here to take a proper look at them? I've seen only three—no, four—foreigners in my life, and not one was a cartoonist. I'm positive. I remember, because the tall one walked into our shrine with his shoes on, saying he was interested in South Indian bronzes and wanted to see our Nataraj. A friend of your father's—a zoologist, was it? That's right, a zoologist. Though what a zoologist should want with bronzes I can't think."

She had lapsed into a pleasant conversational tone that lay as lightly on her eyelids and her voice as the evening sunlight gilding the steps where she sat. But Naresh would not be sidetracked. He waved a bony forefinger at her. "I'm putting this in the shrine—you hear? And from now on you *use* it—you hear?"

Our grandmother looked up meekly at her son and nodded and began to laugh. Naresh never had to try very hard to make his mother laugh; she found him inordinately amusing no matter what he said. As I watched from the doorway, they seemed to fall naturally into a sort of queen-and-jester relationship. It was as if Naresh teased his mother into laughing with him at all the traditions she herself could never deride, because it was her duty to uphold them. Not that the idea of derision would have occurred to her; our grandmother's own sense of tradition was so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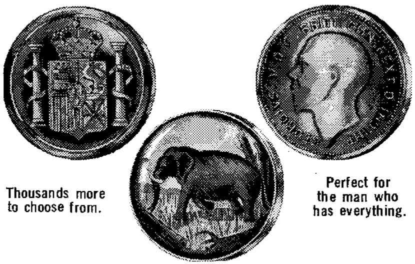
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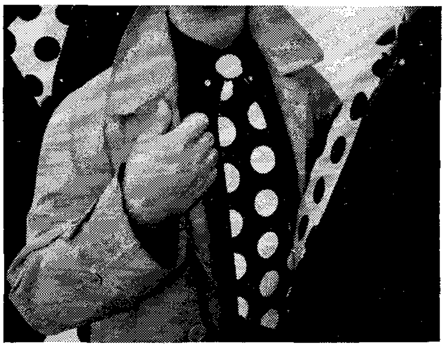
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deep that a few escaping bubbles of laughter above could not disturb the stubborn truth below. From her point of view, Naresh possessed the intelligent man's right of irreverence. So when he treated her like a contemporary, it was with the loved and accepted knowledge that she was not—that he could allow her into his world only because he could recognize the grace and limitations of hers. He would solemnly offer to teach her how to pole-vault, or explain the quantum theory, and reduce her to helpless chuckles each time. Once, I heard him teasing his mother about a picture in *Life* of a famous South Indian temple to which she had gone on a pilgrimage. The camera had caught her, absorbed and beautiful, in a corner of the glossy American page. "*Life* magazine, indeed," Naresh had said then. "You'll be a Hollywood movie star next." Our grandmother had looked at the incongruity of herself—sixty and white-haired, with a huge, wifely spot of red *kumkum* on her forehead, nine yards of sari draped, orthodox fashion, around a body that had broadened without apology in the bearing of children—set in some tinselly, barelegged place called Hollywood, and she had laughed until she choked.

"She never lets *us* laugh at her like that," our aunts, Naresh's twin sisters, complained. But then they were rather stodgy and always complained. Their older brother, Amrith, was away most of the time, a doctor stationed in a northern Army hospital, remote even in his legendary good looks. And Grandfather's evenings at home were barometric readings of his days at the university: preoccupied when heading research projects, peppery when tackling administrative problems. So when Naresh crossed the tacit boundary of respect between generations to make his mother laugh, their laughter together held a complicity that no one else either could or would share.

Obediently, our grandmother sat on the crimson prayer rug evening after evening, until her son left town to continue his postgraduate work in an engineering school up north. Then she sent for the priest with the squeaky voice.

The priest was a little man, cheerful and unobtrusive except when he opened his mouth, and much beloved by all the Saraswath Brahman families in the neighborhood. They insisted on his officiating at most of their religious ceremonies—if not for anything else, at least to tell the story of his encounter with the police during the Quit India

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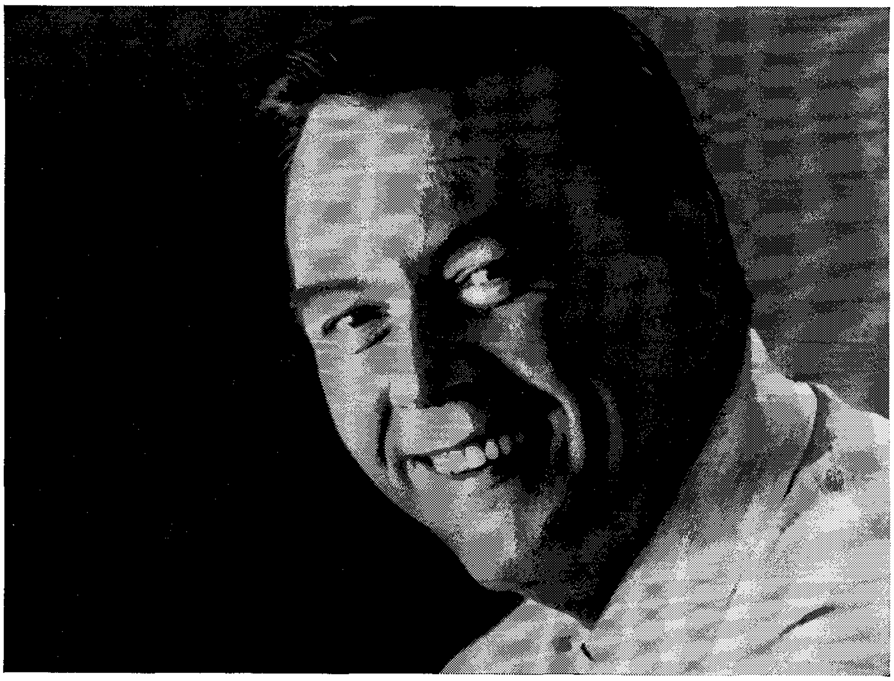

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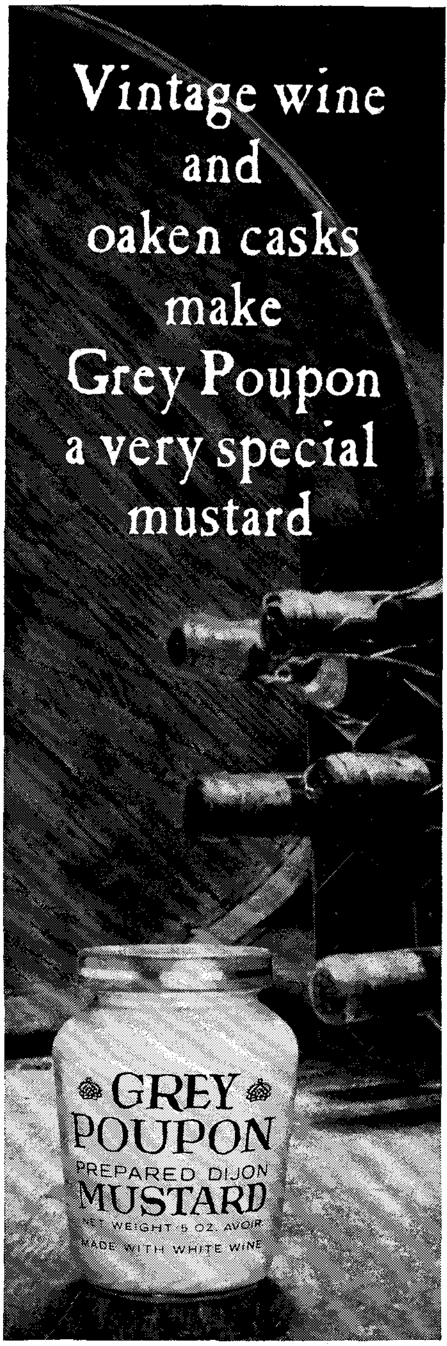

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movement against the British in 1942. The priest had been in Bombay then, living placidly in the middle of the turbulent city with riots and dock explosions going on all around him while he observed one of his periodic vows of silence when he would not utter a word for months, or even a year on end. One evening, when the riots were at their worst, he had gone out after curfew to fetch some milk from a neighboring dairy. On his way back, the police had caught him and asked questions. To all of these the priest, of course, being in *mauna*, had said nothing at all, with the result that he was hauled off to jail for six months. Fortunately, his sentence ended before his silence did, so he was one of the bona-fide priests around with a bona-fide police record, of which he was justifiably proud.

Now, as our grandmother confided her problem to him, he sat meditatively tweaking the sacred thread that hung diagonally around him from left shoulder to right hip, and came up with a predictable solution. "*Mauna*," he said. Since the rug was undeniably prickly and Naresh undeniably stubborn, she could salve her conscience and placate her son with an alternative discipline: maintain one day of silence every week instead of half an hour a day on a prickly rug.

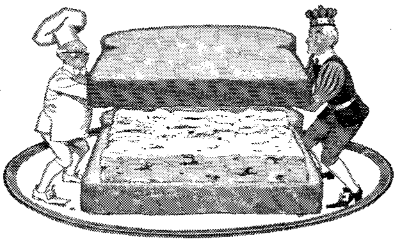
We grandchildren watched her avidly through her first Saturday to see if she would give way or forget, almost convinced that she would *look* different, weighted down with silence. But she came downstairs as usual and merely went through the orderly rhythm of her housework without a word. Our cousins, who had deserted their cricket bats in honor of the occasion, descended to all sorts of slapstick to weaken her into laughter—always her most vulnerable defense. She chuckled all right, but soundlessly. Then the cook spilled boiling water on his arm and needed prompt ministration; visitors arrived to pay a formal call; the younger children scrambled into a fight and ran screaming to her for solace and justice.

Grandfather looked at his wife and said he didn't see the point of it all. "Silence implies tranquillity, a certain withdrawal to replenish oneself. Look at you—still in the thick of things."

Our grandmother waited until next morning and said that was precisely the point; it was the test of true *mauna* to carry out her duties and still maintain an inner silence ringed by outer demands.

Grandfather said it sounded very dubious to him.

As if to underline his objections, she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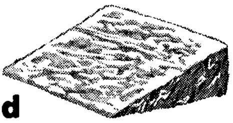
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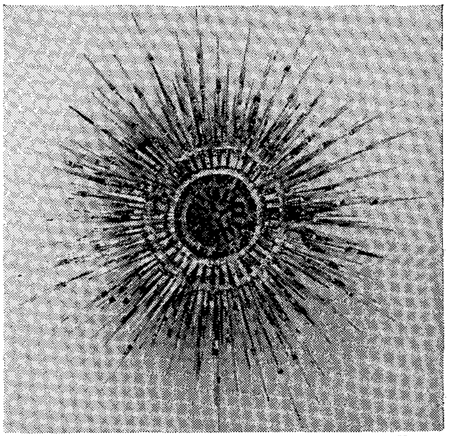
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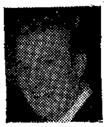
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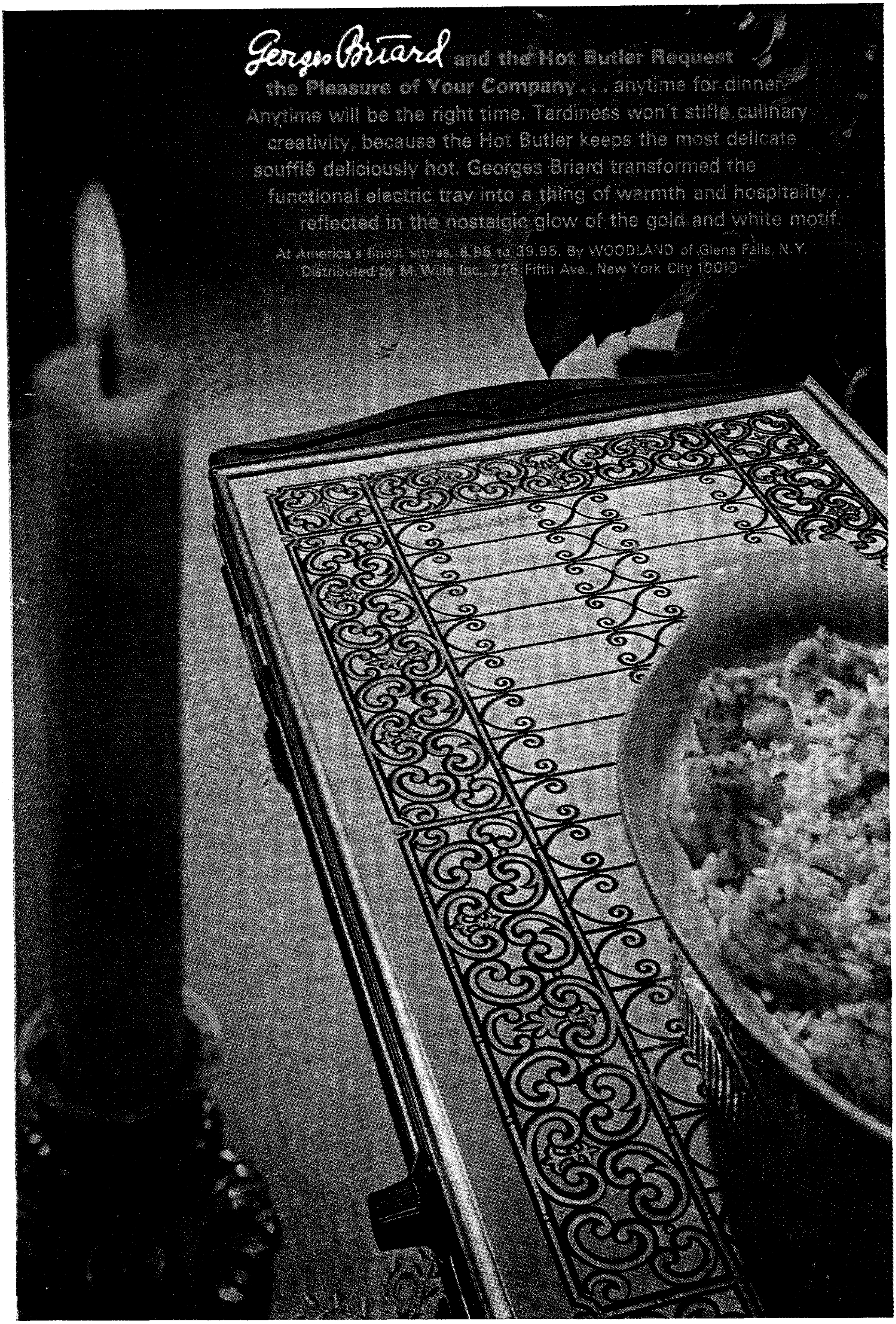

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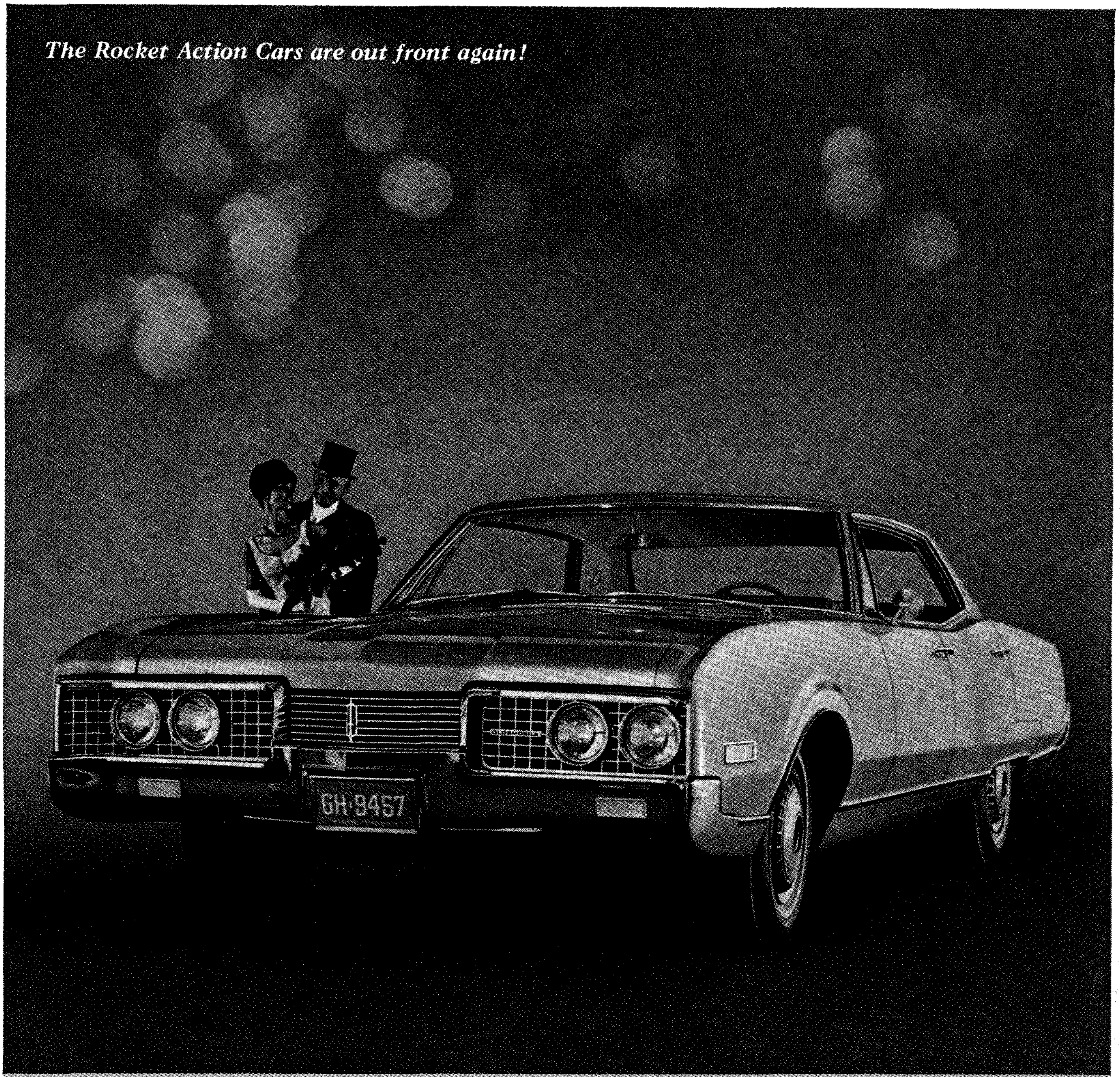

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ran into trouble the very next time she happened to be alone in the house on a Saturday. She told us afterward that she was sitting on the front steps, having just put on her reading glasses to magnify the small print as she labored through the second book of the Upanishads, when the coconut vender hailed her from the gate. She nodded in response, so he walked in, carefully taking the basket off his head and lowering it onto the veranda for her inspection. Then he unwound his turban and squatted down, awaiting her verdict. This was becoming standard procedure with street venders on Saturdays. Those who knew about her *mauna* were patient with her; those who didn't concluded she was a deaf-mute and bargained with her in sign language over the amount to be paid for each purchase. If they held up eight fingers, she held up four. They shook their heads and held up seven; she shook hers and made it five, after which the item was sold for six annas and that was that. This time, the fingers that the vender held up were so few that our grandmother peered at the coconuts through her glasses, amazed at the modesty of his demand. Nevertheless, she nodded halfheartedly, and to her further amazement he nodded back. The bargain was sealed; she paid; he left; and then she took off her glasses. "*Oranges!*" she told us indignantly the next day. "They were the size of oranges! How was I to remember that reading lenses can magnify coconuts as well as small print? I ran to the gate and waved at him to come back, but, oh no, he was too clever. Never once turned. And here I am with these shrivelled little *gooseberries.*"

Grandfather said, "So much for inner silence."

That was the beginning of their arguments. Gradually, her silence became a battleground, a straining and shredded thing between them. I became aware of this when my parents also moved to Madras, though we lived at its other end, nearer the sea. On a blazing hot day, I walked into our grandparents' house to borrow a book and heard them quarrelling, anger stretched taut across their voices, back and forth through the dark old rooms. Only her husband could goad our grandmother into getting so helplessly indignant that she stumbled into furious generalities. "You scientists! You can't see an inch beyond the end of your microscopes—all of you!"

After a moment, Grandfather reminded her in a milder tone that history was his hobby, even if science was

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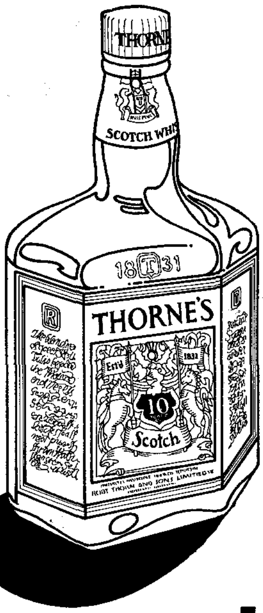

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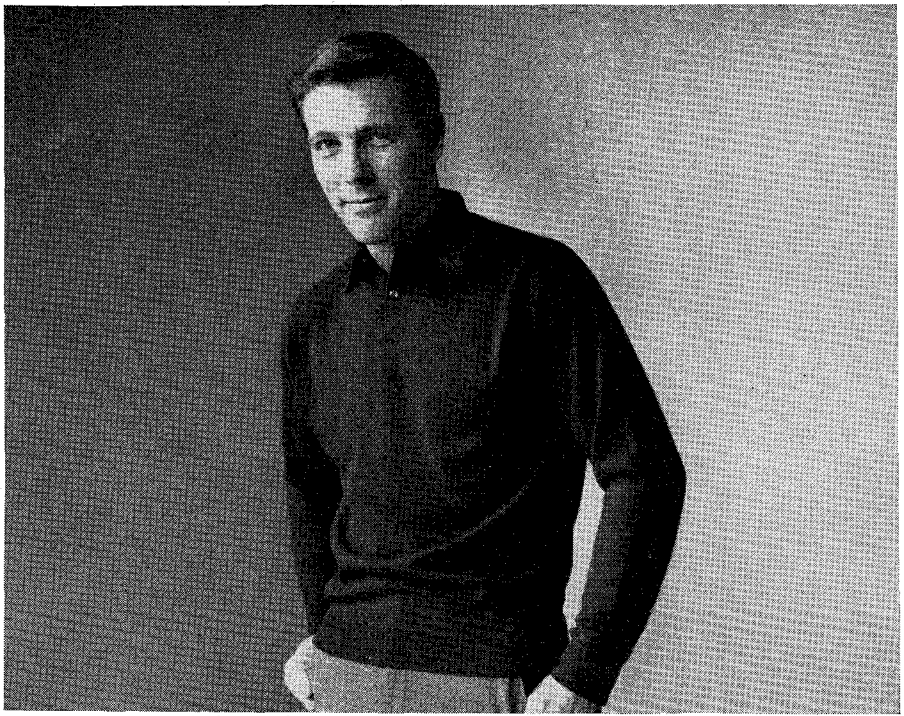

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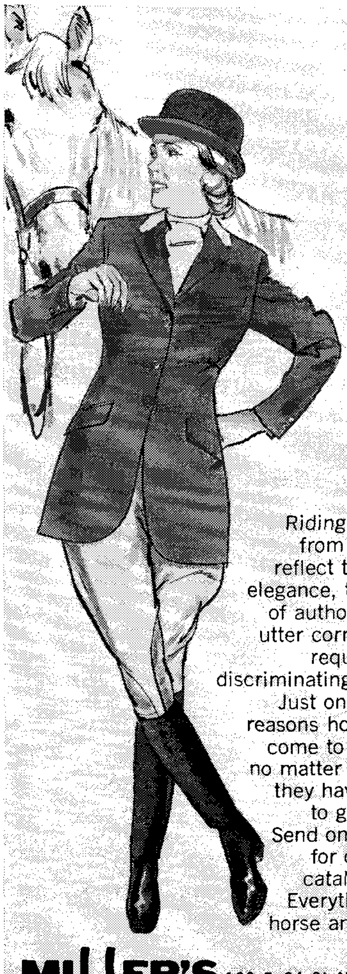

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his profession. "And you know as well as I do that neither has anything to do with it. It isn't your *mauna* I object to; it's your interpretation of it."

Our grandmother never said, either then or at any other time, that that made no difference to the way she felt. In the tradition of the good wife accepting her husband's dictates, she kept her mouth shut and her Saturdays silent. On Sundays, the arguments began again.

During this first phase of our grandmother's *mauna*, the house took on an added dimension. The stillness I had sensed at its core crystallized into a personal silence that began and ended with our grandmother's Saturdays. Even Naresh, whose obstinacy equalled her own, was not given a chance to voice his protests—or to join forces with his father, who happened to be away on a lecture tour—when he returned after graduating at the end of the term.

It was late on a Friday evening when the taxi from the railway station wheezed in on a wave of exhaust and Naresh emerged, coated with the grimy coal dust of a long train journey and grinning at his mother, who met him at the top of the steps. He greeted her with news of a prospective job, building a dam for a government irrigation project; and she returned the greeting with news of a prospective bride, waiting for him if he cared to have her.

Naresh stopped grinning and lost his temper. "Is this another of your million nieces?" For his mother was notoriously clannish and had a multitude of relatives on her side of the family, waiting for husbands or jobs, depending on their sex. She had succeeded in marrying off her older son to her brother's daughter, neatly accomplishing the traditional Saraswath Brahman marriage between cross-cousins and keeping hold of the bloodline she cherished with such tenacity. Naresh would have none of that. Long ago he had given her a barrage of formidable statistics on the subject.

So she told him now with composure that the girl in question wasn't even remotely related to the family.

"Well, what about *her*, then? Have you given her the chance to refuse me if she wants to?"

Our grandmother only smiled at the irrelevancy of the question and went up to bed.

When Naresh woke next morning, it was Saturday and all his outbursts only met with the blank wall of his mother's *mauna*. Still in a temper, he arrived at our house to confer with my

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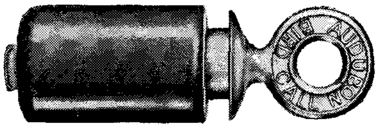

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parents, who inevitably became the confidants of any rebels. In our house, the girl, Indu, was invited to lunch and the two young people were left alone to talk things over by themselves; by the end of the day, all that remained was for the wedding date to be set.

"Shocking, being alone together like that before you're even engaged," our grandmother commented afterward, but without much conviction. Then she turned to her son in triumph. "So you see? It was all because of my *mauna*. If you'd been sitting here wasting your time arguing with me, you would never have gone to your cousin's house and met Indu and made this decision."

Naresh shouted with laughter, and after an uncertain moment his mother joined in.

Then the edge of Grandfather's voice slashed between them. "So now it's a weapon, is it? The least of all retributions you deserve is to have the astrologer set their wedding date on a Saturday."

BUT the date did not fall on a Saturday, and none of the ceremonies obtruded on our grandmother's *mauna*. The only obtrusion, as far as I could see, was Grandfather's caustic comments. Soon after the wedding, he retired from his post at the university. The large household was disbanded, our noisy gatherings were broken up, and the two old people decided to go and live by themselves near the hermitage of a famous South Indian saint.

We helped them pack and went to say goodbye on the last evening before their departure. The place was already bare; the walls closed awkwardly over the emptiness now, like clothes that didn't fit. I saw my grandparents stripped of their familiar context, stripped of all the appurtenances of kinship. Even then, our grandmother, leaning relaxed against the wall, seemed surrounded by the pervasive hum of her concern for her relatives. But Grandfather sat on the sole remaining packing case and smoked and talked of the book he was planning to write about the eighth-century temple near the hermitage. He was somehow easier to understand than she was. He had always been easier to understand when we were children—quick to spank us, but even quicker to forget that he had. Our grandmother never spanked us. She had a much more formidable way of gently imposing her will before we quite realized we had been bent to it. I had thought of this earlier the same day, when I took down the curtains in their spare room, remembering how I

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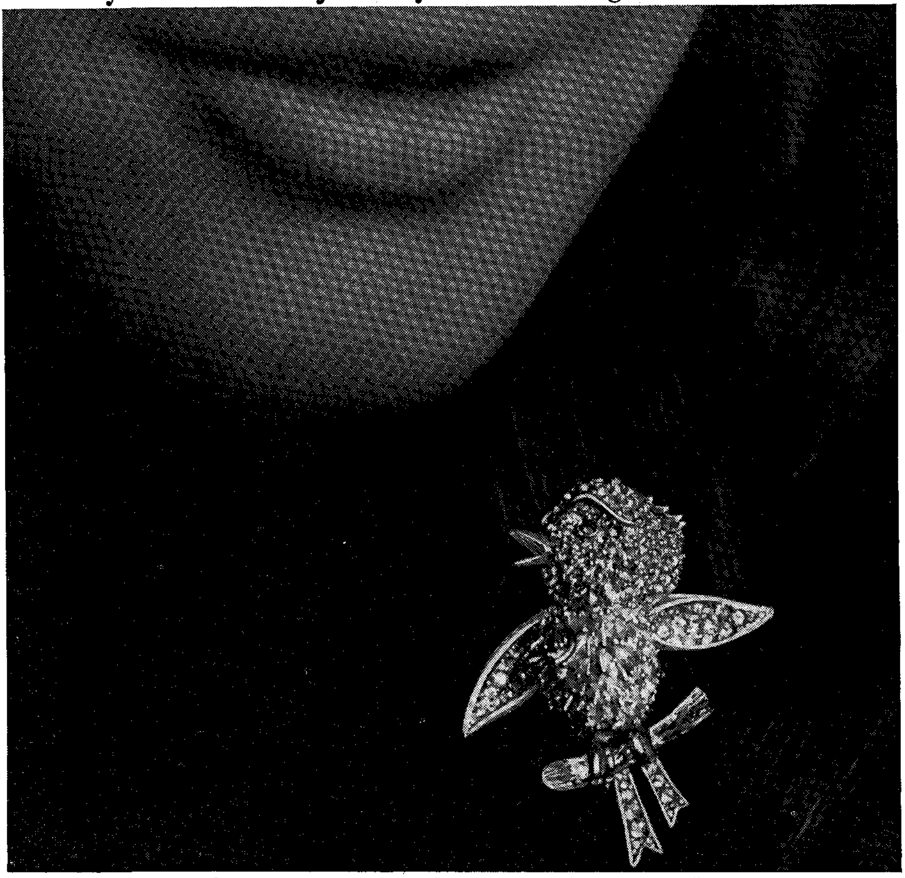

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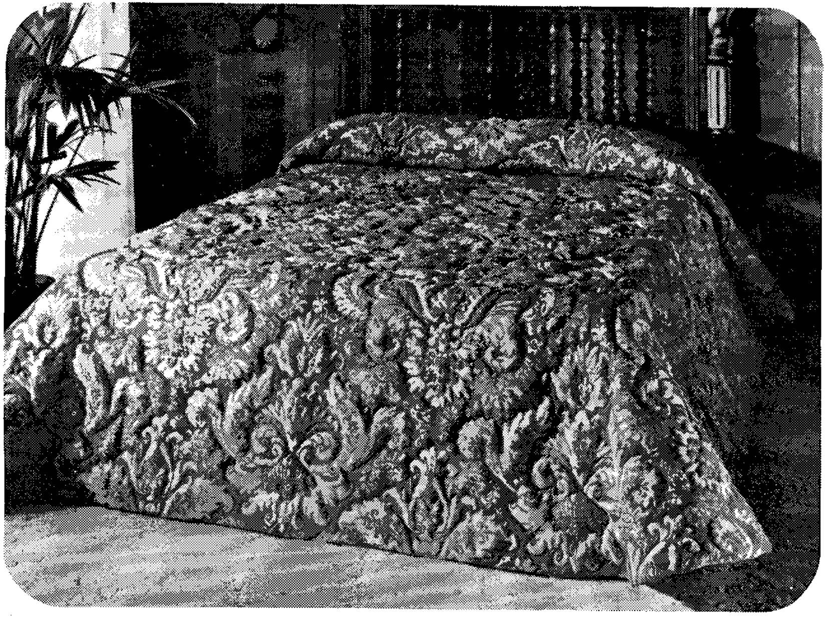

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had helped her sew them five years before.

"This is durable material," she had said then with satisfaction, pushing away fold upon fold of the hideous purple stuff. "You'll see, we'll probably still have it when you are grown up and married." At ten, marriage was as obvious and remote as the moon, so I merely obliged her with a perfunctory giggle and continued turning the handle of her antiquated sewing machine while she continued adjusting the purple hem. We worked in silence for a time, and then I found myself protesting vociferously that I detested those of our women who painted their lips and bared their midriffs. Grandmother smiled benignly at me over the top of her glasses and let me talk. It was only after the curtains had been folded and put away and I had gone out to play under the jack-fruit tree that I realized none of what I had said was true—I couldn't wait to grow up and paint my mouth and bare my own skinny midriff. But in that shifting of values around Grandmother which equated honesty with impudence, I could never have gone and told her so. I couldn't even tell myself so at that point without feeling depraved; and even when I use lipstick now, three years after her death and in a country where it is an assertion of femininity as common as the *kumkum* on our foreheads at home, I still sometimes have to suppress a guilty pang in homage to our grandmother's will.

I had thought that, with her will, imposing her *mauna* on us had not been too difficult, except for the weekly contretemps with our grandfather, but apparently it had been harder than I imagined. When we went to see them a year later in their small house, with its thatched roof and guava orchards, she confided to my mother that this was the first time she had been able to live at peace with her silence.

"I understand," my mother said. She obviously did, since she had now become the focus of the family that our grandmother had provided before. We had moved north, and most of the clan was in the south, but somehow or other our house was always full of relatives.

"Here it is different." Our grandmother smiled, content, and nodded at the low, gray-thatched roofs of the hermitage lying quietly at the foot of the barren hill. The temple was invisible beyond the curve of that same hill, its old carved stone the exact gray of the hermitage roofs. Grandfather had gone there early to work on reproduc-

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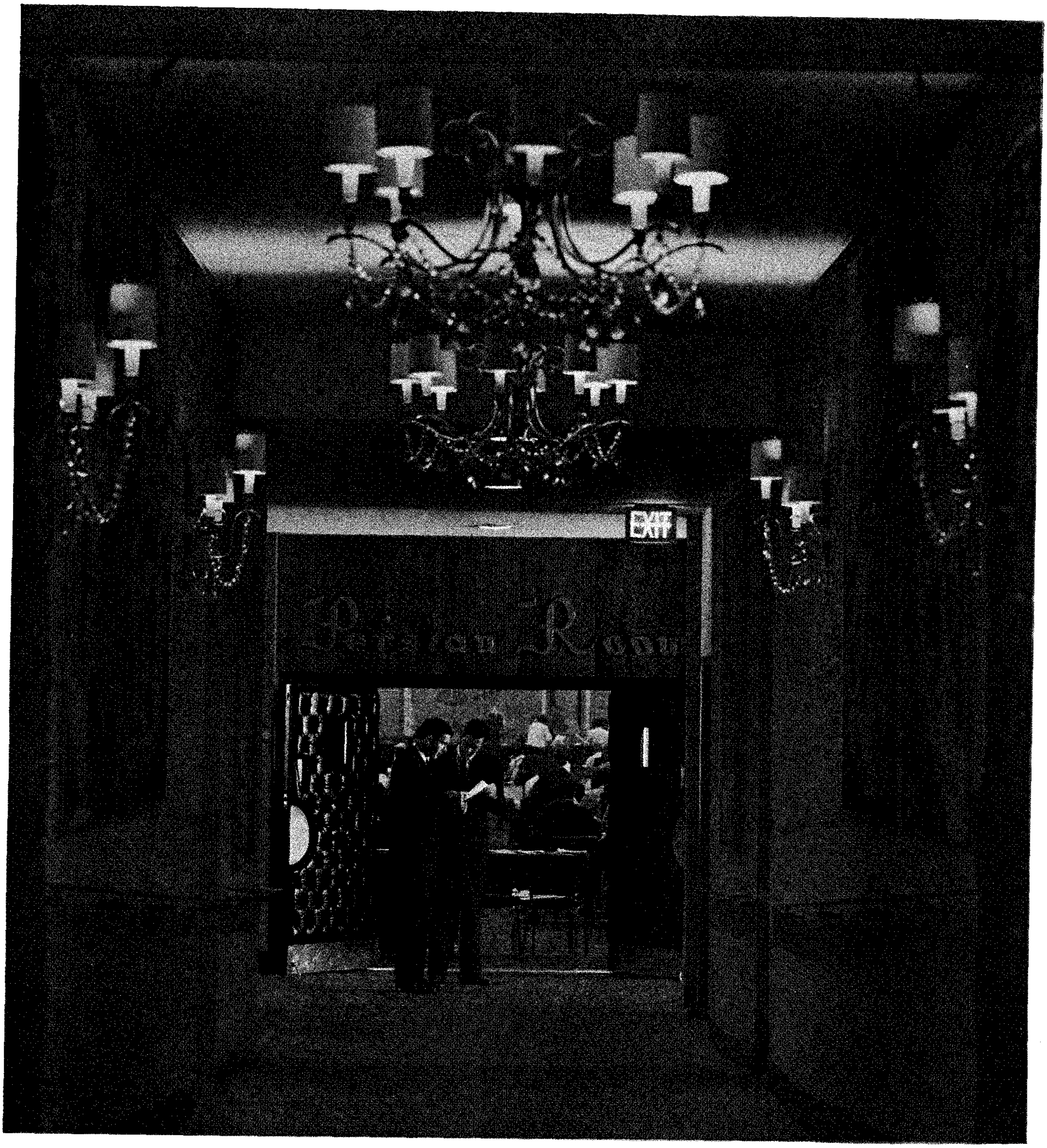

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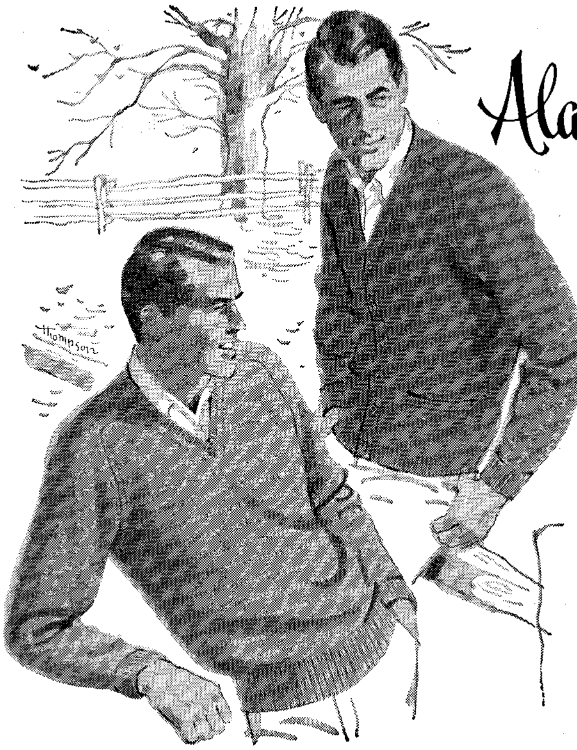
ing and translating some early Chola inscriptions on the south wall.

"Yes, *he* goes there every morning." Like the orthodox Hindu wife she was, our grandmother never uttered her husband's name. "And we go to the hermitage every afternoon. Did I tell you of the first time we went? There was that long room of people sitting silently in rows before the swami. And there was the swami himself, sitting on his wooden cot. When I saw him, I thought in dismay, This is a saint? This shrivelled and funny-looking bundle of bones? Then I saw his eyes, and they were so luminous and full of peace that I felt a little better. Afterward, we sat all morning in that long prayer room. It could have been many mornings. Nobody said a word, nobody interrupted. So you see, here my *mauna* is the rule instead of the exception, and I don't have to fight anymore."

Obviously, Grandfather didn't have to fight, either. He crinkled his eyes at us in his old way and said it was a good thing the religious discussions were held on Saturdays, since it insured his wife's keeping her mouth shut and, he hoped, her mind open. These religious discussions, it turned out, consisted of question-and-answer periods after detailed explication of philosophical texts by the swami himself. The swami was a very old and very ill man, with a cancerous growth on his left arm, which grew steadily worse, though doctors came to treat him from all over the country and even from all over the world. The latest medical expert was Swiss, and had been sent for by the swami's younger brother—a bossy entrepreneur with a mind that rang like a cash register, Grandfather said—who ran the free dispensary and the boarding and lodging provided by the hermitage for the poor and the homeless. The swami himself had not wanted any treatment; he had even balked at a private examination. Grandfather and some of the other disciples had been with him when the Swiss doctor arrived. The doctor had sat beside the swami on his wooden cot and unrolled the bloody bandages from the old man's arm. "I don't know what exactly he did," Grandfather said. "I couldn't see. But I saw Swamiji's face. The doctor kept saying, 'I'm sorry that is painful,' and Swamiji kept smiling obligingly in reply and looking at his rotting arm as if it belonged to someone else. That is true *mauna* for you."

Our grandmother didn't answer for a moment, frowning in anxiety over the swami's illness; then she recollected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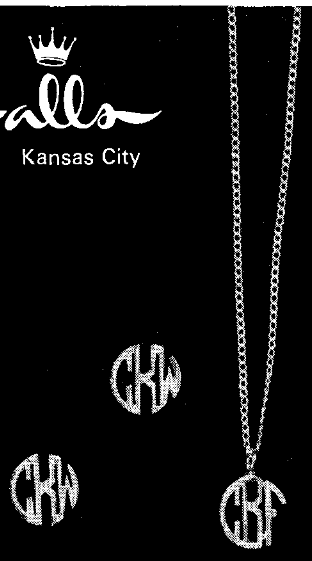

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herself and gave her husband the most serene of her smiles. "Of course. This is *just* what I've been trying to tell you all along."

What looked like peace between them turned out to be a precarious truce. Less than six months later, the swami died. Our grandparents were among the many disciples who gave up their homes and lands near the hermitage and left.

I WONDERED how the *mauna* would hold out against this further change, but did not know until a couple of years later. During this time, I was away on a scholarship, studying abroad. Our grandparents were leading a peripatetic existence all over the south, living for a while in the homes of their daughters and various other relatives who now claimed their right to return the hospitality they had once received.

When I returned to my parents' home in New Delhi, it was to find that both uncles were also in the city. Amrith and his cousin-wife lived in cramped temporary quarters near the hospital grounds, and Naresh was staying with us while Indu visited her parents. So when our grandparents journeyed north to make a permanent home with Naresh, it was to our house that they came first.

We were living in one of the long, cool houses built during the Lutyens era. They had gleaming floors and white columns edging deep verandas, but were saved from self-consciousness by the impersonal grace of their gardens and lawns. Our garden had a medieval Muslim tomb in its one unkempt corner, humped beneath a tangle of shrubbery. Inside the house there were alcoves panelled in fine dark wood and fireplaces in every room—perhaps with a nod in the direction of New Delhi winters, but more probably to appease the nostalgia of some heavy-boned English *mem-sahib* long since gone. Because my father's work was with the government, my parents had made their home in many different places over the years, moving from one town to another or one country to the next, and somehow never having to argue with their surroundings. They had brought the same harmony to this house, but it seemed an unlikely setting for our grandmother.

Or so I thought at first. Then, a few days before her arrival, a favorite cousin of mine from the naval academy at Khadakvasla decided to spend his vacation with us; two eccentric theosophist aunts came for a convention in the city; various other relatives materialized

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for briefer visits; and by Sunday, when our grandparents were due to arrive, it was a little as if their house in Madras had been miraculously transplanted to ours.

They drove in on the crest of a quarrel. It had harder edges than the bickerings of two years ago, but the subject was the same. Grandfather had changed; the lines of laughter that crinkled upward on his face now ran downward, as if a weight more inexorable than that of age or gravity was slowly pulling him under. Our grandmother's smile had mellowed, if possible, to an even deeper sweetness, but crumpled whenever her husband's voice jumped out at her—which was what happened during dinner that night.

Grandfather was mopping up red-hot beans with a piece of unleavened bread as if he were wreaking vengeance on his food. "I'll tell you what this kind of nonsense leads to! We had to change trains at Katpadi Junction. One-thirty in the morning, and she remembers it is Saturday. What happened? What do you think? We lost sight of each other on those jammed platforms. She undertipped one coolie and let the other walk off with our tiffin carrier when he thought it was someone else's. With this *mauna* nonsense of hers, she wouldn't call him back. Just stood there clapping her hands like some sort of a pasha. Of course, all the rest of them except the coolie himself thought she was calling them, and they all gathered around her and talked at the top of their voices. I had to fight my way through a crowd to extricate her. We almost missed the train—managed to get on it just as it was pulling out of the station."

Everybody except our grandparents and my cousin, with his young face stern for a moment above the shining brass buttons of his naval uniform, started to laugh. Then the laughter trailed off into a tense pause. My mother rescued us out of it by announcing, "Vimalabai is returning tomorrow, did you know?"

Vimalabai had made her home with us after she retired from the school. Every now and then, she went back there for a reunion of some sort, from which she returned trenchant and intrepid as ever. After the first delight of seeing our grandmother again, she surveyed her sister-in-law with tight lips and walked all over the house and garden muttering to herself, "She's too pale. Too pale. Making life miserable over a thing like that!" From the glares she distributed between her

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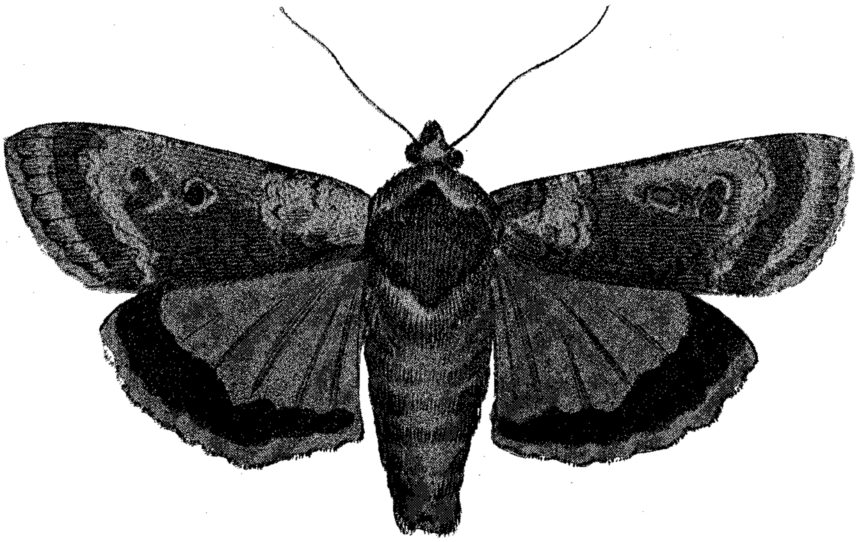

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brother and her sister-in-law, it was hard to know which of them she considered more culpable. But she smoothed things over for our grandmother as no one else could have, taking over as her official mouthpiece every Saturday. If Grandfather had any objections to offer, it was she who met and countered them, and since her mind was not only quicker but moved more along the lines of his than our grandmother's ever did, the disputes fizzled out even before they had a chance to ignite. However, neither of our grandparents wholly accepted her mediation. There was a sense of uneasy suspension between them, as if the real argument had been left in abeyance and would have to be worked out beyond the limits of Vimalabai's or anyone else's power to interfere.

Grandfather sat smoking, withdrawn and taciturn, shifting a strand of the swami's tulsi beads restlessly between his fine, veined fingers. Our grandmother voiced her only criticism of her husband in a hurried aside to my mother: "He depends too much. Even on a swami you shouldn't depend that much." Grandfather continued telling the beads, the sound of their gentle clicking as insistent as the silence of our grandmother's Saturdays. The book he had written for the historical society had been hailed as a definitive work, but he regarded it in much the same spirit as the swami had regarded his arm—as if it belonged to someone else, and someone not very interesting at that. Immense circulars and periodicals arrived from scientific organizations and were stored in a corner unread, including a journal commemorating an award by the British government for his contributions to research. We grandchildren were ignorant of the exact nature of his discoveries, being only vaguely aware of a certain wriggling microbe burdened with his resounding twelve-syllabled name because he had discovered its existence. An equally resounding citation had arrived from London the year of its discovery, our grandmother told us, and had been forgotten in the storeroom until the cook burned it with the other old papers to feed their ancient stove—"and that was the end of that."

She laughed over this with Vimalabai as they sat knitting on the lawn in the warm winter sunlight. When it grew warmer and jacarandas bloomed like purple mist all over the city, they moved to the shade of the neem tree near the Muslim nobleman's tomb and embarked on their usual reminiscences—to which Grandfather no

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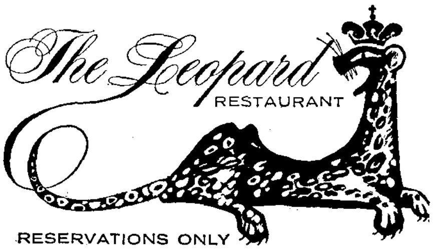

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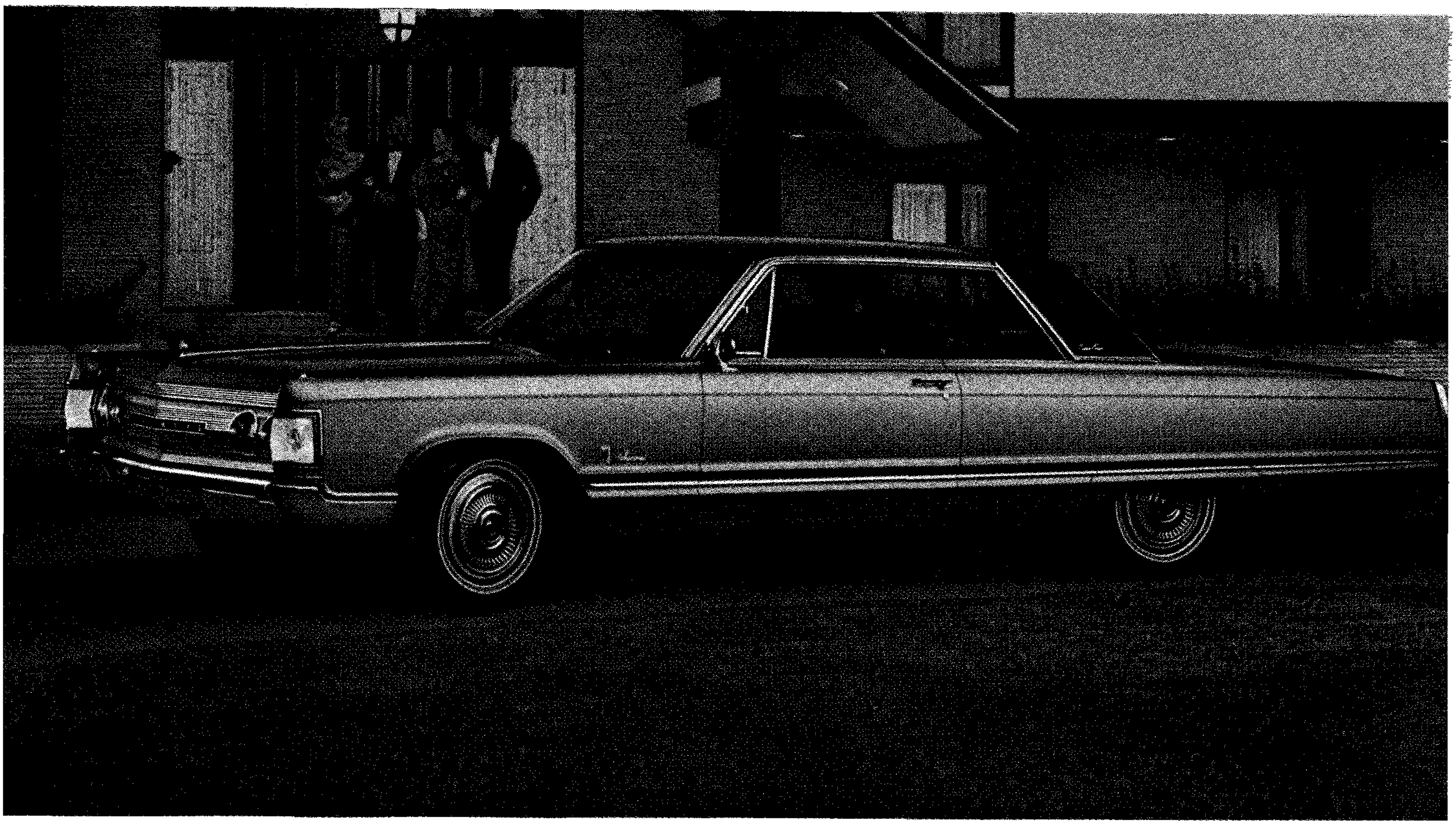

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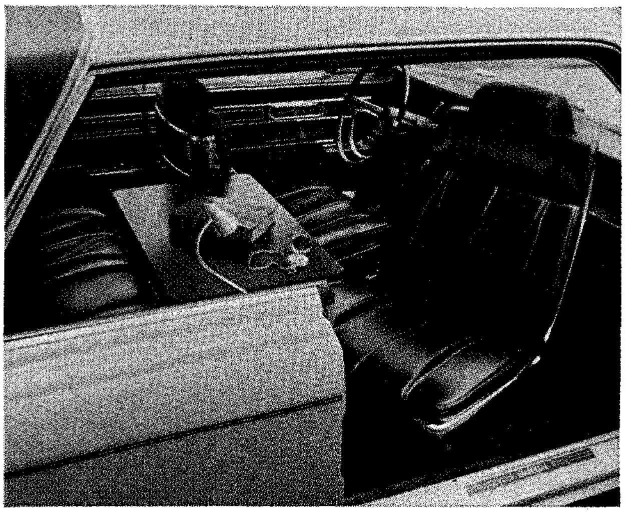

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longer contributed so much as one skeptical sniff.

Any altercations now were between the sisters-in-law themselves. These were based mainly on the fact that the past was a book they had read together and each, therefore, had the right to turn to any page whenever she liked. Was it or wasn't it the young electrician, installing the first electric lights in the village, who had eloped with the headman's daughter? Was it or wasn't it in 1912? Vimalabai was too much like her brother to let the situation pass without using its opportunities; it was on Saturdays that she pressed her points most vehemently. Our grandmother retaliated by carrying about with her everywhere she went a small memo pad attached by a string to a stubby red pencil. One weekend, we came across a torn-off slip of paper in the garden, smudged across one corner with a trail of spilled red *kumkum* and saying, "No, not 1912—1913."

ALL of a sudden, the days grew hotter; jacarandas gave way to tumbling yellow cassias squandering their petals down our dusty road, and then to the massed scarlet of *gulmohurs*. Every morning, our grandmother gathered armfuls of them to decorate the shrine—a much smaller one in our house than hers had been in Madras.

"But do you know, child, it is only in this shrine and in this house that I find any continuation of what I tried to put into ours," she told my mother late one morning, her hands lighting deftly among the flowers, separating white from blue, gold from scarlet. "Everything else is changing. It isn't like this in my twins' homes."

"Oh, but we cook meat in our kitchen," I couldn't resist pointing out. "And none of us will fast for Ekadashi tomorrow."

Ekadashi is the eleventh day of the moon, traditionally a day of fasting and prayer. Our grandmother knew well enough that we did not observe the stricter rituals, but I had to tell her in some way that my parents allowed us to be different, as she never did.

She did not seem to hear me—still absorbed, trying to sort out the words, which always evaded her, irritating as insects buzzing around her head. "There is something in this house. Enough room, enough trust—something. You can talk together and be still together. I wanted all my children to have that comfort between them. Now I see it only in this house and Naresh's, and among you children"—she reached

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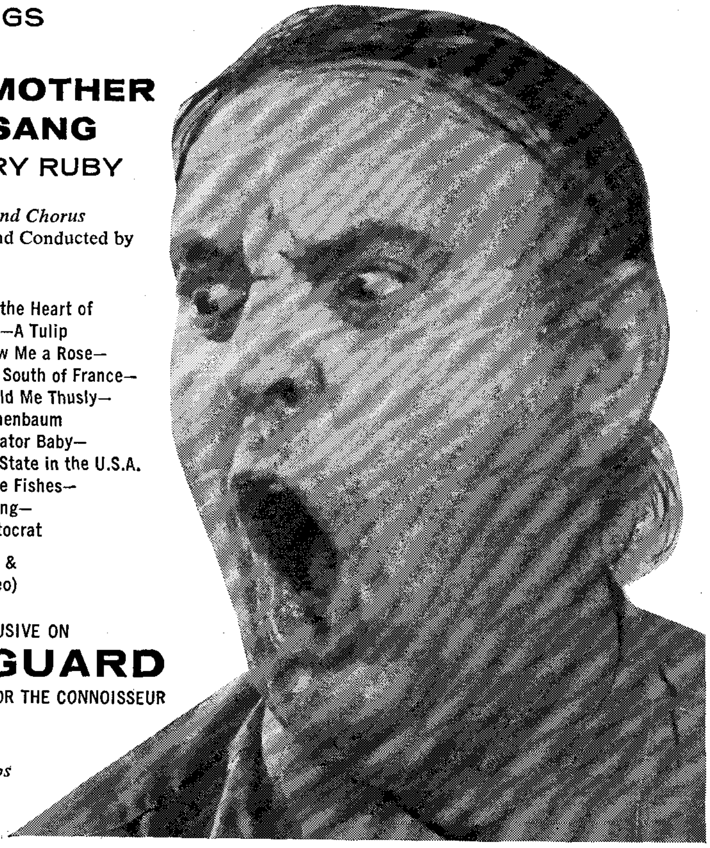

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out as if to spank me—"though you certainly don't deserve it."

I was going up to hug her, held in the charm of that smile, when she caught her breath. "I—I feel strange. I think I have to lie down." She sounded more surprised than anything else, and then slid into the slightly offhand, apologetic tone with which she met any physical discomfort. "Just a little dizzy. I'll be all right."

At noon, she insisted on joining us at lunch, but by evening she was back on her cot again. Grandfather went out onto the veranda after her, and I heard them robustly reassuring each other. "It's probably nothing, just indigestion." Only the three old people slept out on the veranda, since it was already uncomfortable sleeping indoors; the rest of us had our beds on the lawn, with no mosquito nets between us and the night sky. "It's too hot even for the mosquitoes," our grandmother had said compassionately on emerging from her *mauna* the day before, and my cousin had groaned in exasperation. "How non-violent can you *get*, our grandmother?"

Now she lay tossing restlessly from one position to another, struggling against nausea, saying over and over again in increasing bewilderment, "I feel so strange, so strange. . . ."

Naresh stood in the hallway, ringing up his brother at the hospital. My mother attended to the mechanics of illness, mopping up our grandmother when she was sick, putting an extra pillow behind her back, moving quick and gentle from one urgency to the next, stopping only to give us instructions on her way in or out: "You'll have to send your father a telegram; his conference should be over by tomorrow. . . . Grandfather needs a cup of coffee. . . . Tell your cousin to get the car out of the garage and fetch Amrith."

Only Vimalabai had nothing to say, hovering anxiously around her sister-in-law, pulling the end of her sari nervously across her mouth. Over it, her eyes never once strayed from the figure on the bed. By the time Amrith arrived with his doctor's bag, Grandfather had moved away to a little rattan stool and sat hunched over it, unable to look at his wife where she lay incoherent with pain: "I don't know what this is. I don't know what to do—it is so strange, I don't know what to do. . . ."

It was Naresh who sat by his mother, holding her hand, playing her jester to the end. "What do you mean you don't know what to do? Of course you do.

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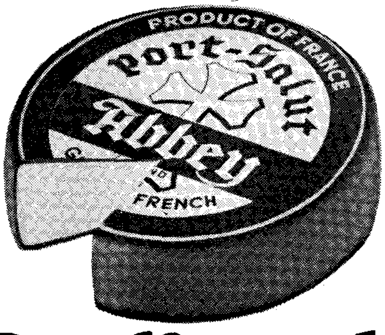

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She tried to smile at him—orthodox Brahman, who would not touch a morsel off the streets—though her eyes were closed and she was gasping for breath. Across the bed, Amrith caught his brother's eye and shook his head. Naresh's voice went on, low and matter-of-fact, silent when she was drowsy, soothing when she was restless. He kept his hand on her pulse as he talked, taking the drops of Coramine to her lips when she grew worse, holding her against him when she could no longer lie back in bed. He was still promising her the pillion ride to Old Delhi when the pulse stopped and her hand was laid back on the sheet.

For a while after that, she was still our grandmother, lying motionless in bed, the big spot of *kumkum* a bright living red on her forehead. And we stood around her, held together, just as motionless. Afterward, I remembered how still the night had been and how easily it had contained the living and the dead. Then my mother leaned forward to ease the extra pillow from beneath our grandmother's head and gently lifted the other hand, which was dangling over the edge of the cot. The numbness gave way, hardening into the recognition of finality. Grandfather hunched lower over his stool. Naresh broke away and walked off into the darkness of the garden, where our empty beds stood ghost white on the grass.

WELL before dawn, the activity began; custom and the accoutrements of death claimed our grandmother. Against a background of telegrams and telephone calls, the gathering of relatives and the summoning of priests, Vimalabai said shrilly, "Tie up her head or the jaw will drop." Instead of giving her a sedative, Amrith merely nodded and started to wind a bandage around his mother's face from above the head to below the chin. He did it skillfully, as if in the very fact of his practiced hands he had somehow averted himself from his task. Even the carefully uninflected, professional tone of his explanation to us—the younger ones, the lay people, who had asked for no

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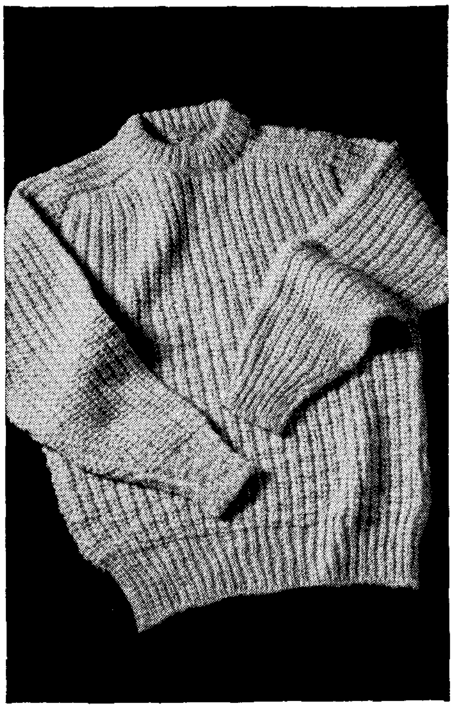

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explaining at all—became a private act of absolution. "It'll have to do for the moment. We have to make sure the mouth is closed when rigor mortis sets in." Much later in the morning, when they removed the bandage, her mouth stayed closed—calm and obdurate and gone.

In one of the clutching impulses to retrieve a presence through remembered likes and dislikes, I thought of her favorite verse from the Gita:

> Worn-out garments are
> Shed by the body,
> Worn-out bodies are
> Shed by the dweller
> Within the body....

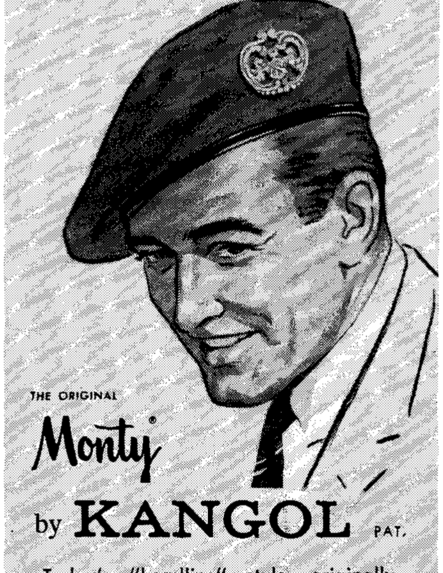
and suddenly it was quite natural that in both the grotesque bandage and the beautiful mouth she should be irretrievable. It was a characteristic absence; you found yourself fighting it and failing, much as you had fought and failed against all her convictions.

By sunrise, the womenfolk had arrived—daughters and nieces and cousins. One of the twins, clumsy with tears, tried to smother the souring smell of sickness by daubing our grandmother's sari with quantities of cologne, so that our grandmother, who had scorned the artifice of perfume all her life, lay bathed in it when she was dead.

Vimalabai, who had been wandering through the rooms objecting to everything she saw, emerged on the veranda wrinkling her nose at the unaccustomed scent, and came to a horrified stop. "What have you done? What have you done?" But nobody paid attention.

With the muted gestures of ceremony, the women had removed our grandmother's wedding necklace of black beads strung on fine gold, and were garlanding her instead with a twined strand of flowers and sacred tulsi leaves. Soon any alien reminder of perfume in the air was drowned by the acridly fragrant tulsi and the clusters of joss sticks that the priest had lit up and down the veranda at sunrise. Vimalabai retreated, importunate, to her corner—a widow, for whom these things were irrelevant—while our grandmother's black beads of marriage were distributed among the women in the family as a token of her blessing and a sharing of her good fortune: survived by her husband, she had died a *sumangali*, still in the cherished state of wifehood.

Everybody nodded over the honor of that—all the visitors who kept coming to sit in quiet rows on the veranda or to stand alone or together on the lawn while the sunlight and the silence gath-



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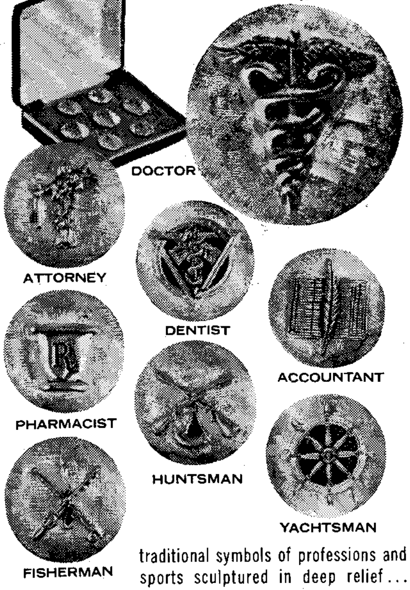

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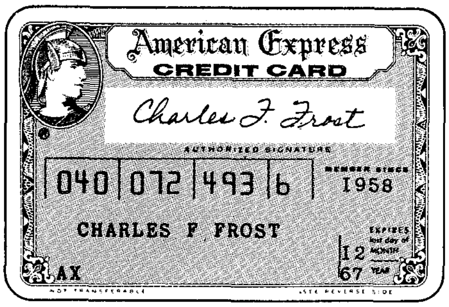
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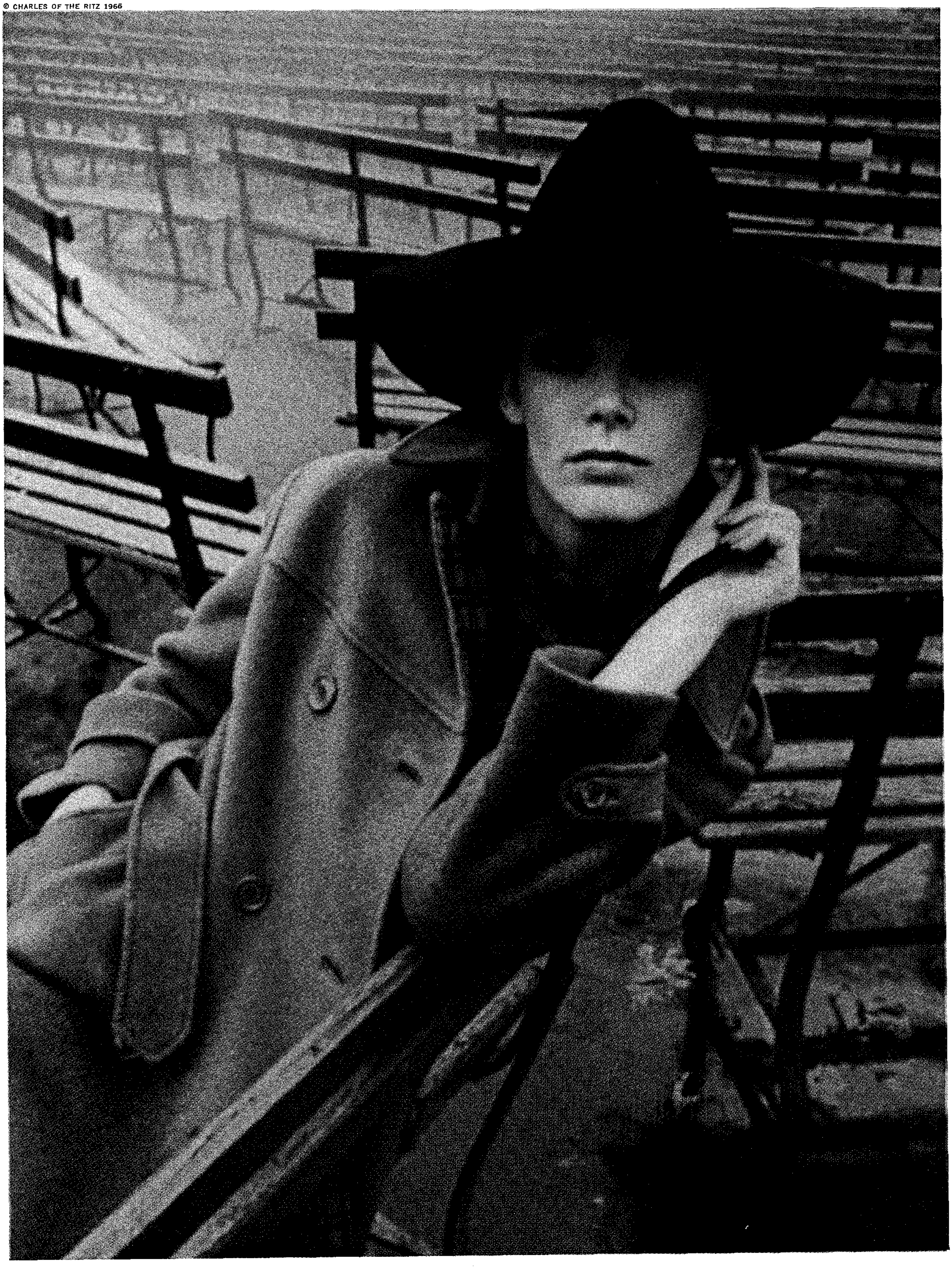

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ered. Nobody spoke much, and when they did, it was to murmur their sense of fitting conclusions. Yes, her death came without a prolonged illness; in our blind, comparing values she did not suffer too much. Yes, she died surrounded by her husband and her sons—what greater completion for a woman of her quality? And yes, most important of all, this was the morning of Vaikunta Ekadashi, a day of special significance this lunar month. According to the scriptures in which she believed so implicitly, those who died on this day escaped the cycle of birth and death and attained salvation.

My cousin sat down next to me with a thump. We stared at each other for a moment and then out at the sunlit grass. Divested of his brass-buttoned naval coat, he looked as young as ever, his face stiffened by the same anger it had shown when he wanted to join the Air Force and our grandmother—with some obscure logic that held the sea less dangerous than the sky—insisted he join the Navy. "Her every gesture is weighted down with four thousand years of tradition!" he had exploded then. Now we both knew that our grandmother was so consistent that when she died it was as if she completed the gesture she began when she was born, and we sat together in silent protest that grief could be so easy.

Except that it was never easy for either Vimalabai or Grandfather. He had been hunched over that rattan stool all night and most of the morning, speaking only once. When Naresh touched his shoulder in wordless reminder of what was left to be done, he said slowly, "Fifty-eight years." It was his sole acknowledgment to one of the many measures of their marriage. Then he stood up, his face gray and withheld, and followed the body as it was borne through the garden, past the older knowledge of the Muslim tomb, and out of the gate.

—Padma Perera

• •

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My Wind,
The birds of Howard's ledges don't mind
That you preen with little wind the black crown
Of feathers, disturb the mild down
At the bead eyes, surprise the dark seeds
At the beak. Young girls find,

My Rain,
What is silent and small with Lorraine—
That is the fine spray. The hands,
Palm up, reach as divining wands;
To know your warm water, they bathe the wrists, arms,
And skirts. Corinne cannot contain,

My Snow,
Her women. At the doors and every window
They appear, and in all your cold they talk
And frost the glass; they note the men that walk
Past, in and out. They comb the white hair, wear
Flowers on a housecoat. I know,

My Moon,
Now that sleep is coming soon;
Dreams are to touch all eyes. Sweet Helen
Falls asleep again.
Light of your face, slow shadows
Singing on a wall, come to dance. Soon, soon,

My Love.

—Robert David Cohen

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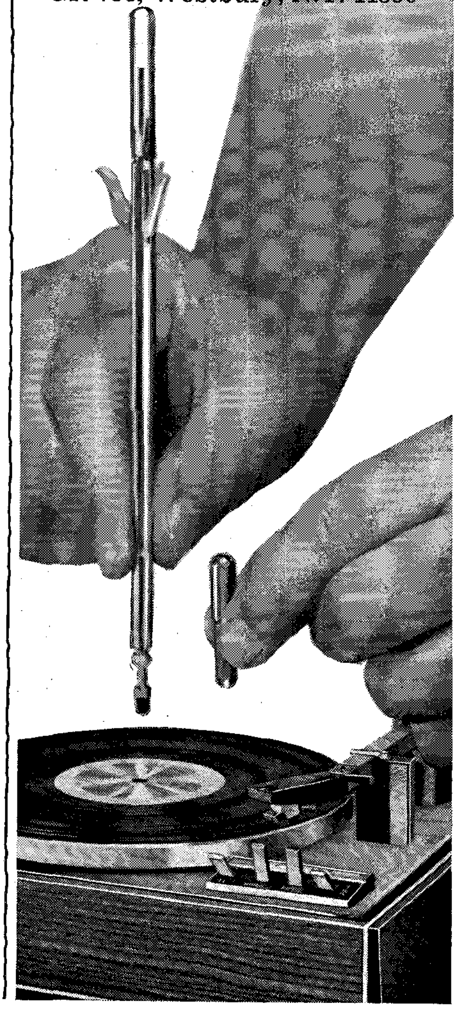

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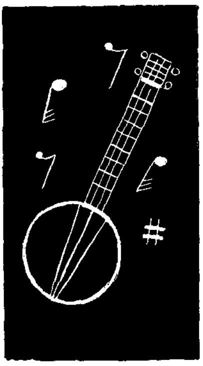
MUSICAL EVENTS

Hell and Damnation

ON Monday night of last week, I caught up with the Philharmonic program of the week before, which I had had to miss owing to an important new operatic production. (The traffic jam for music buffs is getting worse and worse.) This program, which was played, of course, in Philharmonic Hall, under Leonard Bernstein, was an interesting one. The most impressive item on it, to my mind, was Marc Blitzstein's "The Airborne" Symphony, which I had not heard for several years. The late Mr. Blitzstein was never one of my favorite composers. The vein that he worked was very similar to the one worked by Kurt Weill before Weill came to America. What Mr. Blitzstein produced was a kind of music that combined toughness and bitterness with a raucous music-hall idiom. Usually it was satirical. When it was not wholly satirical, as in his opera "Regina," it still maintained a grotesque character, as if the composer hated the persons in the drama, and saw nothing human or redeeming about them. "The Airborne" Symphony, however, speaks a different language. It is not really a symphony but a series of poems, written, apparently, by Mr. Blitzstein himself, and set to music for orchestra, along with a chorus, a narrator, and baritone and tenor soloists. For once, the composer, who was stationed at an airbase in England during the Second World War, evidently found something that touched him deeply in a human way—the optimism, heroism, and gallantry in the face of danger of the bomber pilots who were taking off, and the mystique of flight that urged them on. The theatrical element that is to be found in all Mr. Blitzstein's music is present in this work, and is used with skill; the music-hall idiom strengthens rather than weakens the passages in which it appears. Some of "The Airborne" Symphony is still tough, bitter music, but there *are* places in which it soars to poetic affirmation.



Accompanying it on the program were two entirely disparate works by Arnold Schoenberg. The first of these, the Chamber Symphony No. 2, Opus 38, belongs—despite the fact that the composer put the finishing touches on it in 1939—to the early period of his "Pelleas und Melisande." It is completely tonal, and though it is chromatically complex, it conveys much to the listener—more the second time around, and so on, since it is an extremely intricate work. The other, "A Survivor from Warsaw," is the sort of thing that makes its effect mainly through associations and through the power of "melodrama" in that word's original meaning—that is to say, the spoken word accompanied by music. The subject of the work is one of those wartime incidents so horrible that they go beyond tragedy, and the music that Schoenberg has written in a way matches that horror. It is hair-raising rather than touching, and when one has heard it one is glad that it is over rather than deeply moved. Part of this effect comes from the completely atonal character of the work. Schoenberg uses the unpleasant simplicities of the twelve-tone technique throughout, and the result is a neutral—in fact, frighteningly neutral—body of sound upon which the exclamations of a chorus and the spoken monologue of a desperate woman are superimposed. The spoken part was admirably done by Vera Zorina. But there is something about that lofty technical word "*Sprechstimme*," which was used by Schoenberg and Berg, among others, and was mentioned in the program notes the other night, that is beginning to irritate me. Perhaps the best way to explain my irritation is to say that Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme might have been delighted, upon being educated, to discover that all his life he had been speaking in *Sprechstimme*. I am aware that the composers who used this device specified certain emphases and approximate pitches, but it is still just speech, and there is nothing particularly mysterious about it. Andrea Velis as tenor, David Watson as baritone, Robert Hooks as narrator, and the Choral Art Society all performed well enough, and Mr. Bernstein conducted with special fervor.

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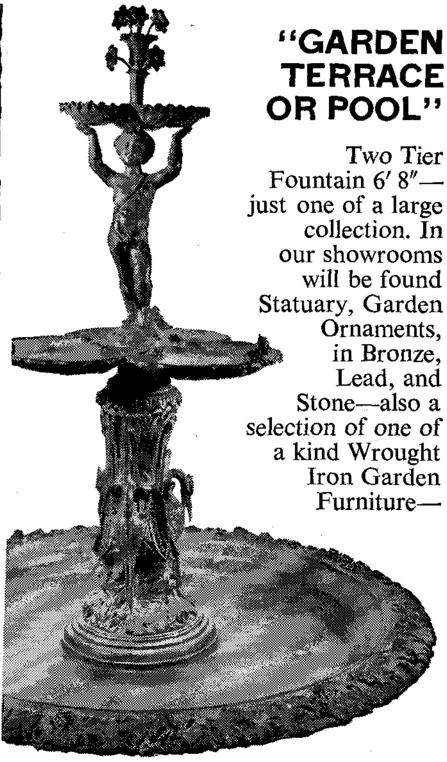
trill before the Jewel Song. But by this very same operation you are going to deprive yourself of the power needed for these roles in the big ensembles. Do it the other way round, with heavy voices, and you will get power in the ensembles but no delicacy in those important arias. In last season's "Faust," Mr. Bing gave us Gabriella Tucci and Nicolai Gedda in these roles, with results that were simply splendid in the ensembles. In the first "Faust" of this season at the Metropolitan, which took place last Thursday night, the roles were given to two lighter and more youthful singers, Gianni Raimondi and Mirella Freni. In the case of Miss Freni, this was a distinct improvement. She is a personality of considerable charm, a fairly good actress, and a singer who can handle the role, even though *her* trill was not much more than a few up-and-down notes followed by a sustained one. (The great difficulty of this trill is that it lies very low, where the female voice is not at its most agile.) As for Mr. Raimondi, his voice may be light but his upper notes are studies in the art of bellowing. The high note just before the end of "Salut demeure" is something that I always watch for carefully. A first-rate tenor never sings it full voice. It is extremely difficult to sing it pianissimo, which would be ideal. But one can reasonably expect a piano or mezzo forte. One's reasonable expectations were disappointed again the other night. I can only say that the best Faust I have heard recently is Michele Molese, of the New York City Opera, but there may be a good one somewhere among the large number of singers Mr. Bing keeps around as pinch-hitters and seldom allows to sing. Giorgio Tozzi was the Mephistopheles, and he sang the role with his customary musicality and beauty of vocal tone. He did not seem to me the most dramatic Mephistopheles in the world, however, and he needs a new tin hat; the one he wears was designed for Cesare Siepi, and it does not suit Mr. Tozzi's aquiline features at all. The most satisfactory singer in the entire cast was Sherrill Milnes, who did the role of Valentin nobly. Mr. Milnes, a discovery of the New York City Opera, who was later taken by the Metropolitan, not only has one of the most naturally beautiful baritone voices to come to light in recent years but uses it with accomplished artistry, and he is a good actor to boot. Marcia Baldwin's Siebel was acceptable, and the orchestra, under Georges Prêtre, gave a vigorous underpinning to the proceedings.



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I have already had something to say about the Metropolitan's current production of "Faust," which has been concocted by Jean-Louis Barrault and Jacques Dupont. The portentous opening curtain, depicting a gigantic Rorschach ink blot, seems to hint at psychological profundities as alien to the innocent spirit of Gounod as anything could be. The second act, with all that weeping-willow foliage, or ribbon, or whatever it is, has always seemed silly to me, and the polysexual ballet is something one should certainly not take the kiddies to. Some may snicker, but I am fond of "Faust," and since it has now held the stage season after season for more than a century, a good many others must be fond of it, too. Its main attraction is, naturally, its singable melodies. If the twentieth century had a melodist of the stature of Gounod, we would be in the middle of one of opera's great periods.

At the State Theatre, the New York City Opera is still in transition. Its budget is now large-scale, and, like all first-class opera companies, it is losing money in considerable amounts. The mere maintenance of the State Theatre for its season there costs more than a whole new production would cost at the old City Center. Thus, at this moment our most adventurous opera company is very much in need of a subsidy of some sort. As things are, one has to divide its productions into the fairly lavish and the economical. On Wednesday night of last week, I attended one of the economical ones—a performance of Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro." The scenery was tasteful though minimal, and there was nothing at all wrong with the music. Ernst Maerzendorfer, a young conductor who has a unique way with Mozart and Strauss, made the pacing of the opera a complete delight. The cast was, on the whole, excellent, and special mention should be made of the performances of Frances Bible, always one of the finest of Cherubinos, and Spiro Malas, who turned out to be an able Figaro. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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The five others just flapping his arms?

Francis Bacon

study

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BOOKS

Promising

"PROMISING" is a pale term of praise reviewers customarily employ to excuse themselves from reading closely the work at hand. But the term applies with some force to Denton Welch, an Englishman born in 1917, severely injured in a highway accident at the age of eighteen, and dead by 1948. In his thirteen years of pain and invalidism, Welch composed three novels, of which the last, entitled "A Voice Through a Cloud" and left uncompleted at his death, has been belatedly published in this country by the University of Texas Press. While not quite a masterpiece (not only does it not end, it gives no sign of knowing how to end), the book is, especially in its first half, masterly: a fine intelligence, a brave candor, a voracious eye, and a sweet, fresh sense of prose are exercised. Possibly these gifts, liberated to wider use by a healthy life, would have proved equal to vast subjects. It is also possible that Welch's gifts were best realized by the subject he had—the subject of his absurd and savage accident—and that nothing else would have burnt away so much of his dilettantism or turned his somewhat sinister detachment to such good artistic account. Again, it could be argued that save for his accident he would have outgrown the distrustful and diffident brilliance of a schoolboy. But in the end a man is *what happens to him plus what he does.* In a world aswarm with might-have-beens, Welch took his shortened life, his cruelly narrowed vision, his remittances of pain and fever, and delivered an incomparable account of shattered flesh and refracted spirit.

This "novel," in which Welch rechristened himself Maurice and presumably used the convenience of fiction to change some names and fake a few details, begins with the hero, a London art student, setting out on his bicycle for his uncle's vicarage in Surrey. The landscape and a tea shoppe are rather adjectivally evoked; the hero resumes his pleasant ride; then

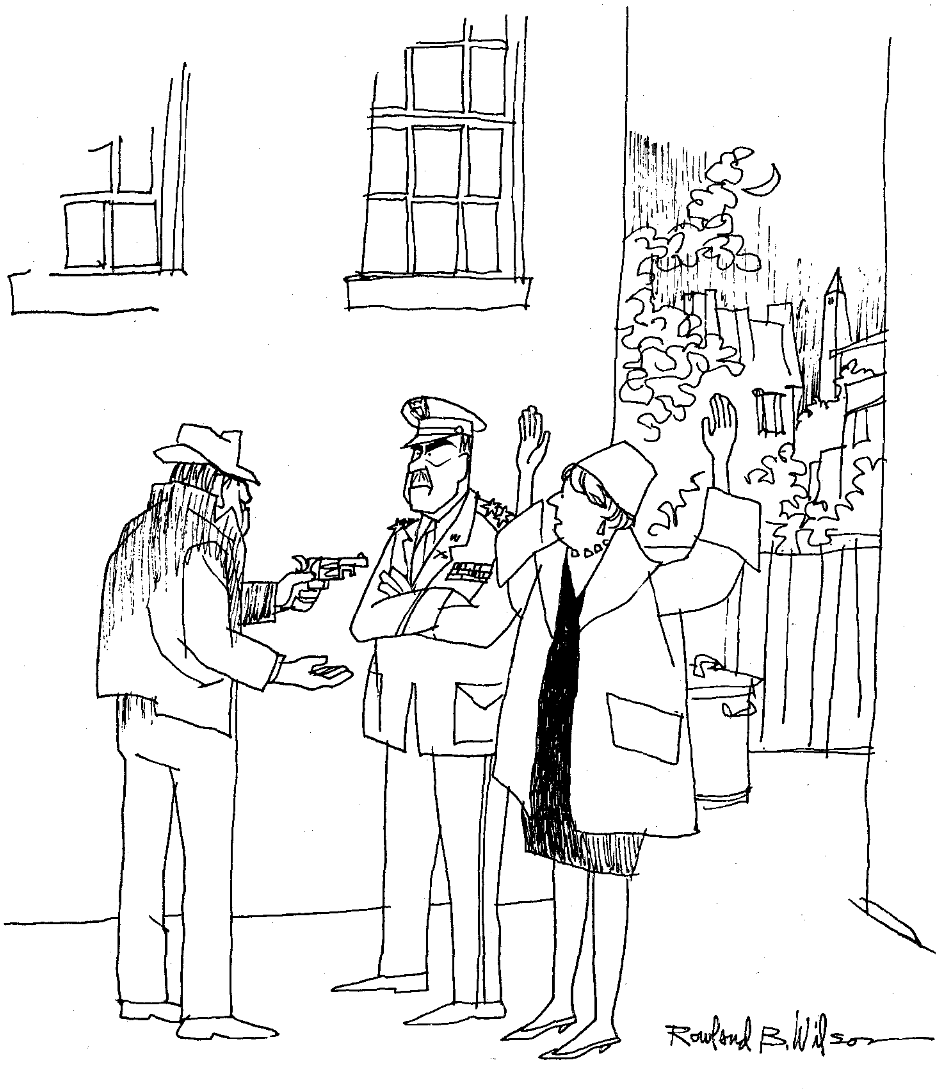
> I heard a voice through a great cloud of agony and sickness. The voice was asking questions. It seemed to be opening and closing like a concertina. The words were loud, as the swelling notes of an organ, then they melted to the tiniest wiry tinkle of water in a glass.
>
> I knew that I was lying on my back on the grass; I could feel the shiny blades on my neck. I was staring at the sky and I could not move. Everything about me seemed to be reeling and breaking up. My whole body was screaming with pain, filling my head with its roaring, and my eyes were swimming in a sort of gum mucilage.... Bright little points glittered all down the front of the liquid man kneeling beside me. I knew at once that he was a policeman, and I thought that, in his official capacity, he was performing some ritual operation on me. There was a confusion in my mind between being brought to life—forceps, navel-cords, midwives—and being put to death—ropes, axes, and black masks; but whatever it was that was happening, I felt that all men came to this at last.

In spite of certain lazy, boyish locutions ("the tiniest," "screaming with pain," "swimming in a sort of"), a private apocalypse is rendered with icy exactness, and throughout the succeeding pages of hospital ordeal Welch does not funk his essential task—the portrayal of "the savage change from fair to dark":

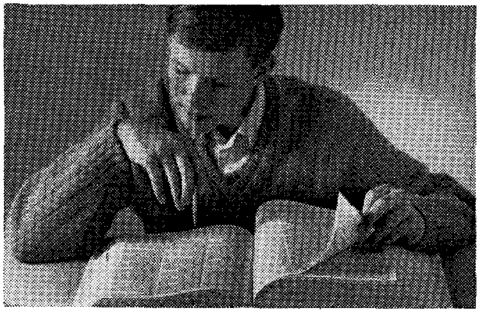
> In the middle of the furnace inside me there was a clear thought like a text in cross-stitch. I wanted to warn the nurses, to tell them that nothing was real but torture. Nobody seemed to realize that this was the only thing on earth.

It is strange to realize how incidentally narrative fiction treats the physical base of human existence; food is an occasion for conversation, sleep an interval of action, elimination a joke. Bodies are felt as mobile scaffoldings for conversing sensibilities, and pain, that sensation of ultimate priority, is almost never (Tolstoy and Samuel Beckett are exceptions) rendered solidly. In Welch's narrative, agony precedes psychology; introspection takes place only as pain's monopoly loosens. The mind worms in the chinks of suffering.

> I tried to lull myself to sleep ... but all the pleasant things that only yesterday I liked so much rose up to haunt me. I thought of eating delicious food, wearing good clothes, feeling proud and gay, going for walks, singing and dancing alone, fencing and swimming and painting pictures with other people, reading books. And everything seemed horrible and thin



"Oh, put your hands up, dear. He's got the hardware."



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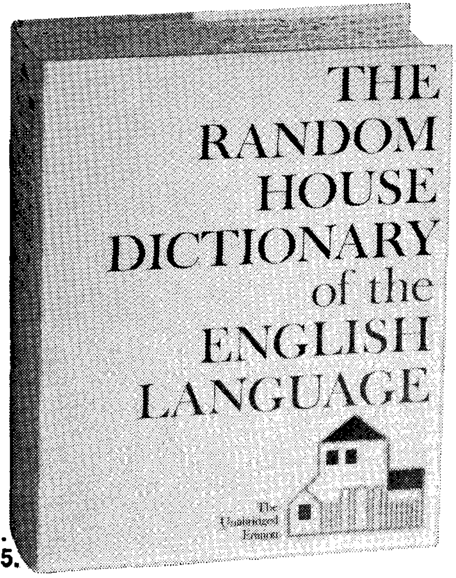

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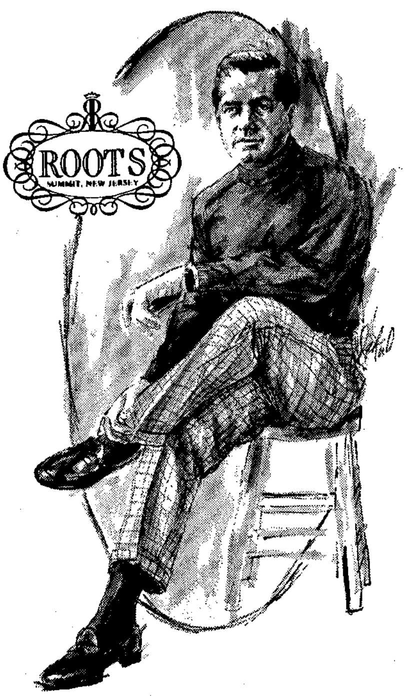

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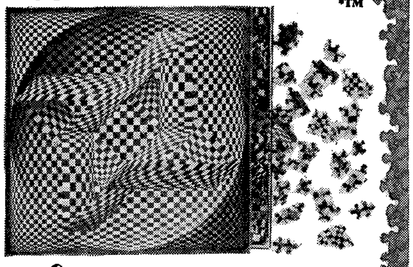

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> and nasty as soiled paper. I wondered how I could ever have believed in these things, how I could even for a moment have thought they were real. Now I knew nothing was real but pain, heat, blood, tingling, loneliness, and sweat. I began almost to gloat on the horror of my situation and surroundings. I felt paid out, dragged down, punished finally. Never again would my own good fortune make me feel guilty. I could look any beggars, blind people in the face now. Everything I had loved was disgusting; and I was disgusting, too.
>
> As this terrible gloating unhappiness flooded over me, my head began to swim; the pain sucked me under and I wanted to die and not be tortured any more.

The action of this narrative is the narrator's recovery of the world, a recovery effected without much assistance from other people. Welch, though he can do a sketch of a doomed eccentric as well as the next literate hospital patient, is not a creator of characters. All the persons he meets are depicted flatly, on the inner walls of a neurasthenia that probably preëxisted his catastrophe. At the worst, other people outrage and torture him—most of the hospital attendants he met struck him as sadists—and at best they merely disappoint and irritate, like static obstructing a delicate tuning-in. Welch/Maurice seeks rapport not with any other person but with the world at large, and it is remarkable, considering that more than ten years had lapsed since his accident, how fully, how delicately he can conjure up the sense impressions that make this search credible:

> The bare walls [of the hospital corridor] seemed to be waiting for just another human sight or sound or smell to be swallowed up in them. They had sucked in so much hope and fear and boredom; but nothing showed. Their blank faces stared back and sinister little draughts struck against my face and ears and hair.

As he ventures into the outer world, everything is hungrily snapped up—"the leathery gray spread of the sea," "the faint gunpowdery smell of new stone," "the broad leaves in the gutter, splendid, decaying, rich, like some rare food." Returning from the verge of oblivion, he writes of familiar sights as might a visitor from another planet:

> I had not been in a night street scene for a long time. I watched the people's faces as they pushed through the theatre doors. The faces changed when they passed from the street into the building. Outside they were more hardened, more scoured and flinty, tragic too from all they had withstood. Inside they grew more cushiony and fluid; they lost the vagrant, haunted look. The look of anxiety melted into the sparkling monkey, or the soft bear look. And people undid belts and buttons, loosened their hair, patted, polished, breathed out their warm

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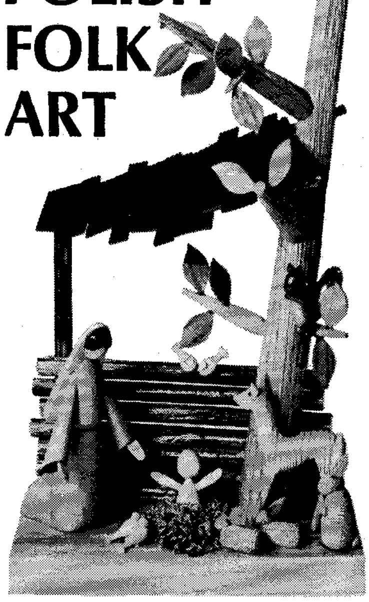

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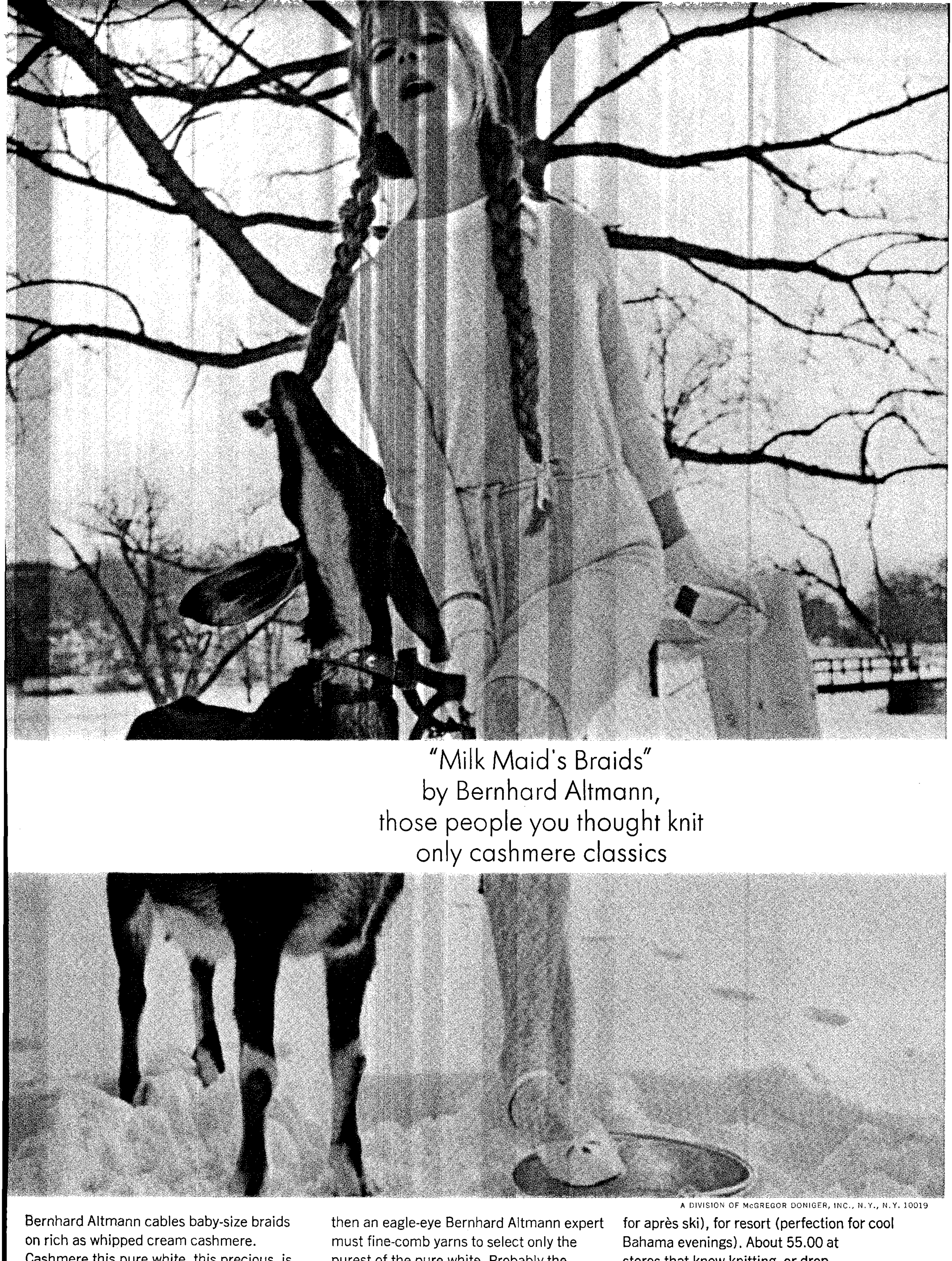

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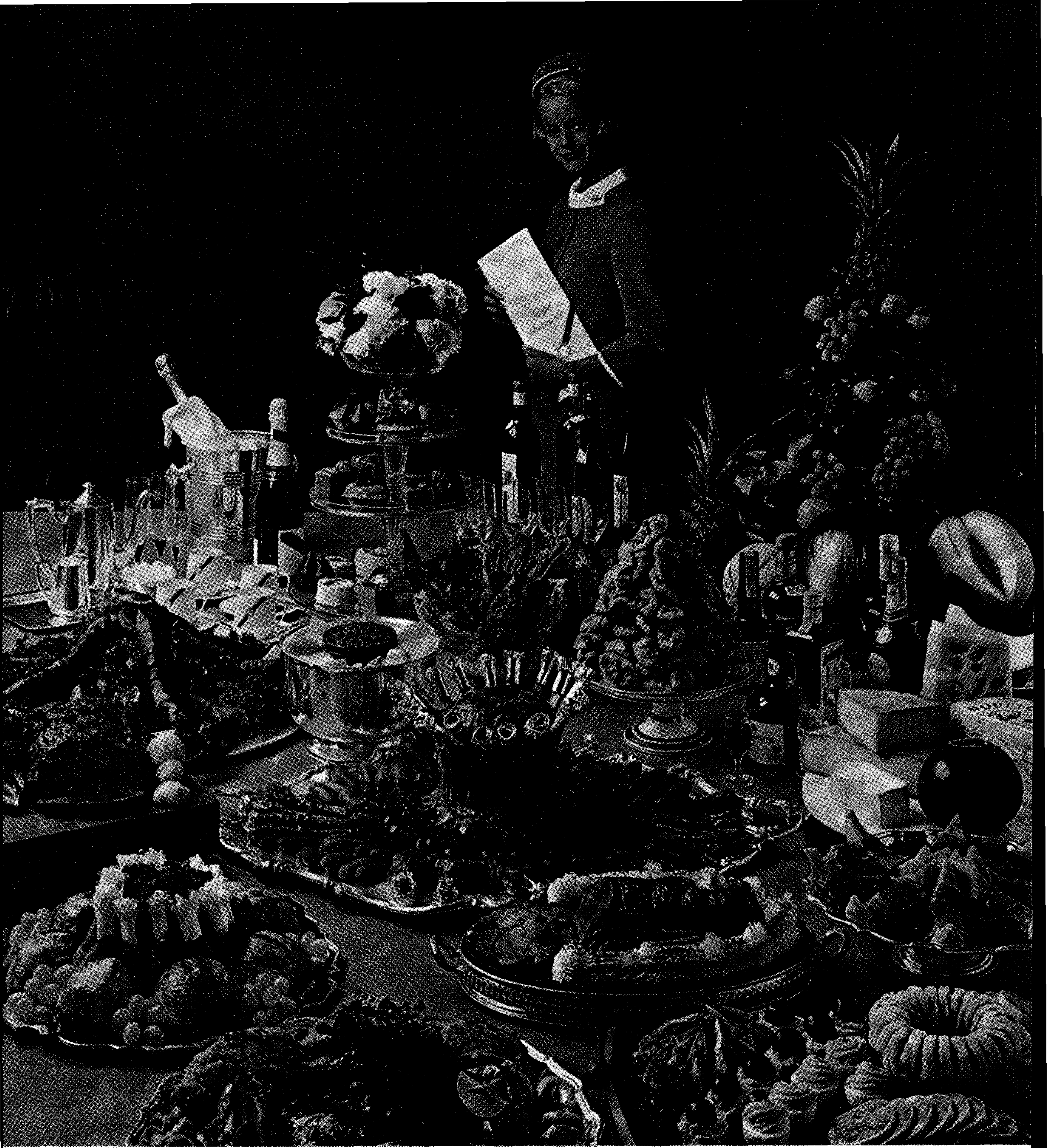

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breath, like animals penned together in a farmyard.

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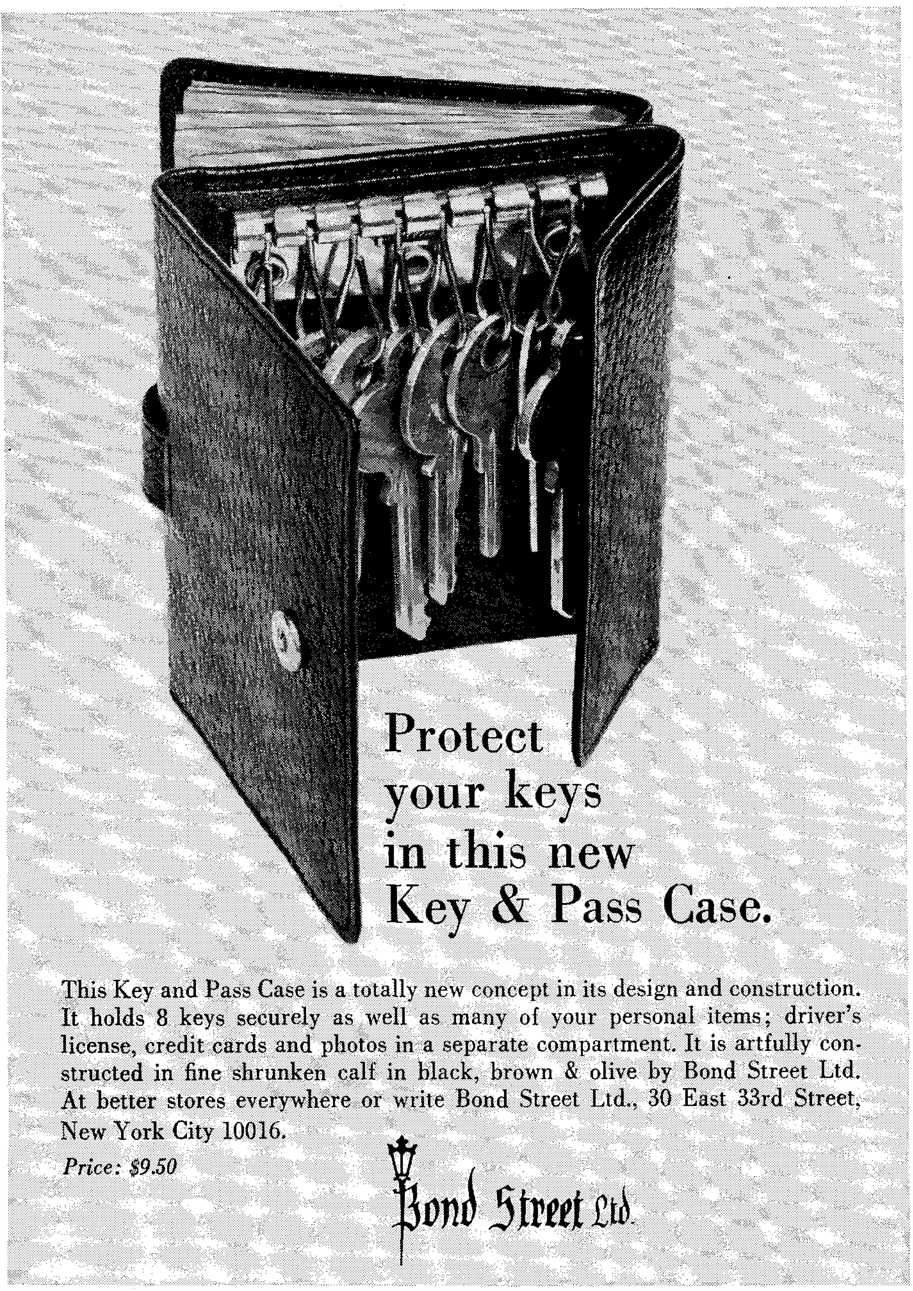
Toward the end of "A Voice Through a Cloud," the hero acquires some use of his legs, and the plane of concern shifts from the struggle with oblivion to a search for suitable housing. The writing, though more polished than before, begins to feel aimless. Detail becomes obsessive. Maurice walks up an ordinary road of two-family dwellings: "There was something monstrous about the long avenue of coupled pink brick boxes. I felt that I was climbing up between gigantic naked Siamese twins with eyes all over their bodies." Circumstantial suspense is deliberately generated; old characters reappear and are skillfully "used." The book, as the dying author wearies, begins to act like a conventional novel. Though Welch had the abilities of a novelist, misfortune made him a kind of prophet, and it is as a prophetic document, a proclamation of our terrible fragility, that his valediction should be treasured.

SICKNESS, the sickness of a youth, also figures in "Pursuit" (Houghton Mifflin), the first novel by Berry Morgan. Mrs. Morgan, who was born in 1919, brings to fiction the advantages of a late start: a range of empathy in the temporal dimension, a capacity to understate, a firmed-up idiosyncrasy of viewpoint. She also, however, like a housewife learning late to drive, is



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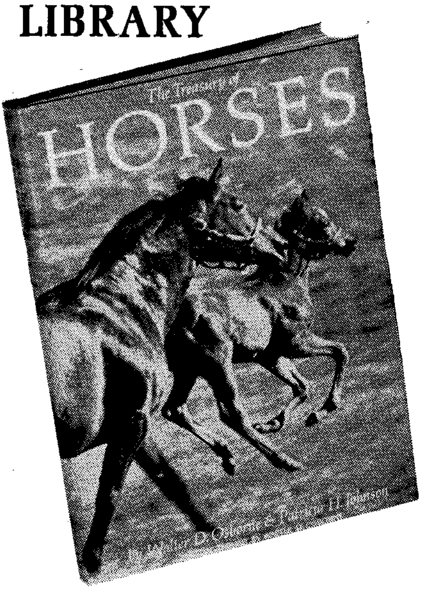

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visibly nervous about the machinery she must handle, and bounces the reader through too many jerky transitions and flat-out summings up. This awkwardness is worst in the first pages, which compound the cliché of the prodigal's homecoming ("He walked over to the window and looked out toward the cemetery and the river. There they were, just as he had left them") with the cliché of the convenient mirror ("Once inside, Ned sought his reflection in the pier mirror to try to reestablish himself in his own mind. He still looked young, at forty-seven, bigboned and red-haired"). Only after pages of clumsy disorientation, not helped by a character's being named Laurance, which looks like a misprint, does the book get rolling.

Laurance is the ailing youth (Hodgkin's disease, feeblemindedness traceable to parental consanguinity, a religious mania, a hint of non-Caucasian ancestry) and the story's focal figure, or central shadow—this novel is the first of a projected series entitled "Certain Shadows." As well as being unwell, Laurance is vague and insolent. Ned Ingles is his father, come back to the family plantation in King County, Mississippi; scarcely in the door, he develops for his defective and hitherto neglected son a passion as absolute, unreasonable, disastrous, and implausible as King Lear's abrupt disenchantment with Cordelia. Plotting to keep him from entering the priesthood (Laurance is illegitimate, but neither any character nor the author herself seems to realize that this in itself can bar him from the Catholic clergy), Ned locates a disadvantaged but amiable mother and daughter, Anna and Annabella, to seduce the boy into family ways. As luck would have it, Laurance goes to bed with the mother, which leaves Ned no choice, as he sees it, but to marry the daughter. During one of his frequent periods of alcoholic blackout, he and his child bride conceive a son, Dana. Morbid to a fault, Ned takes no joy in this healthy legitimate offspring until he can persuade folks around King County that in fact it is his grandson, adulterously begotten by the fast-failing Laurance. Understandably weary of the exorbitant demands this situation makes upon her tact, Annabella goes off to New Orleans to become a coed. And so, as the sun sinks behind the cypress trees, and assorted philosophic Negroes stand around rhythmically wringing their hands, and the author demonstrates an admirable grasp of medical and agricultural procedures, Ned and Laurance drink and pray, respectively,

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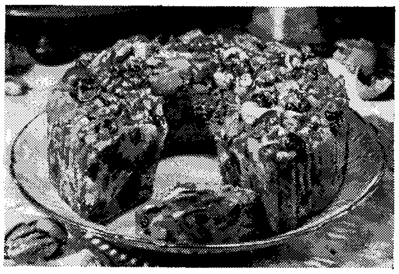

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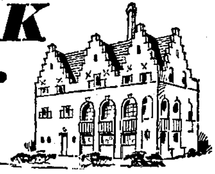

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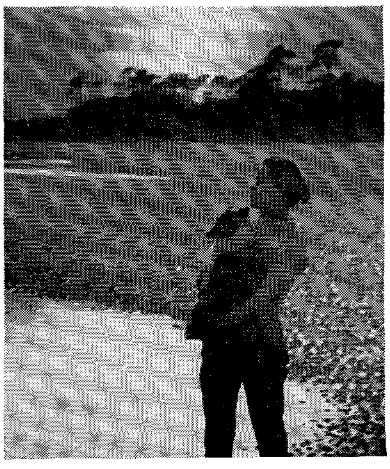

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themselves into the family burial plot.

This tale in summary sounds more preposterous (Ned himself inwardly speaks of "an already preposterous plot") than it seems in execution. For one thing, the hero's submersion in psychosis and alcoholism is rendered with authority; his death wish and hysterical love for his pathetic son are convincingly linked to the intense reverence for clan continuity familiar from other Southern novels. As Ned's dissolution proceeds, the reader feels gnostic suspense mount; Mississippi is once again on the psychoanalytical couch, spilling its shadowy secrets. (Some states seem more prone to fictional therapy than others: Mississippi is a case in itself, but North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and California are chronic outpatients, too.) Sexual impotence is portrayed in fiction not one-hundredth as often as its opposite, but Mrs. Morgan, with the courage of her years, makes real Ned's progressive indifference toward the comely Annabella in favor of what might be termed ancestral homosexuality. His symbiotic relationship with the family portraits is wonderfully underlined at the end; returning from his final harrowing in a mental asylum, he finds that "Grandfather Dana, over the sideboard, had become a boy, still smiling the same smile but younger and softer, more easily hurt."

For another thing, Mrs. Morgan's touch, a shade self-consciously Gothic with her menfolk, is surer with women; Annabella's rapid evolution from a frightened poor-white schoolgirl into a determined and sexually confident young woman is the breath of life that quickens this mournful fable out of remoteness. All this tangled and musty squalor is for her the pathway from rural privation to urban freedom. On the other side of Ned's dilemma, the Negroes, who are felt as the "voice of King County in the immensity of its patience," are sketched with the same good charcoal employed in Mrs. Morgan's short stories of Roxie Stoner.

The third thing is that she can, when she relaxes, write. "There had been a steady increase in the rattling and banging of the shutters and he realized that one of the slow easy rains of spring had begun, sifting down noiselessly at first and now really getting a heart for it." Changes of inner weather also engage her. "Pursuit" is, even more stringently than the novels of Muriel Spark, a Catholic novel; its epigraph, "Now of that long pursuit," is from Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven." God, a sullen river-bottom

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God, wants Ned Ingles, and gets him. To please the dying Laurance, Ned formally converts. Here is his conversion, so honest and intimate it is comic:

> Once again he isolated the thought of his will, nudged it out of himself and put it, bare and virile, on the blankness of his own mind. He began to go slowly and mechanically through the Rosary, responding to the sound of his own voice and hearing how seductive it must have been to the women he had loved. Then, at last, he was intuitively aware the moment had come, between sequences of consciousness. In his mind's eye he seized his will, like a palpable thing, and threw it, almost as one would throw a wet fish, at God.

Moments such as this do not quite accumulate into the forward momentum of fate; Mrs. Morgan, whether through nervousness or in keeping with the budget of her projected saga, has not told all she knows, or fully unwound. But look forward to her next installment. —JOHN UPDIKE

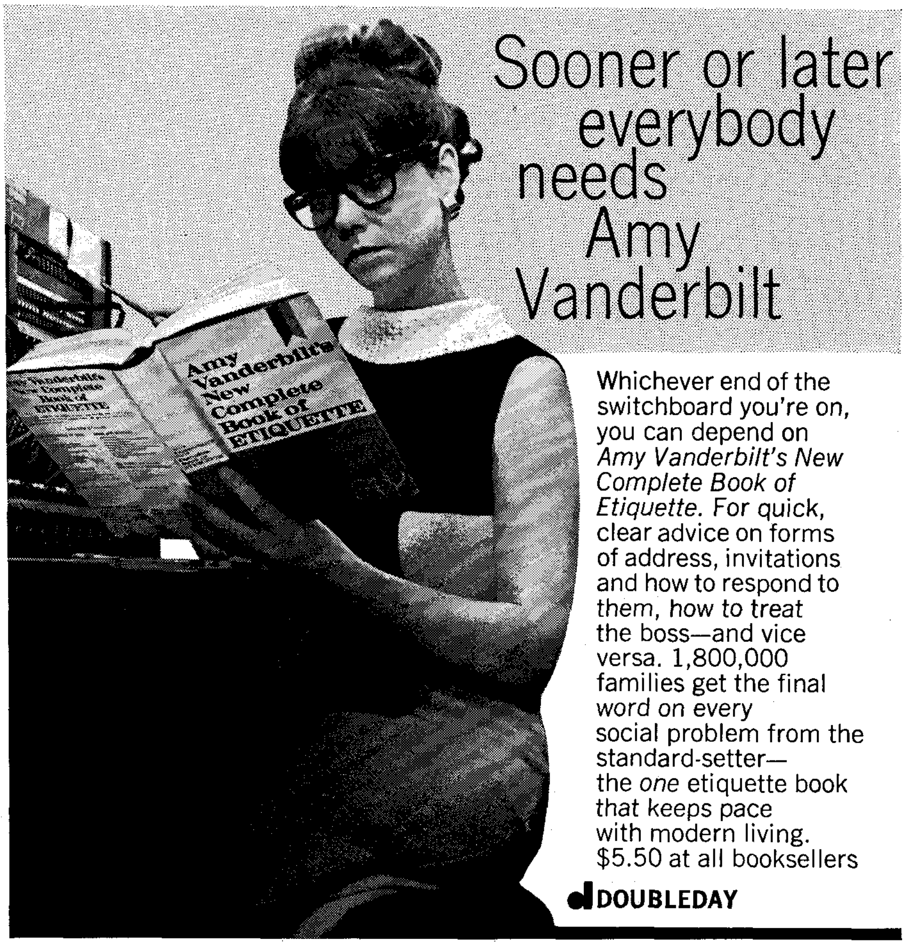
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

IN THE COMPANY OF EAGLES, by Ernest K. Gann (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Gann's novel of German and French aviators in the First World War is extremely disappointing. Considering the author, whose talent and skill were proved in "The High and the Mighty," and considering the time, the place, the circumstances, and the personalities of the two heroes involved, it should have been a very exciting and affecting story. The year is 1917, but the fifty years that have passed since then have skimped Mr. Gann's perspective instead of making it clear and rich. There are times when he seems to have been carried away by his interest in old flying machines. Sebastian Kupper, of the Imperial Air Force, and Paul Chamay, of the 322nd Escadrille, are both brave, loyal, intelligent, and personally appealing men, but Mr. Gann's insistence on their technical skill and on the difficulties they encounter with their awkward and frequently disobedient planes makes the war they wage seem quaint and quixotic instead of, as it was, heroic and desperate. The writing is stiff, precise, and so cold and clipped that the heartbeat, if there is one, cannot be heard or felt.

GENERAL

THE SUN KING: LOUIS XIV AT VERSAILLES, by Nancy Mitford (Harper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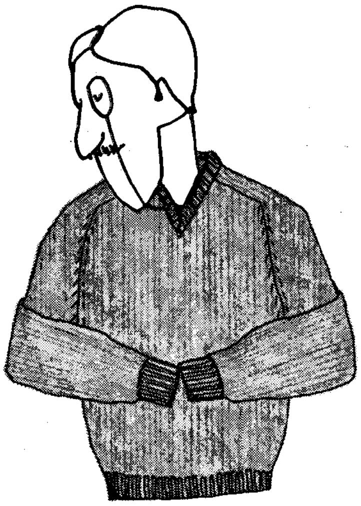

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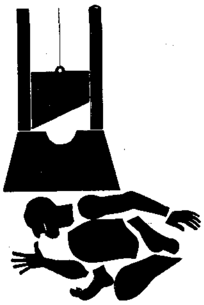

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& Row). What might have been an entertaining picture book filled out with some printed matter is, instead, dominated by the literary distinction and interest of the text. Miss Mitford has managed in two hundred and forty pages to cover the whole adult life of the Grand Monarch—the building of the enormous "envelope" around his father's little hunting lodge at Versailles and the luxurious imprisonment there of the French nobility; the passion for amusement; the debilitating wars; the love affairs; the scandals (with special attention to the affair of the poisonings); the fiasco at Saint-Cyr; the dreadful doing in by the court doctors of one member of the Royal Family after another; and the long, slow descent into melancholy of an age that seems about on a level with our own, morally speaking, and that was heading with a monotonous consistency always in the direction of trouble. Now and then, in an impatient feminine way, the author skips over something complicated that doesn't interest her, but the broad outline is sustained, and the most important courtiers, the Children of France, the Princes of the Blood, and the royal bastards all come through like characters in a novel. Mme. de Maintenon is viewed from every angle, not all of them unappealing, though to be her friend was invariably disastrous and she led Louis XIV into most of his serious mistakes. The King is presented as both the grandiose figure he seemed to his contemporaries and as a believable but seldom likable human being. The book has the necessary genealogical charts and a portrait, in black-and-white or color, of nearly everybody of any consequence. The color plates—court scenes, details from tapestries, items of furniture, the gardens and interior of Versailles and the château itself at various stages in its history, Marly as the birds of the air saw it, and Vaux-le-Vicomte and the Hôtel de Soubise as they are today—are dazzling. Fifteen dollars.

WILLIAM III AND THE DEFENSE OF EUROPEAN LIBERTY, 1650-1702, by Stephen B. Baxter (Harcourt, Brace & World). A young American historian sympathetically reports the political, military, and personal activities of the Prince of Orange who became the King of England. Mr. Baxter sees William as the main—and, for years, the only—obstacle to the expansionist schemes

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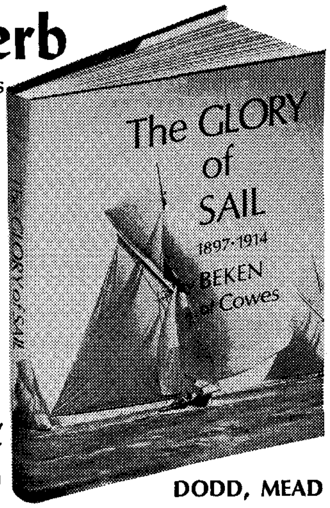

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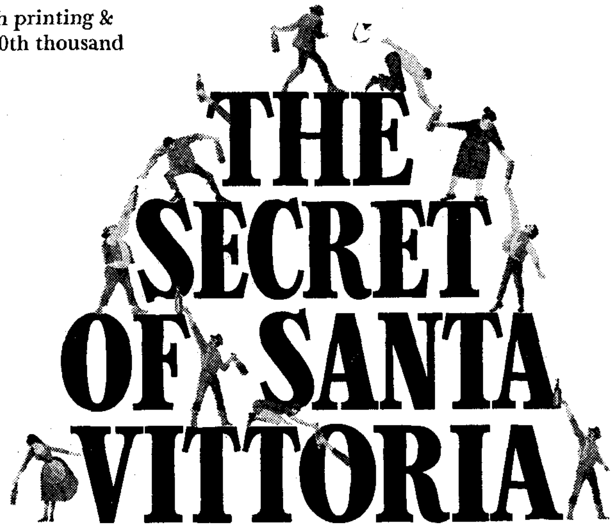
of Louis XIV. That part of William's life is fairly well known, but Mr. Baxter is both original and enlightening about William as a soldier, about the complicated problems posed by William's Stuart ancestry and Stuart marriage, and about William's important but far from happy place in English constitutional history as the hero of the Whigs but the natural ally—when they would have him—of the Tories.

The Secret Surrender, by Allen Dulles (Harper & Row). This book is serious fun—a now-it-can-be-told bit of history that is a genuine undercover-agent story. The author, who later became head of the C.I.A., was in charge of the O.S.S. in Switzerland during the Second World War, and he and his aides negotiated in secret with—of all people!—the head of the S.S. in Italy and *his* aides, between them arranging the surrender of all the German forces in northern Italy. The story is a thriller—hairbreadth escapes, hairpin turns in the Alps. It also includes some serious material about international military and foreign policy. Mr. Dulles writes this sort of thing perfectly: he keeps calm and lets the reader get nervous.

The Wreck of the Memphis, by Captain Edward L. Beach, U.S.N. (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). On the afternoon of August 29, 1916, the eighteen-thousand-ton battle cruiser Memphis, at anchor in fifty feet of water in Santo Domingo Harbor, was beset by a huge seismic wave, travelling toward land at a hundred miles an hour and cresting at a height of between eighty and a hundred feet, which picked the great ship up and smashed it onto a rock ledge along the shore. A full account of that shipwreck, one of the greatest freak disasters in naval history, is given in this book by the son of the Memphis's commander, with the help of survivors of his father's old crew. It is understandable that Captain Beach, whose youth was clouded by the catastrophe that struck both his father's ship and his naval career, should tell the story with emotion; it is regrettable, however, that such an accomplished writer as he is should not have avoided so much redundant detail.

Black and Conservative, by George S. Schuyler (Arlington House). Years ago, the author, a lively writer and journalist, got angry at the ways in which the Communist Party treated the griev-

5th printing & 100th thousand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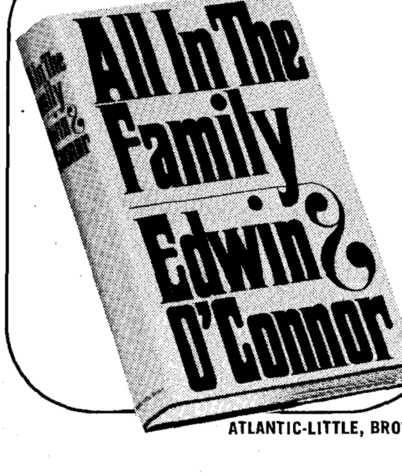

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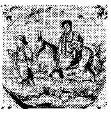

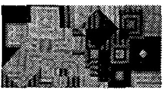

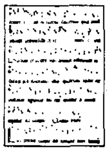

The new 1966 color catalogue illustrates all 45 greeting cards. Many of the subjects may be used either as Christmas cards or as notepapers. A vivid Op art painting, an American Primitive painting of Noah's Ark, a wintery Japanese woodcut, a musical manuscript on a red folder, a Flemish Adoration of the Magi on gold paper, reindeer from a Pennsylvania German fractur, and a Renaissance terra cotta sculpture of the Virgin and Child are among the distinctive designs being offered. A few of the artists represented are della Robbia, Vouet, Hicks, Toulouse-Lautrec, Feininger, and Picasso. All cards are printed in limited editions. There is no minimum order required for any design. Each greeting card catalogue is accompanied by descriptive material about unusual gift items.

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ances of American Negroes (Mr. Schuyler is a Negro), and some sections of this autobiography, unfortunately, are burdened by anti-Communist preaching with which the reader already agrees. Other parts, however, are full of fascinating material about, say, the loneliness of Negroes in a smallish northern town (Syracuse) at the beginning of the century; or Schuyler's experiences in a Negro outfit in the segregated Army of the First World War (Regular Army sergeants, of any color, are terrifying); or Harlem, its gaiety, and its intellectual and artistic movements after the First World War. Whenever Mr. Schuyler is not arguing but remembering, describing, and telling, his book is fine.

THE HORIZON BOOK OF ANCIENT ROME, by Robert Payne (American Heritage). A marvellous picture book, with imaginative illustrations (modern sculpture and typography influenced by Rome, for example), and photographs as fresh as one of an inscribed gold tablet found near Rome in 1964, which may be our Rosetta stone for deciphering Etruscan. An excellent small anthology of Roman literature, sometimes in several translations, is included. Only Mr. Payne's text is disappointing; it seems hasty and conventional ("extraordinary" Cleopatra, "egoistical" Nero, and such). Eighteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

NOTE: "The New Theologian," Ved Mehta's assessment of contemporary Christian theology, which first appeared as a series of articles in this magazine, has been published by Harper & Row.

•

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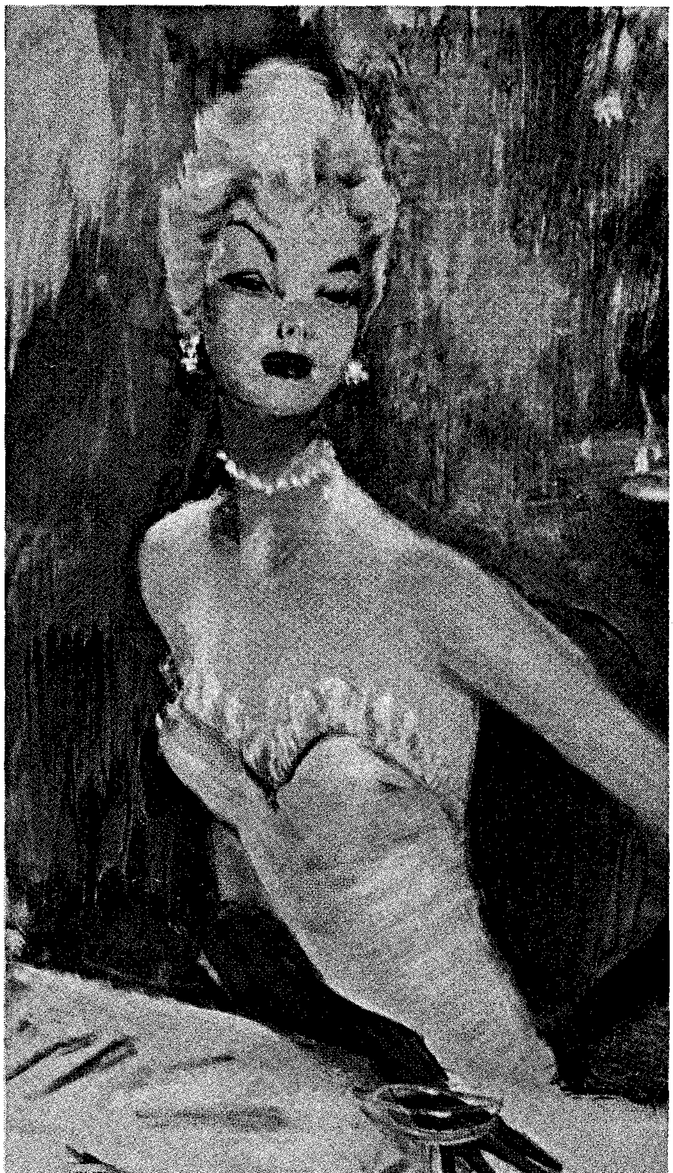

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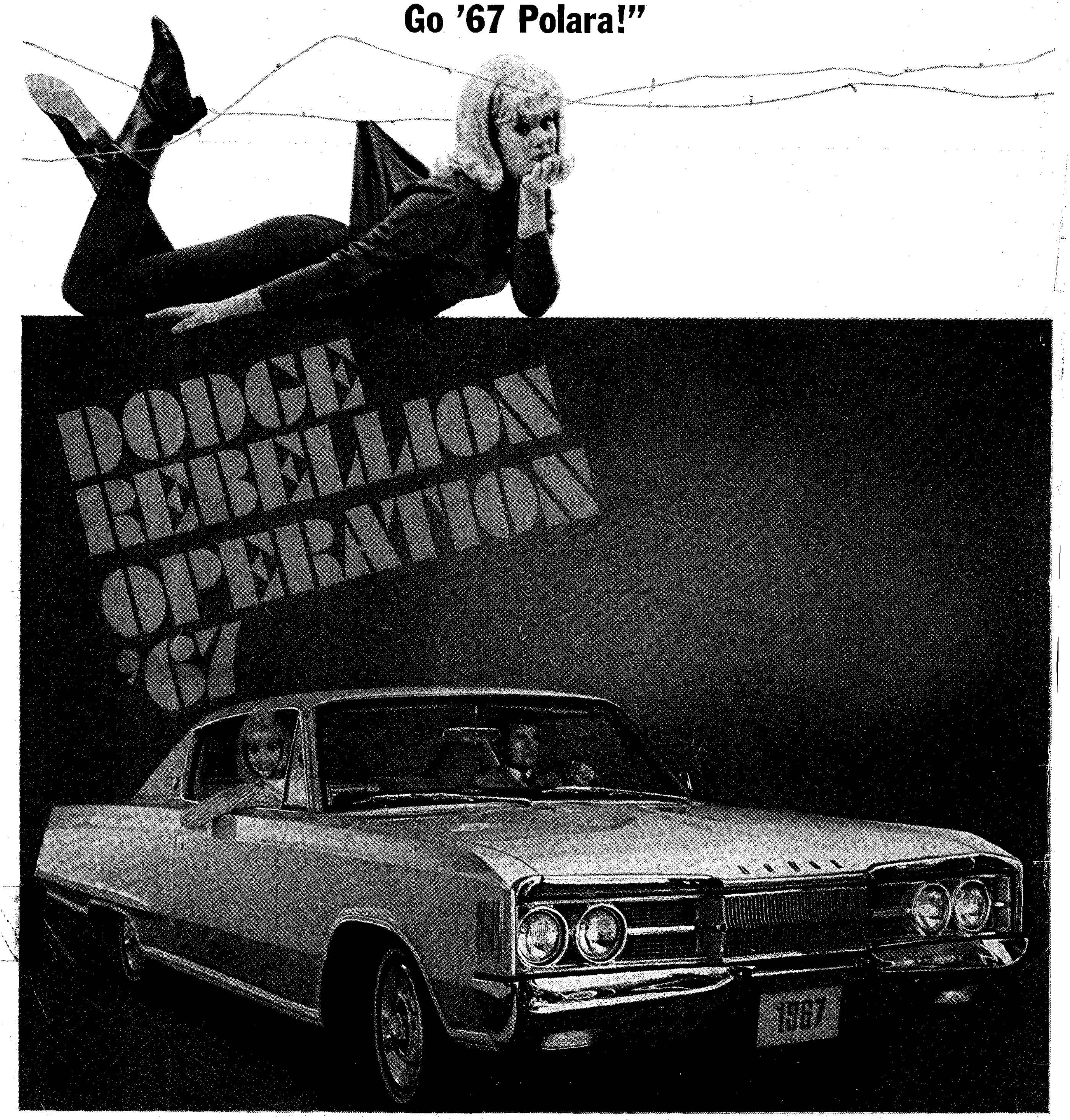

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